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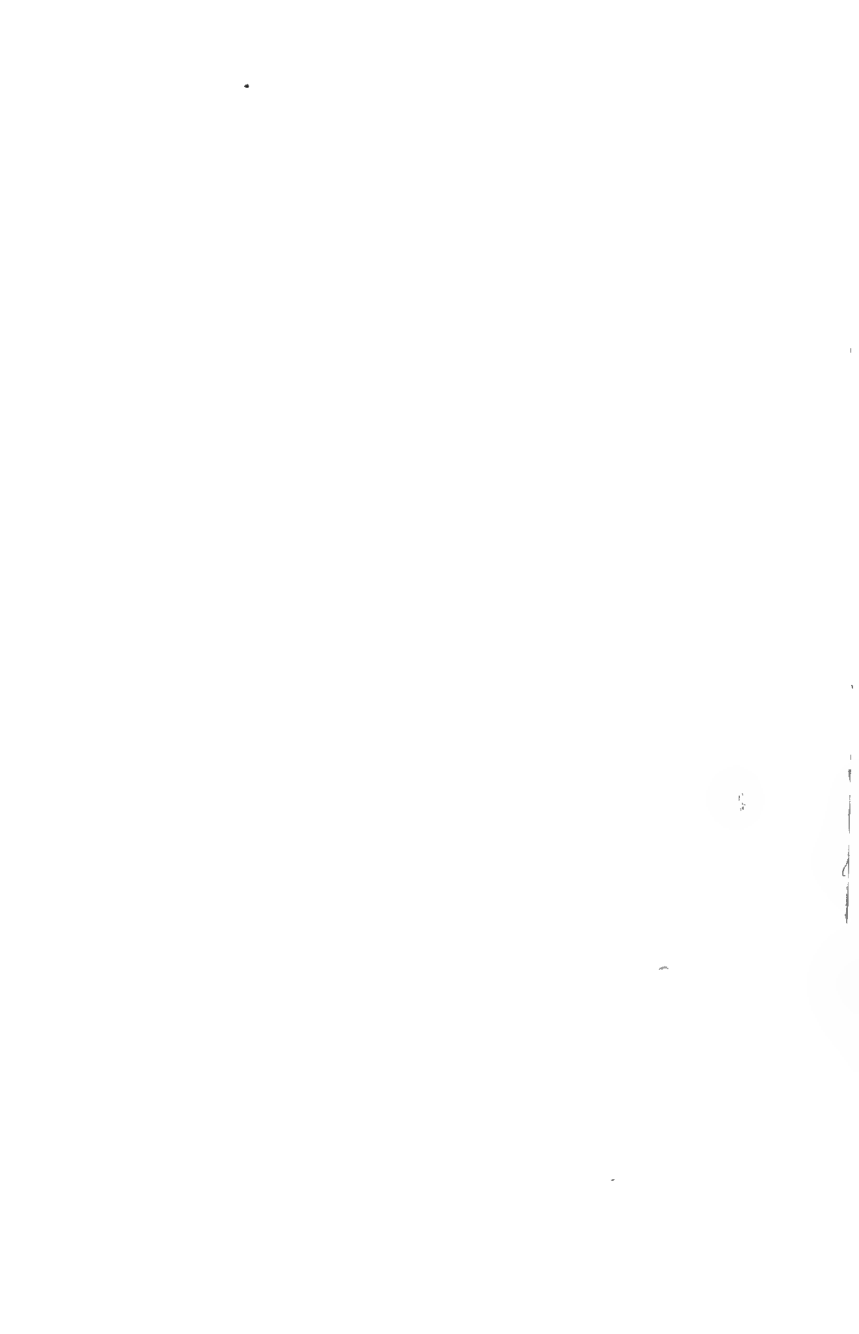


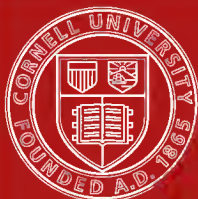
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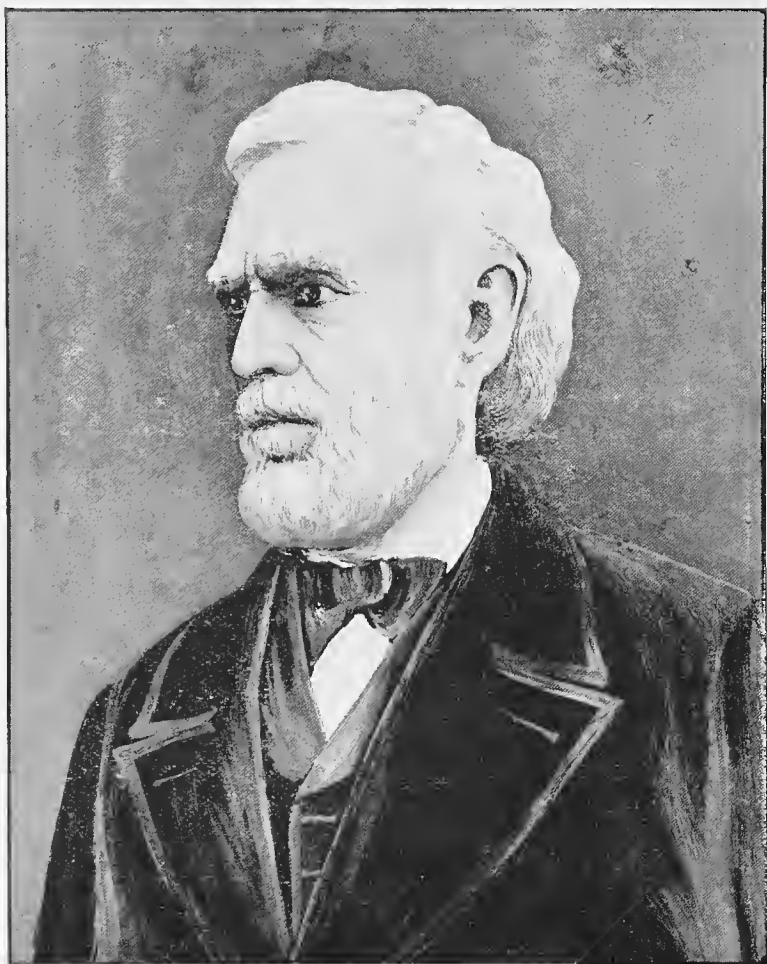




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Yours truly,
Wm E Pope.

EARLY DAYS IN ARKANSAS

BEING FOR THE MOST PART THE
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD SETTLER.

BY
JUDGE WILLIAM F. POPE.

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY HIS SON,
DUNBAR H. POPE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HON. SAM W. WILLIAMS,
OF THE LITTLE ROCK BAR.

ILLUSTRATED.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.:
FREDERICK W. ALLSOPP, PUBLISHER.

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TO
THE MEMORY OF THE
Early Settlers of Arkansas,
WHO, THROUGH
TRIALS, DISAPPOINTMENTS, DISASTERS AND DANGERS,
CARVED OUT STATEHOOD,
AND PLACED ANOTHER STAR UPON THE
FLAG OF THE UNION,
THIS VOLUME
IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.:
PRESS OF
GAZETTE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

PREFACE.

On this, the eightieth anniversary of my birth, I finish a much cherished but long deferred task of preparing for publication my personal recollections of Early Days in Arkansas.

Sitting in the impenetrable gloom of total blindness, the mind's eye seems to have been strengthened by the loss of natural vision, and the scenes and events of over half a century ago appear but as the happenings of yesterday.

But few persons are now living who were here when I first came to Arkansas, sixty-two years ago. It cannot possibly be long ere the last link in the chain connecting the present with the past will have been broken, and none left to tell the tale of those ancient days.

Impressed with this thought, I have long had in contemplation the idea of attempting, in a feeble way, to prepare a memorial of the past, in which should be recorded my remembrances of the men and manners, and scenes and events of by-gone times.

In the preparation of these memoirs I have not pretended to the role of the historian, in the broad sense of the term, although the matter contained herein is, for the most part, historical. Neither do I lay claim to the merits of authorship, but have endeavored, in my old age, to summon from the musty past such things as I conceived might be of interest and instruction:

There will be missed from the pages of this book many names of prominence and influence, names that would naturally and prominently adorn the pages of a history, but which do not properly fit into the plan of this work. Moreover, as this work is not intended to be a dictionary of biography, many persons have been but slightly touched upon, and then only in connection with some leading event in which they were actors.

The author is painfully aware of the shortcomings of his work, and that the following pages contain many errors of omission and commission. He also feels that the book might have been made more interesting to the reader and more satisfactory to himself.

Much, doubtless, has been recorded which can have but little interest for the present generation, and some things related which should not, perhaps, have been dragged from the musty chambers of the past, that conservator of the by-gones and forgotten, and exposed to the public gaze. These things were, however, once matters of notoriety, and as facts of history should be placed in a true light.

In conclusion, may I not indulge the hope that these narratives, sad, serious and otherwise of an "ancient mariner," may not fall upon totally indifferent ears, and that some items of value to the future historian may have been rescued from oblivion.

WILLIAM F. POPE.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., April 30, 1894.

INTRODUCTION.

At the request of the author, I, with great distrust of my fitness for the work, undertake the pleasant role of presenting to the people of Arkansas an introduction to

“EARLY DAYS IN ARKANSAS.”

The writer, when a small boy playing upon the streets of Little Rock, more than fifty years ago, knew the author, then an active, highly respected and useful citizen, business man and officer. The people of Arkansas are to be congratulated that the author, in old age, though blind and physically feeble, has undertaken this work, which will give to them the history of the early settlers and founders of the State. He was a relative and private secretary of Gov. John Pope, one of the early Territorial Governors of Arkansas, who impressed his thought and genius upon its laws and subsequent history, and contributed largely to ultimate results of which every Arkansan is now proud.

The author has been, for more than sixty years, familiar with the people of Arkansas and their doings in all the walks and departments of life, and was personally and familiarly acquainted with the founders of its civil, educational, religious and eleemosynary institutions, and with political and social leaders of long-gone days. He has put in attractive

form the story of men and things of the past, interspersed with anecdotes connected with persons and events now almost forgotten, which will be read with deep interest by Arkansans of to-day, and will perpetuate their memory to future generations.

SAM W. WILLIAMS.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., June 26, 1894. .





Gives to
Sam W. Williams

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*"Lift we the twilight curtains of the Past,
And, turning from familiar sight and sound,
Sadly and full of reverence let us cast
A glance upon Tradition's shadowy ground,
Led by the few pale lights which, glimmering round
That dim, strange land of Eld, seem dying fast."*

EARLY DAYS IN ARKANSAS.

CHAPTER I.

A GLANCE AT EARLY TERRITORIAL HISTORY.

Whilst it is not the author's purpose to give in these pages a minute and detailed account of the history of Arkansas from the time of its erection into a Territory to the year 1832, it will, perhaps, be necessary, to a full appreciation of the narrative to follow, to bestow a passing glance upon the principal historical events of that period.

By an act of Congress, of date March 2, 1819, Arkansas Territory was created out of a portion of Missouri Territory, and the seat of government of the new Territory fixed, temporarily, at the Post of Arkansas, on the left bank of the Arkansas River, some thirty miles above its confluence with the Mississippi.

The Territorial government was organized July 4, 1819, and the first Territorial, or, more strictly speaking, the *provisional* Legislature, met July 28, 1819. This body was composed of the Governor, or in his absence, the Secretary of the Territory, which was the case in this instance, and the three Judges of the Superior Court, all appointed by the President of the United States.

Gen. James Miller, of New Hampshire, was appointed by President Monroe first Governor of the new Territory, and Robert Crittenden, of Kentucky, was made its first Secretary. The Secretary was clothed with the executive powers in the absence of the Governor from the Territory.

The Superior Court as first organized was composed of Andrew Scott, Robert P. Letcher and Charles Jonett.

The Judges of the Superior Court, from first to last, in addition to those already mentioned, were Benjamin Johnson, of Kentucky, who held the office under Presidents Monroe, John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson, and was also first Judge of the United States District Court for the State of Arkansas; Joseph Selden, of Virginia; William Trimble; Thomas P. Eskridge; James Woodson Bates; Edward Cross; Charles S. Bibb; Alexander Clayton; Thomas J. Lacy and Archibald Yell.

Gov. Miller was, as before stated, a native of New Hampshire, and greatly distinguished himself at the battles of Lundy's Lane, Bridgewater and other engagements during the war of 1812. He was absent from the Territory during the greater portion of his term of office, and the duties of Governor were performed by Robert Crittenden, Secretary of the Territory, who was then only in the twenty-second year of his age.

The first regular session of the Territorial Legislature, consisting of a House of Representa-



THE ARKANSAS STATE HOUSE—Erected in 1836-1840; addition built in 1880. (See page 147.)

tives and Council, composed of members elected by the people, was held at the Post of Arkansas. This body convened on February 7, 1820, and remained in session seventeen days. A recess was taken until October 2, 1820. On October 24, 1820, a bill for the removal of the seat of government to Little Rock passed both branches of the General Assembly.

Soon after his arrival at Little Rock, Gov. Miller purchased an extensive tract of land near Crystal Hill, some fifteen miles above the town, on the north side of the river. Then he proceeded to erect several large two-story double log houses, and also some smaller ones, and here he resided.

The Governor made strenuous efforts to have the seat of government moved again and located at Crystal Hill, and, although the latter location was nearly geographically the center of the Territory, the plan met with such sturdy opposition on all sides that the scheme failed of accomplishment.

Towards the close of the year 1824, Gov. Miller returned to New England and was afterwards appointed collector of the Port of Salem, Mass.

Upon the election of Andrew Jackson to the Presidency, an effort was made to oust Gen. Miller from his position as Collector, but upon the representation made to the President by Col. Benton, of Missouri, that the man he was about to turn out of office was the brave Gen. Miller who fought so gallantly at Bridgewater, and who, when asked by his superior officer if he could take a certain British

battery, exclaimed, "I'll try, sir," the President directed his Secretary, Col. Donelson, to write to Gen. Miller and tell him that "he shall be Collector of Salem as long as Andrew Jackson is President."

The first Delegate in Congress from Arkansas Territory was James Woodson Bates, and he was elected in 1821, defeating Col. Mathew Lyon. Col. Lyon was a native of Ireland. Upon his arrival in this country he first located in the State of New York, and subsequently settled in Vermont, from which State he was elected a Representative in Congress in 1797, serving until 1801. Col. Lyon claimed the honor of having cast the deciding vote in the House of Representatives in the contest between Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr for the Presidency in 1800. This distinction has been claimed for others. His son, Crittenden Lyon, at one time represented the State of Kentucky in the Congress of the United States. Col. Lyon died at Spadra, Ark., on the 11th day of August, 1822, aged 76 years.

Mr. Bates was again a candidate for Delegate in 1823, but was defeated by Henry W. Conway, who was re-elected in 1825, and again in 1827.

Upon the death of Mr. Conway in 1827, Ambrose H. Sevier was elected to fill the vacancy, his opponent being Richard Searcy. Mr. Sevier was re-elected Delegate in 1829, again defeating Mr. Searcy, and served as such until the admission of Arkansas into the Union as a State.

Upon the resignation of Gov. James Miller, Gen. George Izard, of South Carolina, who had been a major general in the war of 1812, was appointed by President John Quincy Adams second Governor of Arkansas Territory, and held the office from March, 1825, until his death, November 22, 1828, aged 53 years.

Gov. Izard was a man of much learning and varied accomplishments, and he gave the Territory a good and wise administration. His remains were buried in the City Cemetery on the block now occupied by the Peabody school buildings, but some years later they were removed to Mount Holly Cemetery, Little Rock. His resting place there is marked by a marble slab, appropriately engraved, which was erected by his friend, Col. Chester Ashley, formerly a United States Senator from Arkansas. The late Rev. James Moore, one of the pioneer settlers of Arkansas, who was for many years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Little Rock, knew Gov. Izard personally, and gives the following interesting sketch of his personality and peculiarities:

“His personal appearance was remarkably fine. He was near six feet in height, erect and finely proportioned. In his manners he generally evinced a consciousness of his commanding station, and yet he was affable and agreeable. He was a profound and general scholar. His library was voluminous, composed of learned works in the Latin, Spanish and French languages.

“He did not live many months after my arrival in Little Rock. A considerable time before his last illness he had his grave dug (in the old cemetery on Fourth and Gaines streets) and walled with brick, and, I believe, had a coffin prepared. He had seven razors, named for the days of the week, and each engraved with its name on it. I never knew much respecting his religious belief, but am inclined to believe that he had no doubts of the general truths of Christianity, though not a member of any church. He came to hear me preach when his health permitted, and showed marked respect for the Gospel. Two of his sons came on after his death to look after his effects. His fine library was boxed up, and in transit eastward was lost by the sinking of the steamboat.”

Upon the death of Gov. Izard, the duties of Governor again devolved upon Robert Crittenden, Secretary, until the arrival of John Pope, of Kentucky, who was appointed Governor by President Jackson in March, 1829. Gov. Pope reached the seat of government in the month of May of the same year. He was the first of the Governors to bring with him his family, servants and household goods.

Gov. Pope was a native of Virginia, where he was born in the year 1770. He emigrated to Kentucky in 1794, and settled at Lexington, where he began the practice of the law. He had a strong leaning towards politics, and soon became a power

in his party. In 1806 he was elected a United States Senator from Kentucky, and had as his colleague Henry Clay. He was re-appointed Governor of the Territory in 1832, and served until the end of the term in 1835, when he was superseded by William S. Fulton, who had been the Secretary of the Territory during Gov. Pope's first and second terms.

At the expiration of his second term, Gov. Pope returned with his family to Kentucky and became a candidate for a seat in Congress, but was defeated by Ben. Hardin. He was again a candidate for Congress in 1838, and was elected, and was re-elected in 1840. He made a visit to Arkansas, on business, in 1844, and died soon after his return to Kentucky, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Gov. Pope was a brother-in-law to John Quincy Adams, but voted for Gen. Jackson in 1824, and actively canvassed Virginia and Kentucky in Jackson's behalf in the campaign of 1828.

After the election it was strongly intimated from high sources that he would be tendered the portfolio of Attorney-General in President Jackson's Cabinet, but that honor went to John M. Berrien, of Georgia.

During Gov. Pope's first term of office, in 1829, the first weekly mail route was established between Little Rock and Memphis, and the mail was carried on horseback over the newly-opened military road.

One of the Governor's first recommendations to Congress was for a weekly mail service between Little Rock, Memphis and New Orleans *via* a river route.

EARLY RIVER NAVIGATION.

Something in regard to the early navigation of the Arkansas waters will doubtless be of interest to the readers of the present day. Transportation by boat in the days of which I write, however, was of vastly more importance than it is now, for, of course, there were no railroads then.

The first craft of any description navigated by civilized man to ply the waters of the Arkansas, of which we have any accurate information, was the fleet of keelboats and barges used by the adventurers from New Orleans in their search for gold in 1809, of which more anon. This fleet of boats was commanded by one Captain Hillare, a Frenchman.

In the latter part of 1815, a fleet of keelboats and barges, under command of Major Gibson, United States Army, bearing troops, supplies and material for establishing forts or military posts along the upper Arkansas in the Indian country, passed up the river. These boats were *cordeled* up stream. This method of ascending a river was slow and laborious. A strong rope was attached to the boat, amidship, and one end of the rope carried ashore, where men walked along the bank and towed the boat. A man stood at the prow of the boat and with a long pole kept it out from the shore and parallel to it. Relays of men were toled off at frequent intervals, as the work of towing a heavily laden boat up stream was very hard and exhausting labor.

The next craft of any importance to ascend the Arkansas river was a finely fitted up keelboat from St. Louis, *en route* for Fort Gibson, with military supplies for the garrisons there and at Arbuckle, Towson and other places. This boat was called the "Arkansas," and had as passengers Gov. James Miller, first Governor of Arkansas Territory, and *suite*. The Governor and party disembarked at the Post of Arkansas, the seat of government, and the boat proceeded on her trip up the river.

The first boat propelled by steam to ascend the Arkansas was the "Comet," commanded by Capt. Byrne. She arrived at the Post of Arkansas on April 1, 1820, eight days out from New Orleans. Her commander, or his wife, was related to one of the principals in the Allen-Oden duel, and her arrival was due to the interest felt in the outcome of that affair, rumors of which had reached the world outside of the wilderness of Arkansas.

On July 20, 1820, the "Maid of Orleans," thirteen days from New Orleans, also arrived at the Post, but went no farther up.

The *Gazette* of March 22, 1822, announces the arrival at Little Rock of the steamer "Eagle," Capt. Morris in command, seventeen days from New Orleans. She was bound for Dwight Mission. Says the *Gazette* of the above date: "This is the first steamboat that ever ascended to this place." * * She returned on the 19th, having ascended to within twelve miles of her destination—low water prevented her from reaching it.

On April 9, 1822, the steamboat "Robert Thompson" arrived at Little Rock and went on to Fort Smith, which point she attained and returned in a few days safely.

The "Facility," commanded by that pioneer of the western waters, Capt. Philip Pennywit, arrived at Little Rock in January, 1828, having on board a large number of emigrating Creek Indians.

In June, 1829, the steamer "Enterprise" (formerly the "Alps"), passed up Red river. She was commanded by Capt. B. R. Milam, and went on to the mouth of the Kiamichi, loaded with supplies for Fort Towson.

The steamer "Waverly," Capt. Pennywit, above-mentioned, commander, arrived at Batesville about the first of January, 1831, being the first steamboat to navigate White river more than sixty or seventy miles above its mouth.

The "James O'Hare," Capt. Stewart in command, began to make trips about this time, ascending the river as far as Fort Gibson.

February 18, 1834, the first snagboat, the "Archimedes," arrived at Little Rock.

From this time on the river-carrying trade by means of steamboats began to assume important proportions.

CHAPTER II.

SOME NOTABLE EARLY DUELS.

Many of the prominent early settlers of Arkansas had a large admixture of French and cavalier blood in their veins, and their frequent quarrels (usually political ones), found vent in a resort to the *code duello*. Nor were those of sturdy old Scotch and Irish ancestry believed to be better in this particular.

While it is a matter for gratulation that the duel has long since ceased to be the arbiter in quarrels, from whatever cause they arose between individuals, they were always conducted upon the fairest principles, and with the nicest sense of honor, as that term was understood. The result of the duel, however, established no truth, refuted no falsehood, and really proved nothing except that the combatants were men of nerve and courage.

The author is indebted to Hon. John R. Homer Scott, of Pope County, son of Judge Andrew Scott, one of the early Judges of the Superior Court of Arkansas Territory, for accounts of some of the earliest recorded duels fought between citizens of the Territory. In the account here given of the

Allen-Oden duel, Capt. Scott's exact words have been used, they being beyond improvement. The facts were derived from the most reliable sources by him, and they entirely coincide with the writer's own information upon the subject:

"In the winter of 1819, or spring of 1820, at the Post of Arkansas, an enmity grew up between Col. Robert C. Oden, a young lawyer of prominence at that time, aged about twenty-two or twenty-three years, and Col. William O. Allen, aged some forty or forty-five years, originating out of a very simple and at the same time what was intended as a playful action on the part of Col. Oden, but which provoked and irritated Col. Allen very greatly. He immediately challenged Col. Oden to fight a duel, which was accepted and fought with pistols at ten paces, on the south bank of the Arkansas River at the Post of Arkansas (in the Quapaw country). Col. Allen's ball struck Col. Oden on the suspender button of his pants, at the waist, under his right arm, and ranged around the body, from which wound he subsequently recovered. As Col. Oden was falling from the effects of the shot received in his body he discharged his pistol, being ready to fire, the ball striking Col. Allen in the forehead, cracking the skull, but not penetrating it. Col. Allen was taken to Judge Scott's by his second, George W. Scott, and after lingering in great pain and agony for over one week, expired.

"The circumstances which brought about this duel were these: The two were quite friendly and

boarded at a hotel near the residence of Col. Frederick Notrebe. The building was of French architecture, with a wide, open hall, and porches, alike open, extending in a circle all around the building. Col. Allen walked with a cane which had a spear in the top. The sudden flinging of the cane would thrust open the spring covering in the top or head of the cane, and shoot the spear through to where the clasp would close down and hold it firmly, exposed for use, if necessary.

"Col. Oden was in the habit, frequently, of shooting the spear out of the cane, when he could get his hands on it. On one occasion they were at dinner, and Col. Oden, getting through earlier than Col. Allen, picked up the cane and walked into the hall with it, practicing with the spring and spear. When Col. Allen came out, he reached to Oden for the cane, who retreated a few steps. Allen walked nearly up and asked for it. Oden presented it towards him, and just as Col. Allen was about to take it, Oden jerked the cane back and again retreated.

"Col. Allen, still advancing and asking for the cane, and Col. Oden pursuing the same course, by presenting and retreating with it, a race commenced, Allen after Oden, running around the circular porch and through the hall trying to catch him and take the cane from him. Col. Oden being young and active, easily eluded his pursuer. Col. Allen became so exasperated and fatigued that he gave up pursuit, and immediately sent the challenge, which resulted as stated."

The cane, which was the primary cause of such dreadful results, was subsequently broken in pieces, and the spear is now in the possession of the Scott family.

Some time in 1820, Judges Robert P. Letcher and Charles Jonett resigned from the Superior Court bench, and Benjamin Johnson, of Kentucky, and Joseph Selden, of Virginia, formerly an officer in the United States Army, were appointed their successors.

Soon after Judge Selden went upon the bench he and Judge Andrew Scott, also of the Superior Court, and two ladies, became engaged in a social game of whist at the residence of one of the ladies at the Post of Arkansas. In the course of the game one of the ladies, Judge Scott's partner in the game, remarked: "Judge Selden, we have the tricks and the honors on you." To which Judge Selden very abruptly replied: "That is not so, madam."

The lady, very much mortified at the ungracious reply, put up her handkerchief to hide her mortification, saying, "I did not expect to be insulted."

Judge Scott remarked to Judge Selden: "Sir, you have insulted a lady, and my partner, and you must apologize for your rudeness."

Judge Selden declined to apologize, saying: "I make no apology. She has stated what is not true."

Judge Scott seized a candlestick, which was standing on the card table, and hurled it at Judge Selden. Parties who were present interfered, and prevented further difficulty at the time.

A few days after the occurrence, Judge Selden sent, by the hands of Judge Scott, an apology to the lady, which was accepted, and the matter was thought to have been amicably settled. But the intermeddling of pretended friends, who were industrious in bearing tales to Judges Scott and Selden, succeeded in reviving the quarrel, which resulted in Judge Scott sending Judge Selden a challenge to fight a duel.

The meeting took place on Mississippi soil, opposite Montgomery's Point, at the mouth of White river. The second and surgeon of Judge Scott was Dr. Nimrod Meniffee. Judge Selden's second was Robert C. Oden, though some accounts say it was James Woodson Bates.

The weapons were pistols, and the distance ten paces. At the first shot Judge Selden was killed.

Judge Andrew Scott was the most chivalrous and the purest-minded man, I think, I ever knew. He would not brook to listen to the faintest breath of scandal against the female sex, and his tender regard for the reputation of women was one of which any man might justly feel proud, but of which so few can boast. He was a man "*sans peur et sans reproche*."

A duel which created wide-spread interest on account of the prominence of the parties involved, was fought early in the month of September, 1827, between Thomas W. Newton and Ambrose H. Sevier.

The meeting took place at a point on the Arkansas river about sixty miles above Little Rock, called Point Remove. This spot is now in Conway County, Arkansas, but was at that time in the country of the Cherokees.*

The affair grew out of the highly-inflamed state of political excitement that was then beginning to manifest itself in the Territory, and Sevier and Newton were warm partisans of their restive leaders. Mr. Conway was the recognized leader of one party, and Robert Crittenden led the other party.

Gen. George W. Jones, of Iowa, and the lifelong friend of ex-President Jefferson Davis, and who in after years became a United States Senator from Iowa, was Mr. Newton's second, while Dr. William P. Reyburn acted as his surgeon, and Robert C. Oden as his friend.

Mr. Sevier had Col. Wharton Rector for his second, and Dr. Nimrod Meniffee of Conway county, attended as his surgeon.

After the usual preliminaries, such as stepping off the ground, deciding upon the "words," loading the pistols, etc., had been gone through with, the

*This point was west of the old Cherokee line, in the country occupied by a band of Cherokee Indians, who had many years previously broken loose from the main body of that tribe in Georgia and North Carolina, and had settled in this part of the country.

Negotiations were pending at the time the Newton-Sevier duel was fought for the purchase by the government of their lands, but the Indian title had not been fully extinguished at that time, and the country was not within the jurisdiction of the Territory of Arkansas.

principals were placed in position, at ten paces, and their weapons handed them.

Both pistols were discharged simultaneously, without injury to either party. A second shot was demanded, and the opponents again took their places. But before the second shot could be exchanged, Dr. Meniffee sprang in between the combatants and protested against further hostilities, declaring if another was had it must go through his body. He appealed to Gen. Jones if a settlement could not be arranged without the spilling of blood.

A consultation was then held by the friends of both parties, which resulted in a determination to bring the affair to an honorable close without further resort to arms.

The principals were compelled to accept this verdict of their friends.

Mr. Newton and Mr. Sevier became warm friends afterwards.

On the 29th day of October, 1827, there was fought in the State of Mississippi, opposite the mouth of White river, a duel between Robert Crittenden and Henry W. Conway.

Mr. Conway and Mr. Robert C. Oden, the nominee of the Crittenden party, were rival candidates for Delegate to Congress. At the election which had recently been held, Mr. Oden was defeated by Mr. Conway. During the canvass much bad feeling had been engendered on both sides, and many bitter articles had appeared in the rival newspapers denun-

ciatory of Mr. Crittenden on the one side and of Mr. Conway on the other. This bad state of feeling culminated in Mr. Crittenden sending Mr. Conway a challenge to fight a duel to settle their personal and political differences. Mr. Conway accepted the challenge and the meeting took place as stated.

Col. Wharton Rector was Mr. Conway's second and Capt. Ben Desha acted in like capacity for Mr. Crittenden.

At the first fire Mr. Conway received his death wound. He was removed to the Post of Arkansas, the nearest settlement, where on the 24th day of November, 1827, he breathed his last, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, a victim to a misconceived idea of honor.

As illustrative of the coolness with which some men can face impending danger—even death itself—I will relate one of the circumstances attending this duel.

On the morning of the duel Mr. Crittenden and party were first to arrive upon the grounds; and as it was yet early for the encounter, Mr. Crittenden spread a blanket upon the ground and threw himself upon it, and drawing his overcoat over him, was soon in a profound and healthful sleep. He was not awakened until all the preliminaries had been made. When his second aroused him he took his position on the field.

On the 31st day of May, 1828, a desperate encounter between Judge Andrew Scott and Gen. Ed-

mund Hogan took place in the storehouse of John McLane,* located about where the shoe-store of Pollock & Son now stands, on the west side of Main street, Little Rock.

A vacancy existed in the position of Delegate to Congress from Arkansas Territory, on account of the death of Henry W. Conway.

Soon afterwards an election was ordered to be held to fill the vacancy and also to elect members of the Legislative Assembly. Col. Ambrose H. Sevier, a Democrat, and Judge Andrew Scott, a Whig, announced themselves as rival candidates for Delegate to Congress; and Gen. Hogan and others stood for the Legislative Assembly.

Just before the election a barbecue was given by the Democrats, and the opposition circulated the report that the gathering was for the purpose of influencing and buying votes for Sevier and his party. The report, whether true or false, was calculated to materially affect the prospects of the Democratic candidates.

Gen. Hogan, the Democratic candidate for the Assembly, and a devoted personal and political

*NOTE.—Rev. James W. Moore, one of the pioneer preachers of Arkansas, in his diary, under date of May 31, 1828, wrote: "This afternoon in this town, in the billiard room, Gen. Hogan and Judge Scott (brother of the Marshal) quarreled. Hogan knocked Scott down with his fist. Scott as he arose drew the dirk from his cane and stabbed Hogan in the breast. Hogan expired in a few minutes." [The billiard room here referred to was in a log building adjoining McLane's store on the north, and was kept by an Italian named Podesta.]—THE AUTHOR.

friend of Col. Sevier, hotly resented the insinuation against his party, and believing Judge Scott, the Whig candidate against Col. Sevier, to be the author of the charges of corruption, went in quest of Judge Scott and found him as above stated, in company with David McKinney, Clerk of the Superior Court, and several other parties.

Gen. Hogan, who was a large and muscular man, weighing between 250 and 300 pounds, demanded, in a haughty and imperious manner, of Judge Scott, an immediate retraction of the charges.

To this demand, Judge Scott replied: "Gen. Hogan, I have on several occasions heretofore stated that this report, circulated as emanating from me, was positively and infamously false in every particular, and I say to you here, sir, that your manner of approaching and addressing me on the subject is very ungentlemanly and insulting, becoming more the character of a braggadocio bully, and wanting in every attribute that constitutes a high-minded, honorable man."

Stung to the quick by these bitter words of Judge Scott's, Gen. Hogan struck his enemy and felled him upon some sacks of coffee. As Judge Scott arose from the pile of coffee-sacks he drew the spear from the walking cane he was carrying, threw his left arm around Gen. Hogan's corpulent frame, and with the right hand thrust the spear repeatedly into Gen. Hogan's body. Judge Scott was a small man, weighing only about 130 pounds.

Gen. Hogan wrenched the spear from his antagonist's hand and ran it through the several folds of Judge Scott's silk cravat, narrowly missing the jugular vein, and fell and expired.

Judge Scott surrendered himself to the marshal and was at once taken before the court. Upon a full investigation of the terrible tragedy, he was acquitted and released from custody, as it was evidently a case of self-defense.

It may, perhaps, not be out of place to mention in this connection, a duel "that was not all a duel." This affair occurred in ante-Territorial days, and was between Col. Frederick Notrebe and Col. Alexander Walker, both prominent citizens of the Post of Arkansas. Col. Walker was quite a character in his way, and Col. Notrebe had all the fiery impulses of his race—the French. These gentlemen had always maintained the most cordial and friendly relations towards each other. But, as it often happens, the best of friends fall out, so it happened to these two old friends, and they became involved in a general quarrel or dispute over some matter or other that "grew by what it fed on," until Col. Walker let drop a remark about Col. Notrebe which he took as an insult, and demanded satisfaction, which Col. Walker agreed to give according to the code.

A sand-bar opposite the Post, in the Quapaw country, was selected for the place of meeting.

Before daylight of the day of battle Col. Notrebe, with his seconds and surgeon and other

friends, as well as a large crowd of his dependents and nearly all of his negroes, crossed over the river and awaited the coming of the foe.

Col. Walker and his party, consisting of his second and surgeon and a few friends, arrived just after day. Col. Walker, seeing the formidable array confronting him, exclaimed: "Well, Frederick, if I had known that you were going to come with an army at your back I would have come over during the night and thrown up breast works." This sally caused a general laugh and gave the friends of both parties the much desired opportunity of adjusting the matter without a resort to arms. Col. Walker expressed a willingness to recall the objectionable words if Col. Notrebe would withdraw his challenge. This Col. Notrebe agreed to do, and the two old pioneers remained life-long friends.

THE BOWIE-KNIFE.

In the minds of some, not overly well disposed towards our State, the words "Arkansas" and "Bowie-knife" are synonymous terms, and that weapon has been classed as an important part of every Arkansan's personal outfit.

The fact of the matter is, the Bowie-knife had its origin in as peaceable a manner and purpose as did the fowling-piece of the sportsman.

In 1827, or 1828, there came to Washington, Hempstead county, Arkansas, from where, I do not know, a man named Black, who was an expert workman in all kinds of metals, being also a gun-

smith, and who possessed the secret of tempering steel to a hardness that has never been equaled since.

There was then living at Walnut Hills, Lafayette county, a wealthy planter named Reason Bowie, a brother of the celebrated James Bowie, who afterwards fell at the storming of the "Alamo."

Reason Bowie was a keen lover of the chase and spent most of his time in hunting the bear and deer, in which the country then abounded. On one of his visits to Washington, Bowie called on Black, the artificer, and engaged him to make a hunting-knife after a certain pattern of his own designing. Bowie whittled out of the top of a cigar box the exact shape of the knife he desired made. He told the smith that he wanted a knife that would disjoint the bones of a bear or deer without gaping or turning the edge of the blade. Black undertook the job and turned out the implement of the hunt which was afterwards known as the Bowie-knife. The hilt was elaborately ornamented with silver designs. Black's charge for the work was \$10, but Bowie was so pleased with the excellence of the knife that he gave the maker thereof \$50.

I have seen hand-made needles of the smallest size produced by this man Black. I do not hesitate to make the statement that no *genuine* Bowie-knives have ever been made outside of the State of Arkansas, for when Black died, sometime after the late war, his secret of tempering the steel, which

was the main point of excellence of the Bowie-knife, died with him. Many imitations have been attempted, but they are not "Bowie-knives."

As before stated, the Bowie-knife was originated for use on wild beasts, and not on living man. That it has degenerated from its original purpose is no fault of its early designer or maker. The Bowie-knife was sometimes called an "Arkansas toothpick," and Arkansas is occasionally sneeringly referred to as the "Toothpick State."

I am aware that there have been published at different times several versions of the "Bowie-knife," all at variance. One account states that James Bowie, of "Alamo" fame, originated the knife with which to fight a duel with an antagonist, each having their left arms tied together over a log. Several months ago I met a descendant of the Bowies, who informed me that his great-uncle, James, once fought a desperate duel with a Mexican with knives, and that the combatants sat on a log facing each other, within striking distance, and that the leather breeches which each wore were securely nailed to the log.

THE FIRST JUDICIAL EXECUTION.

The first judicial execution in the Territory, of which we have any account, was the hanging of one Strickland, a United States soldier from Fort Gibson, for the murder of a companion named Ducon.

Strickland and Ducon, together with another soldier, were detailed to hew logs in the neighbor-

hood of the fort. The troops at the fort had just been paid off, and Ducon had his money about his person. Strickland and the third man conspired to kill Ducon and relieve him of his pay. While the three men were engaged in hewing a log, Strickland directed Ducon to remove the pile of chips from beside the log, and as he was stooping down in the act Strickland dealt him a heavy blow on the back of the neck with a broad-axe, completely severing Ducon's head from the body. The two conspirators then hid the body and head in a deep ravine and covered them over with brushes. Upon their return to the fort that night they reported that Ducon had deserted.

A few days afterward the head of the murdered man was discovered, having been brought from its place of concealment by hogs or wild animals. It was then ascertained that the man had been murdered, the headless body having also been found, and suspicion pointed to Strickland and his companion as being the murderers.

The men were arrested and brought to Little Rock for trial before the Superior Court, and Strickland was convicted and sentenced to hang. He was executed on May 31, 1828, a mile or so from town, and when he was pronounced dead, the United States Marshal rode under the gallows and cut the rope with his sword, letting the body fall to the ground. It is learned that Strickland was a citizen of Philadelphia. His accomplice in crime must have

turned State's evidence, as no record of his having been tried can be found.

THE TURNER-LEIPER AFFAIR.

The following version of the Turner-Leiper affair is based on information obtained by the author from Judge Turner, who pronounced a published story of the trouble as nothing but "rot":

Hon. Jesse Turner,* a jurist of national reputation, came to Arkansas in 1831 from North Caro-

*NOTE—Judge Jesse Turner died November 22, 1894, at the ripe age of 89 years. In the Supreme Court room, at Little Rock, on January 5, 1895, services commemorative of his life were held, which were attended by distinguished members of the legal profession from all over the State. Resolutions in his honor were offered by the bar of Little Rock and that of Van Buren, where he had lived and practiced for so many years; and eloquent eulogies of him were delivered by such able lawyers as Judge U. M. Rose, Judge Sam W. Williams, Col. Ben. T. DuVal and Hon. Oscar Miles. From the resolutions of the Van Buren bar, the following extract is made for its historical value:

"He (Turner), practiced law in Arkansas for sixty-three years, longer than most lawyers live; and in all the years past there has never been such an instance of long service in this State, and, perhaps, never will be again. He has long survived all his contemporaries, and the second generation of lawyers who followed his beginning are all gone, and those of the third generation are now active in the courts.

"He had wide influence and acquaintance throughout Arkansas, had been often in her legislative assemblies, as Senator and as Representative, had been a District Attorney of the United States District Court, and a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State."

Hon. Oscar Miles, of Van Buren, in his address on this occasion, used the following beautiful illustration in reference to the deceased:

"Some years ago, sirs, I witnessed a scene that was to me an interesting and a sad one. Upon the banks of the Arkansas

lina, of which State he was a native, being born in Orange county, October 3, 1805. At Bellefonte, Alabama, before starting for his new home, he met Mathew Leiper, who was also going to Arkansas. His brother-in-law, Cartwright, was then on the eve of moving to the same place on a flat-bottomed boat, by way of the Tennessee, Ohio and Mississippi rivers. The two jumped aboard the boat on the Tennessee river near where Chattanooga now stands,

River, near the little town of Roseville, there stood a large collection of the finest cottonwood trees I ever saw; trees that had grown through the centuries. The river, by its ceaseless flowing was constantly cutting away the bank, and tree by tree was falling into the current, until finally there stood a single one of the original cluster. It was a specimen beautiful to look upon; tall of trunk, broad of limbs, luxuriant of foliage, and deep rooted in the native alluvial soil that produced it. I saw, sir, that it, too, was soon to go. The river was ceaseless in its flowing and relentless in its assaults, and one morning, just as the sun rose again upon the old monarch of the forest, the river made its final assault and it, too, toppled into the flowing currents. And the broad plantations were unobserved by the primeval forest.

"When I began to study the life and the death of Judge Turner, this scene was vividly recalled to my recollection. He, sirs, was veritably a tree in the primeval forest; he was strong of body, far reaching in his attainments and reputation, luxuriant in his mind and deep-rooted in the hearts and affections of his people, but the river of years was flowing ceaselessly, relentlessly about him. One after one of his contemporaries were dropping into its current, until finally he alone was left the sole survivor.

"I knew, as I looked upon him in our city, that the day could not be far distant when he must yield to the relentless assaults of this river of years. And, sirs, I was not surprised when the news reached my home that he had fallen asleep so suddenly."—
THE PUBLISHER.

and landed at Montgomery's Point early in May, 1831. Thence they made their way to Fayetteville, Leiper traveling by land, and Turner by way of the Arkansas river, reaching Fayetteville about May 20, 1831.

In traveling with Leiper, Turner discovered that he was very high-tempered and in disposition quite overbearing. On one occasion on the journey to Arkansas he insulted Turner, without cause, but Turner overlooked the affront.

They both had license to practice law, and when they reached Fayetteville they embarked in such law practice as was common in a newly-settled country.

Leiper insulted Turner on another occasion in his office, in the presence of a Mr. Lewis, and then without cause. Turner became very indignant, but what could he do? He was a stranger in the country, and it seemed best to him, circumstanced as he was, to let this insult pass also, hoping that nothing of the kind would occur again. But he was mistaken. Soon after, at the December term of the 1831 Circuit Court of Washington county, in the presence of the court and the bar, Leiper openly, and without aggravating circumstances, insulted Turner again. The latter immediately walked out of the court house and appealed to Col. Bennett H. Martin to bear a challenge, demanding satisfaction from Leiper for repeated insults. Col. Martin promptly yielded to the request, delivering

the challenge, which was accepted. The parties met in the Cherokee Nation, about two miles from Evansville, Ark., on February 23, 1832, to settle the difficulty according to the code. The morning appointed was a very cold one, the ground being covered with snow to a depth of four or five inches. Soon after Turner arrived on the field word came to him from Leiper that he would withdraw all offensive imputations and make full public acknowledgement of the wrongs done, thus avoiding the necessity for a fight. In reply to this proposition from Leiper to atone in words for wrongs done, Mr. Turner said to his second, Col. Martin, "My dear friend, your advice and counsel ought to have great weight with me, but remember that I came here to fight, and want no apology or acknowledgment from Leiper. I want to fight it out here and now." To this Col. Martin replied: "Turner, the disposition of Leiper is to make full atonement to you; whether from a deep sense of the wrong inflicted, or a wish to avoid a fight, I cannot say, but if Leiper will make suitable apology and acknowledgment publicly in the hearing of the large crowd assembled here to-day, it will have a finer effect and reflect more credit and honor upon you than if you were to fight and kill him. If he will do this, I think you ought to accept the atonement as a satisfactory adjustment of the difficulty." Mr. Turner said: "Col. Martin, I prefer fighting it out, for I came here for that purpose, but if you and my

other friends think it best, I will accept Leiper's apology. I will carry out your wishes, but I must dictate the terms." Pen, ink and paper were produced and Turner dictated the terms of adjustment, which were written down. The language used was strong, but Leiper made no objection to the style or substance of his concessions, apology and promises. They were read aloud in the presence of the crowd of whites and Indians. Everybody seemed pleased, except Col. Snead, Leiper's second, who was evidently dissatisfied. Soon after the difficulty was settled, they all left the grounds together, crossed the Indian line and "put up" for the night at the house of Lewis Evans, then Sheriff of Washington county, Arkansas. A number of other persons accompanied them, and were all very kindly entertained by Mr. Evans. During the evening Snead, who was very much intoxicated, began to show signs of dissatisfaction, intimating that Turner required too much from his principal. He evidently sought trouble with Turner, and seeing this, Turner denounced him in strong terms. He then pulled out his pistol, cocked and presented it at Turner. (Snead was the only person in the company who was armed). At this Turner redoubled his denunciations, daring Snead to shoot, and pronouncing him a coward, as well as a disgrace to the profession of the law. In the meantime, while Turner was hurling curses down his throat, Col. Martin deliberately walked up to Snead and took his pistol from him,

without opposition on his part, after which he subsided and was a very quiet man during the remainder of the evening. Snead was drunk and behaved badly, but drunk as he was, he was too sober to snap or explode his pistol. This was the last of the Snead farce, and everybody supposed that it was also the last of the Turner-Leiper trouble. Not so, however, for about a month after the meeting in the Indian country, Turner received a letter from Leiper through the mail which was very abusive and bitterly denunciatory of him, alleging that he had misrepresented his conduct on the field of honor, greatly to his prejudice. Public sentiment was against Leiper, and there was where the "shoe pinched" him. The letter was of such a character as to require a reply, and Turner did reply with terrible severity, exhausting all his powers of invective and denunciation. There came no rejoinder to this letter, but it was not long until a report came that Leiper would come down to the Crawford court house at the May term, 1832, of the Circuit Court and publicly attack Turner on the first day of court. Turner prepared himself to give the gentleman a warm reception. On the day named, Leiper and a stalwart friend of his from Fayetteville arrived on the court square, armed and equipped for battle. Leiper called upon Holland Coffee, a brave man, who was then living at Fort Smith, to stand by and see fair play. This Coffee agreed to do. Leiper reconnoitered from

every point of the compass, but made no attack. Later in the evening, to the utter astonishment of hundreds who were looking out for a bloody fight, Leiper and his friend mounted their horses, crossed the river and returned to Fayetteville. This was the last of the Turner-Leiper duel.



CHAPTER III.

JOURNEY TO ARKANSAS TERRITORY.

In July, 1832, John Pope, of Kentucky, who was then the Governor of the Territory of Arkansas, serving his second term as such, visited Shepherdsville, Bullitt county, Kentucky, and while there offered me the position of Private Secretary to the Governor, to fill the place made vacant by the death of another kinsman, William Fontaine Pope, who had recently died from the effects of a wound received in a duel with Charles Fenton Mercer Noland.

The offer was accepted and I at once set about making preparations to accompany the Governor on his return to Arkansas.

Toward the latter part of September of the same year I met Governor Pope at Louisville, and on Sunday morning, the 30th day of September, we left on board the steamboat "Reindeer," an Arkansas River packet, commanded by Capt. Daniel Miller of the firm of Montgomery, Miller & Company, forwarding and commission merchants of Montgomery's Point, Arkansas, at the mouth of White River.

The "Reindeer" was a side-wheeler of about 600 tons burden. She was built after the pattern of most of the steamboats plying the western waters. The gentlemen's cabin was below and aft the wheel houses, and had for sleeping accommodations bunks, one above the other, and provided with curtains, an arrangement similar to that on modern sleeping cars, but very far from being so luxurious. The ladies' cabin was immediately above and was provided with state rooms and some considerable show of comfort and convenience.

From the wheel houses back there were wide guards and steps leading up to the ladies' cabin. In front of the ladies' cabin, on the boiler deck, were accommodations for deck passengers. This in warm weather was the most pleasant part of the boat. In front of the wheel houses there were no guards, the boat coming to a sharp point at the bow.

Gov. Pope and myself were the only cabin passengers for Arkansas, although there were a large number of passengers for points along the Mississippi River as far down as Louisiana, among them Senator Black, wife and daughter, of Mississippi.

The boat carried a heavy cargo of freight for points along the Arkansas and White Rivers. On account of the low stage of water in the Ohio River and the heavily laden condition of the boat, we stuck on every sand-bar between Louisville and Paducah.

It was not until Sunday, October 7th, that we reached Bird's Point (now Cairo), at the mouth of the Ohio.

Soon after our arrival at Paducah a large New Orleans packet landed just below the "Reindeer," and after she had been made fast and the gang plank put out, I observed two men go ashore who seemed to be in an angry altercation about something. One of the men was very tall, while the other was of rather slight build. When they reached the wharf the larger one struck his companion in the face and knocked him down, who, as he arose to his feet, drew a long dirk knife and stabbed his assailant to the heart, killing him instantly. The murderer started to run, but a boy stopped his flight by striking him in the back with a stone. The man was promptly arrested and hurried off, but I never learned his fate. These men were Italian fruit venders, and partners in the business. This tragedy made a very deep impression on my mind, as it was the first time I had ever seen human life taken, but it was by no means the last bloody affray I witnessed in those early days.

Just after entering the Mississippi River, a large New Orleans packet named the "Peruvian" passed us on her down trip, crowded with passengers returning to their homes in the South. She had a splendid band of music aboard, and as the sweet strains floated out over the "Father of Waters," some of us wished that we were passen-

gers on that high-headed craft instead of our slower and more lowly one. The "Peruvian" soon passed out of sight. Among the cargo of the "Peruvian" were some fifty head of horses and mules belonging to southern planters.

About 10 o'clock that night while sitting with Capt. Miller on the hurricane deck, just in front of the pilot house, listening to him relate some of the stirring events of his life on the river, we heard low, distant thunder, which came nearer and nearer. The day had been excessively hot and sultry. Capt. Miller remarked that we were likely to have a storm. I soon noticed that the captain showed some signs of apprehension of danger, as he would repeatedly apply his mouth to the speaking tube connecting with the engine room, to give orders to the engineer as to the proper management of the engines. As soon as the captain became fully satisfied of the danger that was about to overtake us, he directed the pilot to land, and the boat was headed for a high bluff on the Missouri side, where she was made fast, both bow and stern, with heavy cables. This task was hardly accomplished when the storm struck us in all its fury, and the enormous hempen cables in which we reposed so much confidence parted like silken threads, and the boat was blown out into mid-stream. The fires in the furnaces had been dampened down and we now found ourselves in the middle of the Mississippi River, without steam and at the mercy of a furious storm. By

good management on the part of the officers, the boat was swung around and headed up stream. We were then struck by a counter blast which careened the boat so that water ran over the lower guards and into the gentlemen's cabin. The report was soon circulated that the boilers had shifted, but this proved to be untrue. The freight in the hold had, however, been thrown to one side, which added greatly to the danger. The total destruction of the boat and the consequent loss of life was only averted by the fact that the steamer had a heavily laden barge lashed to her starboard side, which prevented her from going entirely over when the wind struck her on the lee side. Becoming somewhat re-assured by the cool and calm manner in which Capt. Miller was giving his orders, I started to seek the Governor and render him what assistance I could, he being almost entirely helpless by reason of his age and infirmities, having but one arm. By the time the excitement and fears caused by the catastrophe had become somewhat allayed the boat had righted, and steam having been gotten up, we were soon steaming up the Mississippi, and out of the track of the storm. After reaching a convenient landing place, about five miles from the scene of our accident, the captain ordered the boat tied up, and we remained here until 9 o'clock the next morning, a heavy fog which arose during the night preventing an earlier departure. When we were leaving this place, the steamer "Volant,"

which had left Louisville the same time we did, but had kept out of the track of the storm, came along, and the two boats proceeded down the river together.

About fifteen miles from our last stopping place, we found the proud steamer "Peruvian" with a huge cotton-wood tree lying across her middle, having almost crushed entirely through the boat, tearing away one of the wheelhouses and killing three cabin passengers and two deck hands, besides wounding several other persons. A number of horses and mules were also killed.

This magnificent steamer which had but a few hours ago passed us with colors flying and music sounding, and which had awakened something like envy in the breasts of some of the passengers on board the "Reindeer," now lay a helpless hulk, with death and destruction all about her.

The "Reindeer" and "Volant" took off as many of the passengers of the disabled steamer as they had accommodation for and the fine St. Louis packet "Ossian" coming along at this time took the remainder of the "Peruvian's" passengers, and the three boats proceeded down the river.

The next day we passed the ruins of New Madrid, Mo., which place had been almost totally destroyed by the memorable earthquake of 1811. New Madrid was originally settled by the Spaniards, and was at one time the capital of Louisiana Territory when that Territory belonged to Spain, and which

afterwards passed into the possession of France. All that now remained of the once flourishing town was a few dilapidated houses standing on a high ridge between two deep ravines, caused by the quaking of the ground, and through which the waters of the Mississippi, when at high stage, flowed into the "sunk-lands," also caused by the earthquake.

About thirty miles below New Madrid we came upon the steamer "Sampson" lying at the western shore, on fire. Her upper works had already been entirely consumed and her hull was now sharing a like fate.

The "Sampson's" passengers, of whom there were a large number, were all on shore, but they had saved little baggage. This was a New Orleans and Louisville packet, and was bound for the latter place. Capt. Miller, with his accustomed goodness of heart, landed just below the burning steamer and rendered what assistance he could to the unfortunates.

The next day we arrived at Memphis, or as it was called by the natives and early settlers, Chickasaw Bluff. Here I met an old Kentucky acquaintance in the person of Major Craven Peyton, father of Dr. Craven Peyton, for many years a prominent physician of Little Rock. I also met and became acquainted with Gen. Edmund Pendleton Gaines, of the United States army, and his beautiful wife, Myra Clark Gaines, whose long litigation with the city of New Orleans has become a *cause celebre*.

On October the 11th we reached Montgomery's Point, one of the oldest and most widely known landings on the Mississippi River. In the early settlement of Louisiana Territory this point was the place of residence of Francois D'Armand, a wealthy fur trader and a man of considerable importance in that region of country. Gen. William Montgomery resided at the Point at this time. A few of the old log cabins erected by Francois D'Armand in 1766 were still standing about three hundred yards back from the river.

Two large log ware-houses, built upon piling, stood near the water's edge and were used by the firm of Montgomery, Miller & Co., for storing freight destined for points along the Arkansas and White rivers. The extensive business of this firm was under the management of Mr. Moses Greenwood, who afterwards became a prominent and wealthy commission merchant of New Orleans, and who was well known and highly respected throughout the the South for his many excellent traits of character.

The hotel at the Point was owned by Gen. Montgomery and was situated about two hundred and fifty yards from the river. The hotel building was elevated some distance above the ground on high brick pillars and had wide verandas on all sides. There my eyes beheld for the first time the stately magnolia—the trees, however, were not in bloom, and it was not until later that I had the

pleasure of seeing its splendid flower and inhaling its exquisite and almost overpowering perfume. Here, also, was it that my ears were for the first time saluted by the ravishing strains of the mocking bird—that “glorious mocker of the woods.” It seemed to me that every tree and bush and shrub was vocal with the ever-changing notes of this wonderful bird of song.

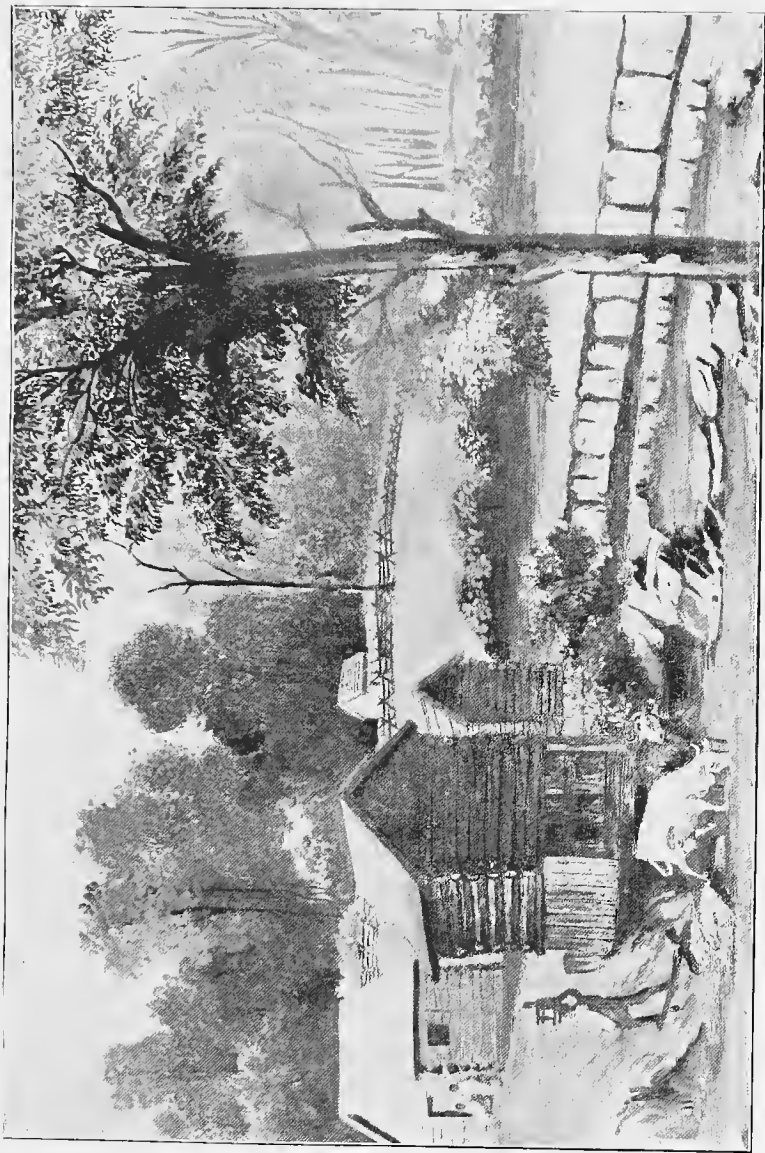


CHAPTER IV.

THE POST OF ARKANSAS.

Early Sunday morning, October 14th, the "Reindeer" left Montgomery's Point for Arkansas Post, by way of the White River Cut Off, a saving of about fifty miles of travel. We reached the Post of Arkansas at 10 o'clock the same day. A large concourse of people had gathered at the landing to see the boat come in, among them Col. Frederick Notrebe, who was an acquaintance of the Governor's, and to whom I was introduced. Col. Notrebe was a man of commanding presence, with very black hair and eyes and dark complexion. He had large but regular features, and had been in his youth, doubtless, a very handsome man. He was a native of France, and had all the refinement and elegance of that race.

Col. Notrebe extended to us a very cordial invitation to dinner, which was accepted, and we were conducted to his beautiful home not far off. His family consisted at this time of his wife—a woman of culture and refinement, and two sons. He had a daughter then living in Little Rock, the wife of Mr.



ARKANSAS SCENERY—NATURAL DAM IN CRAWFORD COUNTY (From an engraving made 40 years ago.

William Cummins, a prominent lawyer of that place. The sons both died in early life.

After partaking of a splendid dinner, set out with almost princely magnificence in silver, china and cut-glass—something I never dreamed of seeing in the wilds of Arkansas Territory, the Governor made known to his host the dilemma in which we found ourselves regarding conveyance for our further journey, the low stage of water in the Arkansas River preventing the boat from proceeding on her trip up the river. The obliging colonel sent one of his sons to interview one Charles Robie, a Frenchman, who frequently furnished travelers with transportation to Little Rock. The old Frenchman and his son soon appeared with two small spring wagons, drawn by diminutive mustang ponies. Our baggage and effects were loaded into one of the wagons, completely filling it. The other wagon was occupied by the Governor and his body servant, whose services he was in constant need of. They were both large men, the Governor weighing over 200 pounds, and made about as much of a load as the ponies could draw. I had the prospect of making the trip to Little Rock, 125 miles distant, on foot, but Col. Notrebe had in his possession a very fine horse, saddle and bridle belonging to his son-in-law, William Cummins, which he was anxious to send to Little Rock, and he asked me to ride the horse through, which offer I very gladly accepted.

The Post of Arkansas was settled in 1686 by some of the followers of De Tonti, one of La Salle's lieutenants. All that part of what was afterwards Arkansas Territory, east of the Quapaw line, an imaginary line running due south from a point of rocks on the south bank of the Arkansas River at Little Rock, to the line dividing what are now the States of Arkansas and Louisiana, was at the time of which I write, 1686, in the possession of the Quapaw Indians, in consequence of which De Tonti's men made their settlement on the left, or north bank, of the Arkansas River, at a point where Grand Prairie strikes the river, and here they erected a rude fort.

De Tonti continued on to St. Louis, leaving a portion of his men at the fort. De Tonti never returned to the settlement, for upon arriving at St. Louis he found letters awaiting him which contained orders for him to proceed to Quebec, Canada. Soon afterwards he was commanded to return to France.

Many of the French settlers left by De Tonti at the settlement intermarried with the Quapaw Indian women, and some of their descendants were living at Little Rock and other parts of the Territory when I first came to Arkansas.

The Post of Arkansas is distant from Little Rock about 125 miles, and when I first saw it in 1832, the original part of it presented a very forlorn and desolate appearance. None of the habitations of the original settlers or their immediate descendants were standing at that time.

After the Territory passed into the hands of the French the Post became the official residence of Don Carlos De Villemont, who had been appointed commandant of the Post, and who was holding that position at the time of the cession of the Territory to the United States by France in 1803.

The settlement at the Post was scattered over a considerable area, extending back from the river to Grand Prairie. Many of the houses erected during Gov. De Villemont's administration were still standing and were built after the French style of architecture, with high pointed roofs and gables and heavy exterior timbers, and high chimneys. These old houses presented a sad but interesting picture to look upon. In many instances the tall chimneys had fallen down, and trees of considerable size were growing out through the roofs and chimney places.

There were, however, a few modern buildings, situated near the bank of the river, among them two brick houses, one of which was the store and warehouse of the opulent Frederick Notrebe. The other was pointed out to me as having been the printing office of William E. Woodruff, publisher of the *Arkansas Gazette*.

At the Post I became acquainted with Mr. William B. Wait, a young man from Albany, N. Y., who was the confidential clerk of Col. Notrebe, and who had almost the entire management of Col. Notrebe's vast business enterprises. Mr. Wait

afterwards removed to Little Rock, where, for many years, he was a successful merchant and capitalist.

One of the earlier settlers at the Post of Arkansas was Col. Alexander Walker, a man of marked peculiarities and characteristics. He represented Arkansas county in the Territorial Legislature of Missouri when what is now the State of Arkansas constituted one county of Missouri Territory. He traveled all the way from the Post of Arkansas to St. Louis on horse-back when attending the meetings of the Legislature. When the seat of government was moved to Little Rock, Col. Walker settled on a farm opposite the town and resided thereon after I came to Arkansas. In all the histories of the State that I have ever read I have never seen mention made of this worthy old pioneer. Judge Walker maintained that everything in the realms of nature was beautiful with two or three exceptions only. He declared that the Almighty Architect created all things beautiful except "whistling women, crowing hens, fiddlers, fire-dogs and pop-corn." Why the unoffending pop-corn fell under the ban it is hard to determine. His wife, though a plain and unattractive woman, but who was the soul of goodness, was, in the eyes of the old Judge, beautiful. The expressions "beautiful" and "beautifully" were as often upon his lips as the more forcible but less elegant by-words of other men. Despite his mortal antipathy to fiddlers, his only daughter, Jane, ran off and married a member of that despised following.

When this quaint old gentleman came to live just opposite the town of Little Rock, on the north side of the river, he had for a neighbor Judge David Rover. That is, they lived about two miles apart, which was considered very neighborly in those days.

On one occasion Judge Rover borrowed an ox yoke of his eccentric old neighbor, and, failing to return it after sometime, Judge Walker sent him word to bring the yoke home. To this demand Judge Rover returned the rather exasperating reply to Judge Walker that if he wanted his yoke to come or send for it himself. Without more ado the old Judge reached for his shot gun and set out for Rover's house, bent on enforcing his demand. He found Rover in the horse lot and demanded that he instantly pick up the yoke and take it home without a moment's delay. Rover, of course, demurred and offered to send it back by a servant, but the Judge came for the purpose of teaching Rover a lesson, and would not consent to have the article returned by other hands. In the end Rover took up the heavy and cumbersome yoke and started on his two-mile walk under a broiling hot summer's sun. Several times he attempted to drop his burden, but the obdurate old Judge threateningly urged him on. Finally they reached Judge Walker's outer gate, and Rover sat the yoke, which by this time weighed about 500 pounds to the exhausted man, against the fence; but the lesson was not completed to the satisfaction of Judge Walker, and he said, "You

didn't get that yoke there; take it to the barn." So Rover was compelled to take it up again and carry it several hundred yards further. When the yoke had been bestowed to the Judge's complete satisfaction, he remarked: "Come into the house, Judge, we have plenty of fans inside." Rover sullenly complied and took a seat upon the porch, glad of a chance to rest. Judge Walker called to Jane and instructed her to draw a bucket of cold water from the north side of the well and make for Judge Rover and himself a couple of strong toddies. This offer of hospitality on the part of his task-master was not declined by Judge Rover, and under the benignant effects of the cooling draughts, the anger of both men cooled correspondingly. Presently Judge Walker said, "Judge Rover, you are welcome to the use of my ox-yoke whenever you want it, but when I ask for its return I expect you to send it home immediately." I am not informed whether or not Judge Rover ever borrowed the article again.

In recounting this incident to me, in answer to the question if he really did make Judge Rover carry the heavy and unwieldy thing two miles, the old Judge laughingly replied, "I did, and he did it beautifully, too."

Judge Rover afterwards moved to Iowa, where he killed an overbearing and quarrelsome man from whom he was fleeing at the time to save his own life. This last incident was related to me by Hon. Henry C. Caldwell, United States Circuit Judge.

who knows much of Judge Rover's history after he went to Iowa.

It is a tradition that the first Protestant sermon ever preached in Arkansas was by the Rev. John P. Carnahan, supposed to be a Cumberland Presbyterian, and was delivered at the Post of Arkansas in the year 1811.

In the early years of the century the Post of Arkansas was visited from time to time by missionary priests of the Roman Catholic church. Most of the very early settlers of that region of country, including Indian converts, were members of that religious body.

The town was destroyed in 1863 by the United States land and naval forces under General McClelland and Admiral Porter.

GRAND PRAIRIE.

We left the Post at two o'clock p. m., October 14th, to make the trip of one hundred and twenty-five miles by land to the Capital.

Among the large number of deck passengers on the steamer "Reindeer," bound for Arkansas Territory, was Major Ewing and party from Kentucky, who had large government contracts for surveying the public lands of the Territory.

Another of the deck passengers was Bennett B. Ball, of Shelby County, Ky., a lawyer of some prominence, and who afterwards cut quite a figure in early Arkansas politics, and who settled at Old Lewisburg, then the county seat of Conway County.

Major William A. Dickson, of the firm of Menifee & Dickson, who owned and operated saw mills in Conway County, was also of the party. Major Dickson was returning to Arkansas from Kentucky with hands to work in the saw mill.

The deck passengers, having secured conveyances for their baggage, started to make the trip to Little Rock on foot, starting out some hours in advance of the Governor's party.

When about seven miles from the Post, we came across a young man named Martin, from Franklin County, Ky., a brilliant young lawyer of about twenty-two years of age, lying upon a blanket near the roadside, with a raging fever, having had a severe chill shortly after leaving the Post. As there was no room for him in any of the wagons, I gave up to him the horse I was riding to convey him to our next stopping place, a farm house six miles further on, owned by a Mr. Harris, which place we reached about sunset, and where we found the foot travelers. Owing to the size of the party—about forty persons, it was not until nine o'clock that supper was announced. The supper consisted of huge chunks of boiled beef, middling bacon—swimming in grease, cold turnips and collards, corn bread and black coffee—without milk and sweetened with what was called "long sweetening;" that is, molasses. The corn bread was excellent, the meal having been ground in a steel hand-mill, much in use in those days. In the making of meal by this process

two mills were generally used, one for cracking the grains of corn, and a smaller one for grinding the cracked corn into meal.

We remained at this place until six o'clock the next morning, October 15th, when we resumed our westward journey. Mr. Martin, the sick man, being still in an enfeebled condition, I proffered him the use of the horse I was riding for the remainder of the journey. He gladly accepted the offer and I made the balance of the trip, over a hundred miles, on foot. This day we traveled fifty miles before reaching a place of entertainment. Grand Prairie is ninety miles wide, and we had been traveling this prairie ever since leaving the Post.

Our host this night was a Mr. Johnson, one of the earlier settlers and a man of considerable wealth and refinement, and whose wife was a French woman. Mr. Johnson's residence was a large two story frame dwelling with well kept grounds, planted with a profusion of flowers and shrubbery, and, with the large number of outhouses and negro quarters, had the appearance of quite a village. The supper here was in great contrast to the one of the night previous. Here I had my first taste of bear meat.

We left this place Tuesday morning, October 16th, at an early hour, and traveled to within twelve miles of Little Rock, stopping at the house of Sampson Gray. Mr. Gray had the contract for carrying the mails from Little Rock to Memphis,

which were transported on pack horses. He was a man of large influence, and to his and W. E. Woodruff's influence Sevier owed his first election as delegate to Congress.

We left Gray's the next morning at about seven o'clock and arrived opposite the town of Little Rock at twelve o'clock, noon, October 16, 1832. The Governor's party was met here and entertained by Judge David Rover where Argenta, or North Little Rock, now stands. Judge Rover had the ferry privilege at this point. We remained as his guests until four o'clock p. m., when we made preparation to cross the river.

AN UNIQUE FERRY BOAT.

The ferry boat in use at this early date deserves more than passing notice. In construction it differed but little from those now in use on our smaller rivers, consisting of a long flat bottomed hull, with two bows. It was the method of propulsion that made it unique. This was accomplished by means of buoys or buoy boats, as they were called. These buoy boats were about twelve feet long and some four or five feet wide amidship, the two ends coming to a sharp point. These buoy boats were some fifteen or twenty in number and were staunchly built, and entirely floored over. In the center of each of them was a post, varying in height from three to ten feet, according to the location of the buoys. At the top of each of these posts was a large pulley, through which a large rope, one

and one-half inches in diameter, ran. This rope was attached to a huge cottonwood tree on the north side of the river, opposite the foot of Main street and about fifty feet above the ground. The other end of the rope was passed through the pulleys on the buoy boats. These boats were distributed along at regular intervals, the last one being located about one hundred and fifty feet above the ferry landing on the Little Rock side. The rope passing through the pulley on the last buoy boat had a slack of about fifty feet. To this part of the large rope a pulley was attached, through which a smaller rope ran and was fastened to each of the upper corners of the ferry boat. At each end of the boat was what was called a lee board, some fifteen inches wide, and which was raised or depressed by a lever. On starting from either shore this lee board was so depressed as to swing the end of the boat quartering up stream, the buoy boats assuming the same position. The action of the water against the lee board gave the necessary impetus to the ferry boat to carry her across the river. On coming to within forty or fifty feet of the shore a vigorous pull upon the rope would straighten the course of the boat directly across the river and bring it to the landing. To prevent the buoy boats from drifting together a smaller rope was tied to the same cottonwood tree lower down, and attached to the bottom of the posts on the buoy boats. The

speed of a ferry boat propelled in the manner I have attempted to describe was very rapid, indeed, almost equal to that of steam. This unique ferry boat, with her attendant buoy boats, was destroyed by the heavy drifts in the river during the tremendous overflow of 1833.



CHAPTER V.

ARRIVAL IN LITTLE ROCK.

On reaching the landing at Little Rock, the Governor was met by a number of distinguished citizens, among whom I now recall the names of Colonel Chester Ashley, who afterwards became United States Senator from the State of Arkansas; Major Elias Rector; General James S. Conway, afterwards elected the first Governor of the State; Colonel Samuel M. Rutherford, Treasurer of the Territory in 1833; Richard C. Byrd, who had been Territorial Auditor in 1831, and who afterwards became acting Governor of the State from January 10, to April 19, 1849, upon the resignation of Governor Drew; William E. Woodruff, editor and proprietor of the *Arkansas Gazette*, and others: all warm personal and political friends of Governor Pope, and who gave him a cordial welcome back to the seat of Government.

One among this group of prominent men attracted my attention in no small degree, on account of his distinguished bearing and extreme elegance of dress. This was Major Elias Rector, United

States Marshal for the Territory, and whom Albert Pike has immortalized in song as "The Fine Old Arkansas Gentleman, Close to the Choctaw Line." Major Rector was above the medium height, and very symmetrically formed, with remarkably handsome and striking features. His hair was black and glossy and was allowed to grow in length almost, if not quite, to his hips, where it hung straight as an Indian's when not confined under his hat by a comb, such as ladies use in tucking up their hair. He wore no beard or mustache and his face was as free from hirsute growth as that of a woman. Once he was a passenger from Memphis to Nashville in a stage coach, in which there were also several lady passengers. On removing his hat, his luxuriant growth of hair fell down about his shoulders, which so scandalized the ladies that at the next stopping place they alighted from the stage, and declined to proceed further in the company of a woman masquerading in male attire. The situation was explained to the ladies and the episode ended in a hearty laugh. On another occasion Major Rector's long hair undoubtedly gave him immunity from a bloody encounter, and probably saved his life. He was attending a Mardi-Gras ball in New Orleans, when the ball room was invaded and taken possession of by a crowd of drunken toughs, who locked the doors, extinguished the lights and proceeded to attack the male portion of the assemblage with clubs, fists, and knives,

inflicting serious injuries upon some. During the *melee* Major Rector bethought himself of his hair, and let it down to its full length. He had hardly done so when he was seized by some one, who, upon discovering his long flowing locks, ceased the attack, supposing him to be a woman. The Major was not long in escaping from the hall.

When I first saw him he was dressed in a full suit of black silk velvet, made in the height of fashion. His linen was of the finest and very elaborately ruffled, as was then the fashion. He wore a costly Mexican sombrero and morocco boots. With all this elegance of attire, Major Rector was in no sense a dandy. He was, withal, a man of unusual good common sense, and was brave and fearless in the discharge of the hazardous duties of United States Marshal of Arkansas and Indian Territory, which office he held for upwards of sixteen years. He was a warm personal friend of the late Fontaine Pope, and was the latter's second in his duel with Dr. John H. Cocke, wherein six shots were had without injury to either party.

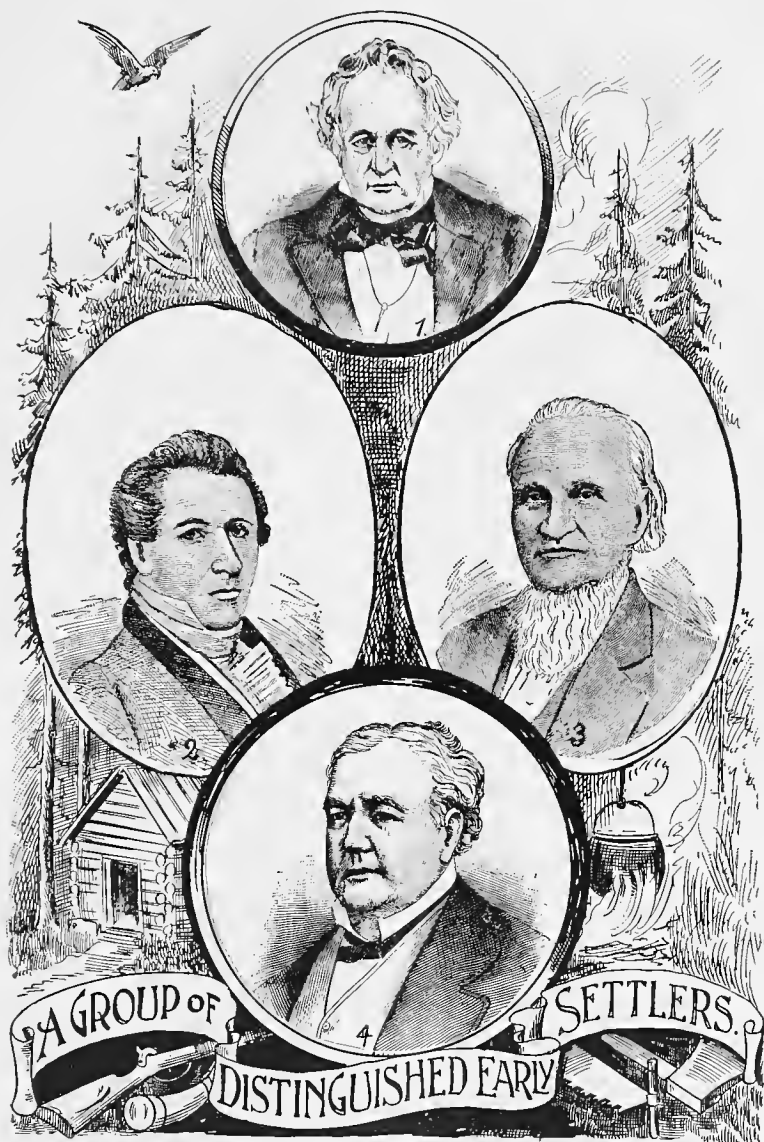
The Governor was escorted to his lodgings at the residence of Mr. David G. Etter, at the southwest corner of Louisiana and Cherry (now Second) streets, where the Turner and Gans building now stands.

The next day, October 17, the Governor re-assumed the duties of his office, which had been performed during his absence in Kentucky, by William

S. Fulton, Secretary of the Territory. One of the Governor's first official acts on taking up the reins of government, was to sign my commission as private secretary, and *aide de camp* with the rank of Major. Having received my commission from the hands of the Governor, I called on Secretary Fulton to have the same attested and the seal of the Territory affixed.

At the time of which I write the Territory had no public buildings for the use of its officers, and they were compelled to provide offices as best they could.

Secretary Fulton resided in a one-story frame cottage on the east side of Scott street, between Mulberry (Third) and Walnut (Fourth) streets. To the north of the residence and attached to it, and somewhat back from the street, was a smaller building used by Judge Fulton as the office of the Secretary of the Territory. A stranger would never have imagined this modest looking cottage to be the seat of an elegant hospitality, but such, nevertheless, was the case. This building stood for many years devoted to various purposes, and has but recently been torn down to make room for a business house. Subsequently Judge Fulton purchased a fine place a mile or so south of town, to which he gave the name of "Rosewood." In the course of time the city grew up all around this place and beyond. A few years ago this old landmark succumbed to the march of improvement, and



1. Col. Chester Ashley
2. Gen. Jas. S. Conway

3. W. E. Woodruff, Sr.
4. Maj. Elias Rector

nothing now remains to mark its location save a few of the old shade trees of its once extensive park.

On my first visit to the Secretary I found him busily engaged in his official duties. He gave me a gracious and kindly welcome, and after signing my commission and affixing the seal of the Territory, entered into pleasant conversation which lasted for sometime, much to my edification. He gave me much information regarding Territorial affairs of that and past times, which information has been of great assistance in the preparation of these memoirs. On this visit I met the Secretary's wife, a beautiful and accomplished lady whom he had married at Florence, Ala.

In stature, Judge Fulton was of about the medium height and of slender frame; his features were large but regular; he had dark and expressive eyes, and his hair, which was also dark, was worn short. In manners he was courteous and obliging, and was in every sense a gentleman. He was a lawyer by profession, and in early life settled at Florence, Ala., where he became the editor of the *Florence Gazette*, which paper had the distinction of bringing Andrew Jackson prominently before the country as a candidate for the Presidency in 1824. Judge Fulton had been an *aide* on Gen. Jackson's staff during the Creek war, and also at the battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1812, where he rendered efficient service to the commanding general.

In 1829 he was appointed Secretary of Arkansas Territory and moved with his family from Alabama to Little Rock, where a large number of his descendants still reside, notably a daughter, Mrs. Morehead Wright. He performed the duties of Governor pending Gov. Pope's arrival, and, also, during the latter's visit to Kentucky in 1832.

The executive office was in a one-story brick building situated on the south side of Markham street, between Scott and Cumberland streets, near the residence of and belonging to Col. Chester Ashley. This building had a gable end to the street and contained three rooms. The front room on the street was used for the post-office. The middle and rear rooms were used as offices by the Governor.

Shortly after the seat of government was located at Little Rock, a common one-story frame building—a mere shell—was erected on the block of ground bounded by Main and Scott streets, and by what are now Fifth and Sixth streets. These two last named streets were then known as Elizabeth and Orange streets. This building contained two rooms about twenty feet square, divided by a hall. Here the Legislative Assembly met every two years.

The doorkeepers of the Council and House of Representatives—the office of sergeant-at-arms had not been created at that date—had been instructed, as a part of their duties, to keep a sharp lookout, and whenever they saw the Governor approaching

the Legislative building to make announcement of the fact to the Assembly. On one occasion the door-keeper of the House of Representatives, observing His Excellency walking in the direction of the building, hastened to make announcement of the fact, which he did in the regulation mode by striking upon the floor with his mace and proclaiming, "The Governor approaches." The members arose to their feet to receive the Governor, who, however, did not put in an appearance, as he was on his way to make a social call at the residence of Mrs. Maria Stevenson, at the corner of Orange (Fifth) and Rock streets. A pane of glass had been broken out of one of the windows, and as the Governor passed he paused a moment and looked in upon the assembled legislators, who were standing to receive him. The alert and watchful doorkeeper observing this action on the part of His Excellency, proceeded to announce in an exceedingly loud voice: "The Governor is peeping in at the window." The members resumed their seats, somewhat chagrined, and the Governor did not linger long at the window.

When I first came to Arkansas I had the good fortune to become acquainted with several of the old pioneers who had settled in the West shortly after the close of the Revolutionary War. From these sturdy and unique characters I obtained much valuable and interesting information regarding the very early times of the country.

About the 1st of January, 1807, Major John Pyeatt, of Georgia, who had been an officer in the

American army during the war after the Revolution, and his brother, Jacob Pyeatt, and their families, together with several other families from Georgia and East Tennessee, left their former homes, to make new ones in the recently acquired possessions west of the Mississippi River. They brought with them their servants, household effects, horses, mules, cattle and farming implements. This party made the entire journey by land through an almost impassable wilderness. Especially was this the case in West Tennessee, the home of the Choc-taw and Chickasaw Indians. They followed the Beau Trace—merely a blazed trail, beginning in East Tennessee, and extending to the Chickasaw Bluffs, (now Memphis.) At that place the Indians assisted them in crossing the Mississippi River. This was a toilsome and hazardous undertaking, as it had to be done in “dug outs” and by swimming the horses, mules and cattle.

Their original intention was to locate at New Gascony, a French trading post, on the north side of the Arkansas River, fifteen miles below where Pine Bluff now stands. But after crossing the Mississippi River, the party struck an Indian trail that carried them to where Batesville now is, on the White River. Thence they traveled in a south-westerly course until they struck the Arkansas River at a place about fifteen miles above the “Point of Rocks,” where the town of Little Rock was afterwards located. Major Pyeatt determined to stop

here and establish his settlement. He gave the name of Crystal Hill to the place on account of the proximity of an eminence of considerable height, covered with quartz crystals of various sizes. Here they proceeded to erect log houses and to surround themselves with the rude comforts of pioneer homes.

This party of immigrants had not long been established in their new homes when they were greatly surprised to learn that another party of immigrants from North Carolina had preceded them about a year and were then living a few miles above Crystal Hill, on the south side of the river, at the foot of the Maumelle mountains, or, as they were then called, the "Mammal Mountains."

These last mentioned people had been "Tories," or British sympathizers, during the Revolutionary War, and getting into bad odor among their loyal neighbors of the "Old North State" on account of their political principles, had been forced to leave North Carolina. After wandering about for several years they had permanently settled at this place.

A short time after the establishment of the settlement near Crystal Hill, Jacob Pyeatt and a portion of the settlers moved up the river about twenty-three miles, and located another settlement near the mouth of a small stream called the Cadron. This place was for several years the temporary county seat of Pulaski County.

After the two settlements had been pretty thoroughly established, Major Pyeatt conceived the

idea of cutting out a trace from the settlements to the Arkansas Post, for the guidance and benefit of those who might come in the future. With a number of the settlers, he set about the undertaking. At a point about fifty miles from the place of beginning and at a stream, afterwards known as the Wattensaw, he struck an Indian trail that led directly to the Post of Arkansas, his objective point. This, I think, may well be considered the beginning of road making in Arkansas.

An amusing anecdote is related of the old Major, which will give the reader some idea of the extreme isolation of this part of the country from the outside world.

Sometime in the latter part of the year 1815, an officer wearing the undress uniform of a Major of the United States Army, made his appearance at the Pyeatt settlement. The officer, whose name was Gibson, had been detailed with about four hundred men, by the War Department, to establish military posts or forts along the upper Arkansas. Major Gibson and party had descended the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in barges to the mouth of the Arkansas. Arriving there the officer in command determined to make part of the journey overland on horse-back. Attended by an orderly and a pack horse, he set out and in due time arrived as before stated. After having been heartily welcomed by Major Pyeatt and partaken of his hospitality, the old Major inquired for news from the States. The

officer replied that the most important news was that the Treaty of Peace between the United States and Great Britain had been ratified. "Peace!" exclaimed the old Major, "What peace? I did not know the United States had been engaged in war with Great Britain since the Revolutionary War." Major Gibson then told him of the war of 1812, and how General Jackson had won the battle of New Orleans, and of other leading events of a war that had begun more than three years before. This was the old settler's first intimation that his country had been engaged in another long and bloody war with the English.

Fort Gibson, in the Indian Territory, takes its name from the Major Gibson here mentioned.

John Pyeatt, an old settler, died on the 23d of July, 1823, from the effects of cold contracted while crossing the Grand Prairie.

CHAPTER VI.

GOLD IN ARKANSAS, THE MOUNDS, ETC.

About the year 1809, one Trammell, a hunter, found near the foot of Crystal Hill—a high bluff on the north bank of the Arkansas river, some fifteen miles above Little Rock—a large quartz crystal, in which was imbedded lumps of ore resembling gold. In the course of his hunting trips, Trammell one day found himself at the Post of Arkansas, where he showed the ore which he had found to Colonel Notrebe. That gentleman pronounced the specimen to be gold. He purchased it from the hunter and sent it to New Orleans to be assayed, giving a full description of the locality where it was found.

The assay proved that the ore was pure gold, and the amount of the precious metal exhausted from this one specimen was worth over one hundred dollars. It was not long before the news of the discovery of gold along the Arkansas river spread like wild fire and caused great excitement among the bold and adventurous.

An expedition was soon organized at New Orleans to go in search of these wonderfully rich gold fields.

The expedition was composed of persons of almost every nationality under the sun, and was commanded by one Captain Hillare,* a Frenchman. A number of keel boats and barges were purchased by them, which they loaded with provisions, mining tools, and goods of various kinds to barter with the Indians who occupied the country.

After a long and painful journey up the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers, the expedition reached the present site of Little Rock, where a stop was made and a mining camp established at what is now the foot of Spring street, and near a large spring of water which is still in existence within the Pulaski county jail yard enclosure.

The magnificent spring referred to has a history of its own far older than that of Little Rock itself. It was known far and wide among the Indians who came to it and remained for weeks at a time. In the very early days of Little Rock it furnished water for a large portion of the inhabitants for drinking and domestic purposes. Later on, and until recently, it supplied the water for making steam for use in the various manufacturing enterprises located in its vicinity.

Here the members of the expedition began to prospect for gold; and here a number of the party sickened and died and were buried on the high

*NOTE—The people of Arkansas Post at the time believed that the "Captain Hillare" referred to was none other than Lafitte, the celebrated "Pirate of the Gulf."

ground just east of the spring, on the spot where the State House now stands. The fact of the presence of these graves at the place referred to was the basis in after years for strong objections on the part of many to the Governor's selecting this spot whereon to erect the capitol buildings.

Finding no evidence of gold in the locality, the expedition moved up the river about four miles, where another stop was made, on the north side. Here a shaft was sunk and some traces of gold were found. But, as the prospect of obtaining the precious metal in paying quantities was not encouraging, and the prospectors having in the meantime met the hunter who had found the rich gold-bearing quartz which had sent them upon this search after wealth and learned from him the exact spot at which he had obtained the valuable specimen, the expedition at once set out for Crystal Hill.

At that time there was a low bottom about half a mile wide between the foot of the hill and the river. This bottom has since disappeared.

Arriving at their destination, the gold hunters sunk several shafts in the low ground at the foot of the hill and secured a considerable amount of gold. The prospects for obtaining the metal in large quantities were now so encouraging that they proceeded to erect a smelter higher up on the hill.

I saw the remains of this old smelter in 1848, and picked up a broken earthen crucible that had been used by these miners for the purpose of reduc-

The gold-seekers were again doomed to disappointment, and in the very face of the most flattering promises of success. The water rose so rapidly in the shafts that, not being supplied with the necessary pumping apparatus—which, indeed, had not been invented then—they were unable to continue their labors.

(The spot where these early miners sunk their shaft is now in the river.)

Being now utterly discouraged in their search for gold, the adventurers started up the river in their boats on a trading expedition, bartering their merchandise to the Indians along the route for furs and peltries.

When the men who composed the expedition reached a high rock on the river above the future site of Little Rock and near where now stands the town of Dardanelle—then called “Dardi” by the Indians—they met with a band of Indians named the Caddos, and who were friendly to the whites. These Indians occupied the country between the Arkansas and the Caddo rivers. They had in their possession specimens of gold ore which they said had been obtained in the mountainous regions towards the southwest, near the Caddo. The region referred to by these Indians is now in Montgomery County.

The sight of the shining metal again awoke within the breasts of the adventurers the insatiable thirst for gold. Upon the representations made by

these Indians, another expedition was organized to go in search of the new gold fields ; while a portion of the men were to remain behind to take care of the boats and cargoes, and to continue trading operations with the Indians.

Procuring ponies, upon which were loaded their camp equipage and mining tools, and accompanied by several Indian guides, the new expedition set out southwards, in the full expectation of the realization of their fondest hopes.

After a fatiguing journey of three or four days through a wild and mountainous country, the expedition arrived at the spot described by the Indians, and which to the eye of an experienced miner at once indicated the presence of metal of some kind.

After having established their camp, the party at once began mining operations.

It may, perhaps, be well to state here that at that time the country southwest of the Caddo River was occupied by a band of roving and hostile Indians known as the Lipans, and who were in almost constant warfare with the more peaceable tribe, the Caddos.

The gold-seekers had sunk a shaft at the foot of one of the mountains, and were obtaining a large amount of gold when they were set upon by the warlike Lipans, who, after a sharp fight, were driven off by the miners. The Indians, however, returned in a few days with largely increased numbers and renewed hostilities. The miners being overcome by

superior numbers, and being unaccustomed to Indian warfare, were compelled to abandon the diggings and hastily retreat to the Arkansas River, and to their boats.

Being by this time completely discouraged, and their numbers being greatly reduced by reason of sickness and death, the adventurers determined to return to New Orleans. After disposing of the remnant of all articles of barter to the Indians, the expedition started down the river on its return trip.

Stopping at Crystal Hill for a short stay, the miners imparted to Major James Pyeatt, who resided in the neighborhood, an account of their mining operations near the Caddo River.

This ended, for some years, any organized search for gold in Arkansas.

(The facts related above were obtained by me from Major Pyeatt in the fall of 1833, and were reduced to writing by me at that time).

At the time of my arrival at Little Rock in 1832, there was then residing there one Tapley H. Stewart, a practical gold-miner from Georgia. This man left Little Rock some time in the year 1834, and went to New Orleans to reside. While living in that city he became acquainted with some of the survivors of the ill-starred expedition, of 1809, and who had then grown to be old men. From some of these old adventurers he learned of the existence and location of the old gold-diggings near the Caddo River in Arkansas. Stewart returned to Little

Rock in the year 1839, but kept his secret securely locked within his own breast for several years.

There was then living in the latter city a man named Ira B. Whitmore, a veritable "Jack of all trades," and *good* in all, being an accomplished worker in metals; besides being a fairly good chemist and mineralogist. To his other accomplishments he added that of an engraver on gold, silver and steel.

Stewart imparted to Whitmore the information he had obtained regarding the finding of gold in Arkansas, and enlisted him in an enterprise to go in search of the mines in Montgomery county. Without imparting their secret to anyone whatever, these two men set out to find the old diggings. So accurate was the description given by the members of the early expedition, that they were not long in discovering the long abandoned mines. After obtaining some rich specimens of the ore, they returned to Little Rock and placed it in the hands of Dr. Sprague, who was an expert analytical chemist. He applied the usual tests, and pronounced the mineral pure gold. Efforts were made to induce Stewart and Whitmore to divulge the place where they had found the specimens, but to no purpose.

These men made several trips to the mines, each time returning with a lot of the ore.

Stewart and Whitmore were afterwards members of a gang of counterfeiters, known as the Trowbridge gang, and were, on the discovery of the

operations of that gang, convicted and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment in the State Penitentiary. (Reference will be made to this celebrated gang of counterfeiters later on).

From early times it has been known that argenteriferous galena existed in the neighborhood of Little Rock, but whether in paying quantities or not has never yet been satisfactorily determined.

About ten miles north of Little Rock are situated what have long been known as the Kellogg Lead Mines. When these mines were first discovered the fact created great excitement and a mining company was formed for the purpose of working the mines. About fifty tons of the ore were mined and shipped to Europe for the purpose of ascertaining its value. No report was ever received by the mining company regarding the receipt and disposition of the ore. The company that had leased the mines had but limited means and soon became bankrupt, giving up the work. One lump of silver-lead ore was taken out of these mines which weighed 108 pounds.

Dr. David Dale Owens in his "Geological Reconnaissance of Arkansas," made in 1857, gives the following analysis of two specimens of lead taken from the Kellogg mines: "No. 1, a bright crystalline-looking ore, gave, by reduction, 81.7 per cent. of metallic lead. By cupellation, this lead gave a silver bead weighing 1.06 per cent. of the lead employed, which is equal to 339.2 ounces of silver in a ton of 2000 pounds."

"No. 2, a porus, fine grained ore, with particles of talc disseminated, gave 73.45 per cent. of metallic lead; this, by cupellation, gave 0.7 per cent. of silver, equal to 224 ounces in a ton of 2000 pounds." These specimens must, undoubtedly, have been carefully selected, as no other analysis of the ore from the mines has ever come anywhere near making this phenomenal showing.

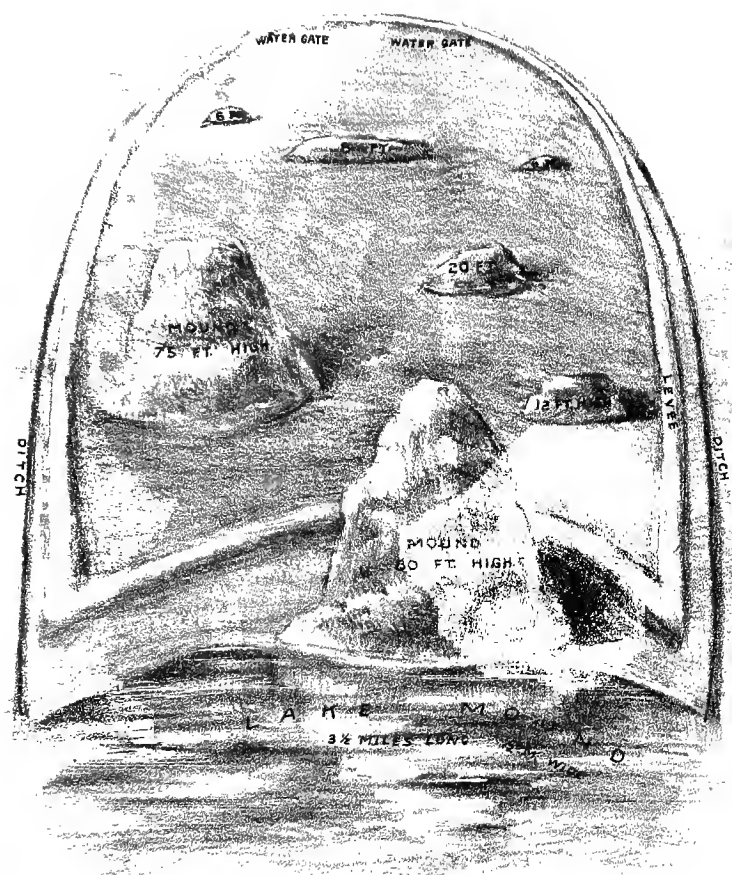
In 1832 sulphate of magnesia, of a fine quality, was found in the Kellogg mines.

THE MOUND BUILDERS.

Without presuming to enter into the domain of pre-historic intelligence, I take the liberty of wandering aside a little from the main purpose in view, to throw a side light upon that powerful and highly civilized race of people which once occupied the Mississippi valley.

Numerous evidences are not wanting that away back before the dawn of history the region now known as Arkansas was peopled by the Mound Builders.

Sixteen miles east of Little Rock in the Richwoods country, near Toltec station, there are a number of these mounds, two of which, Mrs. Mary Eliza Field Knapp informs me, "were about one hundred feet in height each in 1846, but the washing rains of half a century and the work of plowing the ground around them has lowered them some, since denuded of trees." One of them is seventy-five feet high and the other eighty feet in height at



LAKE MOUND EARTH WORKS
BY THE TOLTECS.



the present time. They are enclosed with an artificial levee, which was ten feet high. There are ninety acres embraced in this enclosure, and the embankment is semi-circular, the ends abutting on Lake Mound. The two large mounds are similar to those in Mexico; one is flat on top and the other conical. On the summit of the taller mound there stood until recently a large elm tree which scientists tell us was over four hundred years old. If this estimate of the tree's age is correct, it was in its infancy when Columbus discovered the Continent of America.

Lake Mound, a sheet of water about three and one-half miles long and one-half mile wide, is near by, and the hypothesis is that the bed of this lake, or pond, was formed by excavating for earth with which to build the enormous mounds, for they are evidently the work of man's hands.

I am further informed by Mrs. Knapp, who now owns the mounds referred to, that they were purchased by Mr. William P. Officer in 1846 from Andrew J. Donelson, who sent his agent, Mr. Martin, to convey the deed; and that they were originally entered for General Andrew Jackson.

These mounds seem to have served a double purpose—that of a sarcophagus for some renowned chief of the tribe, and also as a watchtower from which to view the surrounding country.

Mounds which have been explored here have been found to contain skeletons, tools and orna-

ments of stone, copper, brass, silver, and even precious stones. Vases of pottery of various shapes and sizes, wrought with much ingenuity and skill, and often very curiously carved and inlaid, have also been found in them. Mrs. Knapp states that in one of the Smithsonian explorations in these mounds, in addition to other discoveries, there were found some immense crystals, showing that these pre-historic people must have visited Hot Springs.

These wonderful structures would doubtless prove a rich find for the archæologist.

A race that long has passed away
Built them; a disciplined and populous race
Heaped with long toil the earth, while yet the Greek
Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon.—*Bryant.*



CHAPTER VII.

LITTLE ROCK IN 1832.

But little of the capital could be seen from the north side of the river when I first saw the town in 1832, on account of the high and irregular bluffs on the south bank, which time and the march of improvement have greatly lowered and depressed.

In the first geography I ever studied, when a boy, the author located the capital of Arkansas on the *north* side of the river, and called it Arkapolis. This glaring error was continued subsequently in Morse's Geography. I am informed that this misnomer grew abroad as the result of a meeting of a few citizens of Little Rock, held February 10, 1821, at which a resolution was adopted, changing the name of the town to Arkapolis. The resolution had few friends outside of the meeting, and the proposition fell stillborn at home, although the publication of its adoption abroad found favor with the geographers.

The name Little Rock is the anglicization of the ancient and well known French name, *Petit Roche*, little submerged rock; and was first used to

distinguish the site from the *Grand Rochelle*, or Big Rock, a mile or more above on the river.

The incorporated portion of the town lay west of the Quapaw line, which line has already been described in these pages.

The steamboat landing was not inside the corporate limits, but was then, as now, at the foot of what was called First street (now Commerce street). At that period, First street extended from the landing to Markham street and no further. This eastern extension of Markham street was, however, not inside the corporation.

A narrow street, scarcely more than an alley, called Elm street, extended from Rock street to Gaines street, then the extreme western limits of the town. Elm street was also extended eastward to what is now Sherman street.

On the east side of First, or Commerce street, and near the river, stood two large log warehouses, owned and used by Enezy Wilson & Son for storing freight brought by steamboats to this port.

On the north side of Elm street, near First street, there was a group of small log houses occupied as dwellings and owned by Richard C. Byrd. Scattered about in this vicinity were a number of small log houses and shanties extending along the river bank to Cumberland street.

Still viewing Little Rock from the north side of the river, no other buildings came in sight until a point opposite Spring street was reached. Here

a steam saw mill came in view, and on the bluff immediately west two or three neat cottages which were owned and occupied by Dr. John H. Cocke and Dr. Bushead W. Lee. At the foot of and on the east side of Arch street was the residence of Samuel Hall, Esq., a prominent lawyer of the town.

The buildings here mentioned were the only ones in Little Rock that could be seen from the North Side.

In the town proper, the streets extending south from the river did not run *due* south, but had a variation of eight degrees west. At that time Rock was the only street that ran entirely through to the southern limits of the town. The names of the streets were as follows: Those running south were, in the order given, Rock, Cumberland and Scott, each sixty feet wide; Main, then called East Main, eighty feet wide; Louisiana, Center and Spring, each sixty feet wide; West Main, now Broadway, eighty feet wide; Arch and Gaines, each sixty feet wide.

The streets running east and west were in the following order: Elm, a very narrow street; Markham, Cherry (Second), Mulberry (Third) and Walnut (Fourth), each sixty feet wide; Orange (Fifth), eighty feet wide; Elizabeth (Sixth), Chesnut (Seventh), Hazel (Eighth), Holly (Ninth), Caroline (Tenth), each sixty feet wide. North and Water were two short streets west of Arch and north of Markham. This constituted the entire corporate limits of Little-Rock in 1832.

The built up portion of the town lay, chiefly, between Cumberland and West Main (Broadway) streets, and the river and Mulberry (Third) street. There were, however, a few houses on Scott street, as far south as Holly (Ninth). Among the latter was the fine brick residence and office of Robert Crittenden, Esq., occupying a whole block of ground, with its beautiful lawn and gardens.

This property afterwards passed into the possession of Judge Benjamin Johnson, who greatly improved and added to the building. The old mansion is now the family residence of ex-Governor Eagle, its interior modernized and beautified, I am told.

Old buildings, especially if they have the flavor of romance or tragedy surrounding them, are always interesting. Of such, Little Rock had not a few, particularly the tragic.

In the early days of any country, no matter how intelligent, refined and honorable the better class of the people were, there were to be found men of lawless and desperate characters, who had to be met with force and swift justice. Besides, the want of action and constant occupation, and the great interest taken in local politics; or quarrels growing out of some real or fancied wrong, or disputes over a piece of land or other property, often led to bloody encounters. Sometimes they were decided on the field of honor, falsely so called, and at others resulted in a rough and tumble fight or a shooting or cutting

scrape. Arkansas was no worse in this respect than any other new State. Nor was she any better than her neighbors. It is a fact worthy of mention that it was rare, exceedingly so, that anyone was ever assassinated in cold blood, or killed for the purpose of robbery. The crimes of robbery and burglary were hardly known in the community. Lynchings were almost unknown, and the mob had no place in our early history. These things came with a more advanced civilization. There was, however, a disposition on the part of juries to punish the crime of killing by imprisonment only. This practice became so notorious that Governor Pope in a message to the legislative assembly in 1831, said :

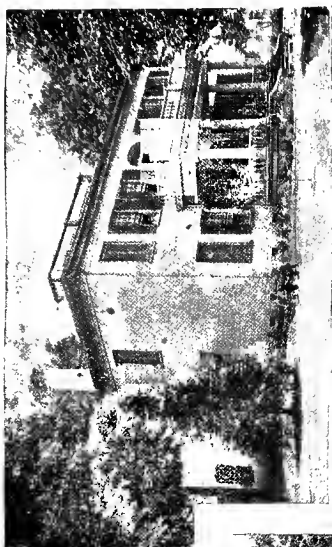
“It is confidently believed that nothing has conduced more to disturb the public peace and impair the security of human life than the mitigation of murder to manslaughter in cases of ordinary provocation, or sudden heat and passion. Men should be brought to bridle their passions when life is at stake, and no excuse for shedding blood should be received but that of *absolute necessity*. The distinction between murder and manslaughter should be abolished in all cases where a dirk, pistol or other deadly weapon is used, except in cases of *self defense*.”

These words, read in the light of passing events, sixty-three years after they were uttered, seem almost prophetic.

With this digression, I hasten to give my readers a description of some historic buildings and the events connected with their history.

The building in which the *Arkansas Gazette* was published was a two-story brick structure on the northeast corner of Markham and Scott streets, standing flush with both streets.

On the south side of Markham street, fronting the *Gazette* office, and standing back some distance from the street, was a very large two-story brick mansion, built after the Greek style of architecture, with high brick columns, stuccoed in imitation of stone, supporting the long portico which extended the full length of the building from east to west. This splendid residence, with its trimly kept gardens and orchards; its conservatories and hot-houses; its servants'-quarters, stables, carriage houses and other buildings, which occupied the entire block between Markham and Cherry (Second) streets, and Scott and Cumberland streets, at once marked its owner, Col. Chester Ashley, as a man of wealth and elegance. This old time seat of refinement and hospitality has witnessed the evolution from village to town, and from town to city. During the occupation of the town by the Federal forces in 1863, it became the headquarters of the commanding general, and was in turn used for real estate offices, telegraph offices and various other purposes. At the present writing, the old mansion is used for a hotel, and the balance of the block is occupied by



mercantile houses, cotton warehouses and factories. There it stands, "somewhat back from the (city) street," a venerable relic of the past, with the noise and turmoil and bustle of our modern civilization all about it. During Territorial times, and the early days of the State, this old manor house was the political mecca of pilgrims of the Democratic faith, who sought wisdom and guidance at the feet of the owner of the house.

While Col. Ashley was looked up to as a leader, and one of the chief sources of inspiration in his party, he never sought high political preferment until 1844, when he was elected to the United States Senate.

The hotel of that day was kept by Major Nicholas Peay, and was situated on the southwest corner of Markham and Scott streets. The hotel building was far from imposing, and consisted of a row of one-story frame buildings connected together, and which were built at different times as the need for more room demanded. These buildings extended west to a small brick structure on the alley dividing the block. This brick building was used for the hotel bar. This house of entertainment was called "Peay's Hotel." In after years the well known Anthony House occupied a part of the ground upon which this ancient hostelry stood.

By far the largest and finest mercantile establishment in the town was that of McLane & Badgett. Their building was a two-story brick, and

was considered at that time a very imposing affair. It stood on the west side of Main street, about midway of the block, between Markham and Cherry (Second) streets, and covered an entire lot. This building had already gained considerable notoriety as having been the scene of the killing of Major Isaac Watkins by a desperado named Smith.

The facts of this deplorable tragedy are about as follows: Sometime in the year 1826, Major Isaac Watkins, a prominent and highly respected citizen of Little Rock, visited his farm, -some three miles above town, on the south side of the river. Major Watkins had been greatly harassed by having his cattle and hogs stolen and determined to ferret out the culprit. On this trip to his farm, he discovered the heads of two of his hogs recently killed lying in a cane-brake near the road. Near the farm was the cabin of the man Smith, whom the Major suspected of the crime of hog-stealing. On his return to town, he met Smith on the street, and charged him with the offense. Smith indignantly denied the charge and applied some vile epithets to Major Watkins, who struck him with a small stick which he was carrying. Smith attempted to retaliate, but the interference of bystanders prevented any further hostilities at the time. The next day, however, Smith rode into town carrying his rifle across his saddle. About the same time Major Watkins walked into McLane & Badgett's store and took a seat, tilting the chair back against

the counter, presenting his left side to the front door. Smith, observing the Major enter the store, reined his horse up to the sidewalk, and, without dismounting, took deliberate aim and fired upon his victim, the ball striking a vital spot; Major Watkins fell from the chair mortally wounded, and died in a few hours in great agony. Amidst the excitement that followed, the assassin made his escape to the dense woods, a few hundred yards distant, and was never heard of afterwards, although diligent search was made and large rewards offered for his capture. Smith was indicted for murder, and long after I came to the Territory, the case of "*The People of Arkansas versus John Smith*" was regularly called at the terms of the court, and the sheriff as regularly responded, "Not in custody." The case was finally stricken from the docket.

Directly opposite the last mentioned building, and standing back some distance from the street, was a two-story brick building, occupied as a tavern and kept by Thera Brownfield. This building was erected in the very early settlement of the town, and was the scene of many bloody affrays among the lawless characters of those days.

About the year 1825, three distinguished gentlemen from the State were sent by the general government as commissioners to negotiate the purchase of lands belonging to the Cherokee Indians. Upon their return journey these gentlemen stopped in Little Rock and were tendered a banquet by the

citizens. The banquet was spread in the tavern above referred to. After the banquet was over and the guests and more respectable portion of the company had retired from the hall, the tables were taken possession of by a lot of rowdies who were soon in a state of drunkenness bordering on frenzy, and made the hall resound with their oaths and yells. In the midst of this pandemonium, one Smith Johnson, a young man, mounted one of the tables, and walked from one end of it to the other, kicking dishes, plates, glasses and other articles of table ware in all directions. When he reached the far end of the table, he was seized by one of the more orderly persons present and dragged from the table. Johnson drew a knife and stabbed his assailant, killing him instantly. In the "confusion, worse confounded" by the addition of this tragedy, the murderer escaped and was never apprehended. This building became very unsafe and fell down in 1834, though unoccupied at the time.

Located on the southeast corner of Louisiana and Cherry (Second) streets there stood until recently a one-story, four room brick house, the property and residence of Governor John Pope during Territorial days. The property is now the site of the Turner and Moore office building.

Another of the old landmarks still stands near the southwest corner of Spring and Cherry (Second) and was until recently occupied as a residence by the family of the late S. H. Tucker. When I first

knew the place, it was a modest little brick cottage of not exceeding three rooms. Here lived and died in 1828, Governor George Izard, second Governor of Arkansas Territory.

Another old house which has withstood the march of improvement, and which has had a varied experience, stood and is still standing, at the northwest corner of Cumberland and Mulberry (Third) streets. When I first knew this old house, now sixty-two years ago, it was a two-story log building, but the addition of weatherboarding has given it the appearance of a frame structure. This old house was built and owned by one Jesse Henderliter, a German, who kept a small grocery store in the west end of the building, occupying the balance as a family residence. The property afterward passed into the possession of Thomas Thorn, who was one of the contractors for building the new State House, as it was afterwards called, and gained notoriety as having been the place of meeting of the last Territorial Legislature, in October, 1835. Also, as having been the place of temporary confinement, under guard, of Hon. John Wilson, Speaker of the House of Representatives at the extraordinary session of the Legislature in 1837, and who killed J. J. Anthony, a Representative from Lawrence county, in the hall of the House of Representatives at that session.

Little Rock had many handsome private residences, the abodes of an elegance and refinement

not surpassed by any community in the United States.

As far back as the days of which I write Little Rock was noted for its abundance of flowers and shrubbery, especially the rose, a notoriety it still retains, being now often denominated the "City of Roses."



CHAPTER VIII.

THE TERRITORIAL AND EARLY STATE PRESS.

Newspapers have always been considered one of the principal adjuncts of civilization, and they have everywhere followed the footsteps of the missionary and the ax of the pioneer. This was strikingly true in the early days of this country, and any one who may have access to the old files of newspapers long dead and forgotten will be struck with astonishment at the intelligence—political, historical and literary—displayed in their columns. The matter contained in many of these ancient newspapers is not a whit inferior to that of the present day. It is true they had no Associated Press dispatches or special correspondents in every part of the globe, and news from the outside world was weeks and months in reaching their columns; consequently the editor was compelled, *per* force, to depend largely upon his own resources to furnish mental *pabulum* to his readers. There have gone out from many pioneer newspaper offices men who have become great in literature and in the councils of the nation. Few men know how to edit and manage a newspaper, though every man thinks he does. In

the opinion of the writer, editors "are born, not made."

Here will be found grouped together, for the sake of convenience in treatment, the names and careers of the leading public journals published in Arkansas from early Territorial days to the period where these narratives end.

The names of several papers are omitted, but they were such as had only an ephemeral existence.

The day after my arrival in Little Rock, October 18, 1832, I visited the office of the *Arkansas Gazette* to get a copy of the current issue of the paper to send to Kentucky, and also for the purpose of becoming a regular subscriber.

The name of William E. Woodruff is so inseparably connected with the *Arkansas Gazette* that anything relating to him, his personality, manners, etc., will not be out of place here.

Mr. Woodruff was a native of Long Island, New York, where he was born December 24, 1795. After working at his trade, that of printer, in New York and several of the large cities of Kentucky and Tennessee, he determined to locate at some point in the new Territory of Arkansas and establish a newspaper. He selected the Post of Arkansas as his held of future operation, where, on October 30, 1819, he arrived with his printing press and printer's outfit, having transported the same from Franklin, Tenn., by keel boat to Montgomery's Point, at the mouth of White River, Arkansas Territory. From



THE HENDRILLER PLACE

Corner Third and Cumberland Streets. The place of meeting of the last Territorial Legislature, October, 1885.

thence the press and materials were carried in canoes or dug-outs to the Post.

The *Arkansas Gazette* was the second newspaper published west of the Mississippi River, and is the oldest which has had a continuous existence to the present time with the same name. Sometime previous to the establishment of the *Gazette* in 1819, a paper was started at St. Louis, called the *Missouri Gazette*, the names of the publishers of which I do not now recall. This paper, however, soon suspended publication, and the press and material were bought by Messrs. Chambers & Knapp, who began the publication of the *Missouri Republican*, now the *St. Louis Republic*.

The *Gazette* continued to be published at the Post of Arkansas, until the removal of the seat of government to Little Rock, in 1821, when it followed in the wake of the government, and issued its first number in the latter place December 29, 1821.

My recollections of Mr. Woodruff, as I saw him on that October morning, sixty-two years ago, are vivid and distinct. He was stoutly and compactly built, but of low stature. His head, which was covered with a thin growth of dark auburn hair, was large and finely formed; the forehead high and broad. His eyes were a prominent feature, being dark and piercing. He wore no beard or moustache, his face being clean shaven, which gave to his countenance a more youthful look than his age would have indicated, he then being in his thirty-seventh

year. In manner he was extremely polite and agreeable, but by no means demonstrative. As an editor he was a strong and powerful writer, and under his management the *Gazette* was always a power in Territorial affairs. The paper's influence in moulding public opinion extended to early State affairs, and continues down to the present day.

At that time there were no vital questions on national politics dividing the two parties. It was merely a scramble for control of Territorial affairs—the “Outs against the Ins.” Any one reading the political leaders and letters in the rival newspapers as they appeared from week to week, and not being well acquainted with the situation, would have thought that matters of the utmost national importance were at stake, and would have also imagined that the consequences of so much personality and invective could hardly result in anything less than hostile encounters. Such proved the case after awhile, when valuable blood was spilled for opinion's sake.

The second newspaper to be established in the Territory was the *Advocate*, which began publication in March, 1830, and was owned and edited by Mr. Charles P. Bertrand, a lawyer of great ability. The *Advocate* supported Mr. Crittenden and party in their opposition to the party then in power in the Territory, and which was called the Sevier party.

Shortly after the first appearance of the *Advocate* there were published in the columns of that

paper some very bitter communications signed "Dinwiddie." Major Fontaine Pope, nephew of the Governor, demanded of the editor the name of the writer of the articles, and the name of Dr. John H. Cocke was given him as their author.

Major Pope at once dispatched by the hands of his friend Major Elias Rector a challenge to Dr. Cocke to meet him in mortal combat. The challenge was promptly accepted, and preparations at once began for the duel. The encounter took place in the State of Mississippi, opposite the mouth of White River. Major Rector acted as second for Major Pope, and Dr. Robert A. Watkins attended him as surgeon. Mr. James B. Keatts and Dr. Bushead W. Lee acted in like capacity for Dr. Cocke. Regulation duelling pistols were used, distance fifteen paces. Three shots were exchanged, at one of which Dr. Cocke dodged after the bullet had passed him. Upon being asked by one of the party why he dodged, he replied by saying: "If I hadn't, he would have hit me." This dodging was merely an involuntary movement, and in no wise indicated a lack of bravery on the part of the doctor, who was a brave and courageous gentleman. After the exchange of the third shot, Col. Bowie, of Mississippi, who afterward fell at the storming of the "Alamo," with other friends of both parties, interfered and put a stop to further hostilities. The two principals in the affair afterwards became warm personal friends.

Among some of the political pleasantries of the day, for politics has its bright as well as its sombre side, were the *soubriquets* applied to leading men of both parties. Mr. Crittenden was called "Cardinal Wolsey," on account of the political power which he wielded "behind the throne;" Col. Ashley was known as "Talleyrand," by reason of his *finesse* in politics, and Col. Charles Anthony Caldwell was dubbed "Gaunt Tony" on account of his tall, spare figure. Dr. Mathew Cunningham bore the nickname of "Dr. Dilleworth," of spelling book fame; and Dr. Reyburn that of "Dr. Fourche," by reason of his residing near that classic stream; while Judge David Rover was called "*Old de Bonis Non*," doubtless on account of being appointed administrator in nearly all the cases of deceased persons in which there was nothing to administer upon. Judge Samuel Hall bore the rather uncomplimentary appellation of "Peter Lighthouse," although he was a profound lawyer. Mr. Charles P. Bertrand was known as "Beau Charley," from the elegance of his dress, and Col. Ambrose H. Sevier bore the title of "Don Ambrosia" in recognition of his Spanish origin.

Congress had recently passed an act donating to the Territory ten sections of land for the purpose of providing means for the purchase of a site and the erection of a suitable building for the use of the Legislative Assembly and the officers of the Territory. The Territory was sadly in need of public

buildings, and this need was becoming more and more pressing every day.

Mr. Crittenden had lately completed a large and commodious brick residence, surrounded by ample grounds, in the suburbs of the town. He had, indeed, almost impoverished himself in the erection of this fine building and improving and beautifying the grounds. This building was far in advance of the times and continued for several years to be the finest private residence in the Territory.

When the Legislature met, Mr. Crittenden laid before that body a proposition to exchange his handsome residence and block of ground for the ten sections of land donated by Congress. A bill was introduced and passed accepting Mr. Crittenden's proposition and authorizing the Governor to make the exchange. The bill was promptly vetoed by the Governor, who gave as his reason for doing so that the six thousand and four hundred acres of land could be sold for vastly more than the Crittenden property was worth. The estimate of value put upon the respective properties by the Governor proved correct, for shortly afterwards the Crittenden property was put upon the market and brought six thousand seven hundred dollars only, while eight of the ten sections of land were sold for twenty-four thousand five hundred and four dollars, and it was estimated that the remaining two sections were worth six thousand four hundred dollars more. In point of fact, the two sections afterwards brought

eight hundred and eighteen dollars more than the estimated value.

This action on the part of the Governor served to fan the fire of hate, and the old war on Governor Pope and his administration was vigorously kept up by the opposition through the columns of the *Advocate* and the *Helena Democrat*, a paper that had recently been started at the latter place, and which was owned by Col. Henry L. Biscoe and conducted by William T. Yeomans, a strong editorial writer. It was rumored about this time that Governor Pope would be removed from office by the President, and Colonel Biscoe was anxious that the gubernatorial mantle should fall upon his shoulders. To that end the columns of the *Democrat* were vigorously used to further his aspirations. The Governor, however, was not removed from office, but served until the end of his second term, when he was succeeded by Hon. William S. Fulton, in 1835. Moreover, Congress amended the "Ten Section Bill," giving the Governor the absolute control of the disposition of the ten sections, and the selection of the site and erection of the buildings provided for in the act. This manifestation of confidence on the part of Congress in the honesty and integrity of the Governor, did not put a stop to the ceaseless attacks in the opposition newspapers.

These bitter attacks, the rancor and venom of which are hardly conceivable at this day, culminated in an encounter which had a sad and fatal ending.

This affair was the outcome of a series of articles which appeared from week to week in the *Advocate*, signed "Devereux." They reflected severely upon the Governor and his administration of public affairs, and, incidentally, upon his nephew, Major William Fontaine Pope. It will be remembered that Governor Pope had but one arm, and that he was aged and somewhat infirm of body, so that his nephew felt called upon to resent any injury done to his uncle's honor.

To the attacks made by "Devereux" in the *Advocate*, Major Pope replied by a card published in the *Gazette*, and which contained some very strong and forcible language. To this card Mr. Charles Fenton Mercer Noland, who had now revealed his identity, responded in terms too emphatic to be misunderstood or lightly valued, and which demanded one reply only. Major Pope immediately challenged Mr. Noland to fight a duel.

A reply to this challenge being withheld for several days from some cause or another, Major Pope sent Mr. Noland a note in which he stated that if the challenge was not accepted he would post him as a coward. Mr. Noland accepted the challenge without further delay, and the principals and their friends left for the scene of conflict, traveling together.

An amusing incident occurred at one of their stopping places while on the way to the duelling grounds, and which robbed Mr. Noland of one good

night's rest. The weather was cold and disagreeable with rain. After the members of the party had retired for the night, the mail rider, a mere strippling of a youth, entered the room, dripping wet, and after divesting himself of his soaking outer garments, started to get into bed with Mr. Noland. Not relishing the idea of having a wet and half frozen mail boy as a bed-fellow, Mr. Noland said to him: "Look here, my friend, I have the itch," hoping that such a dreadful announcement would have the effect of preventing any further intrusion. In this hope he was doomed to be disappointed, for the boy instantly replied: "That's nothing, I've got the seven year itch," and proceeded to get into the bed. As the boy got in at one side, Mr. Noland rolled out at the other, and sat up the remainder of the night.

The party arrived at the plantation of Col. Benjamin Milam, in old Miller County, February 4th, and were entertained by him that night. Grounds were selected by the seconds that afternoon, so as to have everything in readiness for the encounter the next morning at sunrise.

The place selected for the meeting was a narrow strip of land at the head of Lost Prairie, and which was generally supposed to belong to the Republic of Texas. This strip was afterwards claimed by Arkansas as a part of old Miller county. The disputed Territory eventually fell into the

State of Texas after the final government survey was made.

The second on the part of Mr. Noland was Dr. Nimrod Meniffee of Conway County. Major Pope's second was Major Thomas Scott, of Lafayette County. Dr. William P. Reyburn attended him as surgeon. Major Elias Rector was to have been Major Pope's second in this affair, but he was taken with a severe attack of the quinsy *en route*, and when the party reached Washington, Hempstead County, he was too ill to proceed further, and his place had to be filled as above stated.

Arriving upon the grounds, the principals were placed in position at ten paces and duelling pistols, properly loaded, put into their hands. Major Scott had been chosen to give the "words," which he did as follows: "Gentlemen! Are you ready? Fire, one, two, three, four." At the word "two," both pistols were discharged, the ball from Mr. Noland's weapon taking effect in Major Pope's left leg, between the knee and the hip, and he fell to the ground, the shock having paralyzed the leg. Major Scott then asked Mr. Noland: "Are you satisfied?" to which the latter replied: "I am in the hands of my friends." Dr. Meniffee, Mr. Noland's second, said: "Ask your principal if he is satisfied, being the challenging party." This Major Scott proceeded to do, and the reply of Major Pope, who was still prostrate on the ground, was, "No, I must have another shot." With the assistance of his

second, he was raised to his feet and again placed in position. Before the second shot could be had he was seized with severe cramps in the wounded leg and again fell to the ground.

The bystanders, acting as friends of both parties, among whom were Col. Milam, Judge Powhatan Ellis, of the Province of Texas, and Jacob Buzzard, Esq., seeing that Major Pope was physically unable to continue the conflict, interfered and put a stop to the duel, whereupon Mr. Noland and his friends immediately left the grounds.

The surgeon proceeded at once to probe for the ball, but did not succeed in finding it. Major Pope was taken to the residence of Col. Milam in the near neighborhood, and in a few days was removed to Washington. He remained at that place about two weeks under the care of his surgeon, when he was conveyed to Little Rock, where he lingered until June 17th, dying in great agony, at the early age of twenty-three years.

Major Pope's wound was not considered mortal at the time he received it, but the failure to at once find and extract the ball, and the slow and painful journey by carriage from Washington to Little Rock over rough roads and in bad weather, brought on a condition from which he could not rally.

It is due to the memory and character of Gov. Pope to state that he used all the persuasive powers at his command and what authority he possessed over his nephew to prevent this duel, and did ob-

tain from the latter a promise to withhold the challenge.

The *Gazette* continued to be the official organ of the administration until December, 1833, when a rupture occurred between the Governor and that paper, occasioned by the publication in the *Advocate* of articles denunciatory of the Governor, on account of the exorbitant prices paid for public printing, the contract for which was held by the proprietor of the *Gazette*. That paper was the only gainer from these contracts, but the Governor had to bear the blame and criticism in the matter. The *Advocate* worked the deadly parallel column scheme, showing the prices charged by the *Gazette* and also giving the price at which the work could be done and still leave a fair margin of profit. The Governor demanded that the *Gazette* defend him against the attacks of the *Advocate*, and that it also lower its charges for public printing to a more reasonable figure. It refused to do either, hence the rupture spoken of. The public printing was withdrawn from the *Gazette* and let to the lowest responsible bidders, who in this instance were the proprietors of the *Advocate*. This latter paper had now changed hands, having passed into the possession of Albert Pike and Charles E. Rice, Capt. Pike becoming editor.

To show in what high appreciation Gov. Pope was held as a national character, at a public dinner given to Postmaster-General Barry, at Louisville,

Ky., September 4, 1833, among the toasts proposed was the following: "Gov. John Pope, of Arkansas, our able, intelligent and tried public servant. The memory of his distinguished public services must ever be considered with a just appreciation of his private virtues."

The *Champion of Freedom*, an opposition paper published at Russellville, Ky., said: "Politically, we are opposed to Gov. Pope, but personally we esteem him on the score of every good quality that can possibly recommend a human being. To the noblest generosity of heart, and the highest integrity, is added a mind profound, capacious and discriminating. From our knowledge of his character, we conclude that his generous and manly nature is incapable of doing injustice to any one. In the present unfortunate controversy (growing out of the veto of the bill to exchange the ten sections of land for Mr. Crittenden's property), we think he is not to be censured. An intelligent and high-minded people will stand by him, for they cannot be ignorant of his worth or insensible of his wrongs."

In the month of December, 1833, there was launched on the sea of journalism a newspaper called the *Political Intelligencer*, published at Little Rock by Andrew J. Hunt, and edited by Col. John W. Steele. This paper was ably edited and contained many fine literary productions from the pens of distinguished writers, and was the organ of the administration to the end of Gov. Pope's term

of office. This paper was Democratic in national politics, but afterwards became a Whig organ, and the name was changed to the *Times*, with A. J. Hunt as editor. On the death of Mr. Hunt, the paper was merged with the *Advocate*, and the two papers thus consolidated called the *Times and Advocate*, with Albert Pike in control of the editorial columns.

In October, 1836, Mr. Woodruff having been elected by the first State Legislature to the office of State Treasurer, sold the press, material and good will of the *Gazette* to Messrs. Cole & Spooner, practical printers. Spooner soon retired from the paper and returned to Connecticut to enter the office of the *Hartford Courant*, a newspaper still in existence. Cole continued to publish the *Gazette* until sometime in the year 1840, when, getting into bad odor in Little Rock, was compelled to leave, and the paper again came into Mr. Woodruff's possession.

In 1838 a newspaper was started at Fayetteville, Washington County, called the *Fayetteville Witness*, Democratic in politics, and edited by Charles F. Towns. This paper soon suspended publication.

Early in 1840 a paper called the *Batesville Eagle*, was established at that place, Whig in politics, and was ably edited by that gifted writer, C. F. M. Noland, who wrote under the rather amusing *nom de plume* of "Pete Whetstone." Mr.

Noland derived his pen name from a series of backwoods sketches written by himself and published in the New York *Spirit of The Times*. The leading figure in these sketches was a typical hunter and trapper named Peter Whetstone, who lived on the "Devil's Fork" of Little Red River, then in Conway County, but now in Van Buren County, Arkansas. Whetstone was almost a giant in physical proportions, and was a jolly, good natured fellow, fond of fun and a frolic, but "mighty handy" with his rifle on occasions. Mr. Noland's contributions to the literature of the day gained for him widespread notoriety as a writer, and his sketches were reproduced in other journals both in and out of the State.

The years between 1840 and 1850 were productive of a great many ventures in journalism in the State. About this time, 1840, a Whig paper called the *Star* was started at Little Rock by David Lambert, which advocated Gen. William Henry Harrison for the Presidency. This paper was edited with much ability, and, although a star of the first magnitude, editorially, it soon ceased to shine in the journalistic firmament. A few numbers only of the paper were issued after the election, the last issue containing the full returns of the Presidential election in 1840.

A paper called the *Southern Shield* was published at Lake Village, Chicot County, owned and edited by Col. De la Fletcher Roysden, a prominent

citizen of that county, and who was a Presidential Elector on the Whig national ticket in 1840.

In 1841, *The Arkansas State Democrat*, of Helena, was changed to the *Southern Sentinel* and conducted by R. J. Bullard, Mr. Hanley, the former editor, retiring.

In the month of February, 1842, Messrs. Van Horn & Stern established the *Arkansas Intelligencer*, at Van Buren, four miles from the western boundary of the State. The editor in his salutatory said of his paper: "It goes east from a point further west than was ever before paper published in these United States." The *Intelligencer* was neutral in politics. This paper afterwards espoused the Democratic cause and was edited by Mr. George W. Clark. It continued to be published until the beginning of the Civil War.

About this time the *Fort Smith Herald* made its *debut*, with Judge John F. Wheeler in the editorial chair. The paper was Democratic in bias and was conducted with signal ability.

Sometime in the year 1842, or 1843, William H. Etter began publishing at Washington, Hempstead County, a Whig paper called the *Washington Telegraph*. More than usual ability was displayed in the editorial management of this paper, and it exerted great influence in the councils of its party. I am of the opinion that the *Telegraph* has the distinction of being the only one of the *ante bellum* newspapers of the State that continued publication

during the entire period of the Civil War. Judge John R. Eakin, late of the Supreme Bench, was its editor-in-chief during and for sometime after the war. He was a vigorous and polished writer of the old school in journalism. This newspaper is still in existence, and is one of the connecting links between the "Old and the New." It is not often that a newspaper reaches and passes its fiftieth mile stone in an unbroken career of usefulness and influence, as is the case with the *Telegraph*.

The *Camden Beacon* was started about this time, edited by James J. Jones, and was an organ of the Whig party.

In 1843 there was published at the capital a paper called the *Tribune*, which was edited by Cyrus W. Weller, and supported Richard C. Byrd for Governor in 1844. This paper succeeded to the press and material of the *Times and Advocate*, which had ceased to exist, and was published by a Mr. Gish. In the columns of this paper appeared for the first time the oft-published poem, "The Old Canoe," and whose parentage has been variously claimed. This beautiful poem has been attributed by some to Albert Pike, but Gen. Pike, never to my knowledge, claimed its authorship. This poem was written by Thomas J. Worthen, of Little Rock, a young man of much literary promise. Mr. Worthen was a contributor to the literary columns of the Louisville (Ky.) *Journal* and other periodicals.

This brilliant young writer was stricken with consumption and died at an early age.

In the spring of 1843, Mr. Woodruff again sold the *Gazette*. This time to Benjamin J. Borden, who changed the political complexion of the paper from Democratic to Whig. Under the management and editorship of Mr. Borden, the *Gazette* did valiant service for the Whig party. This change left the Democratic party without an organ at the seat of government.

To meet the demand for a paper espousing Democratic principles, the *Arkansas Banner* was flung to the breeze, with Dr. Solon Borland as editor. Dr. Borland had had considerable experience as a newspaper writer, having been connected with one of the leading daily papers at Memphis, Tenn. Dr. Borland continued to edit the *Banner* until the breaking out of the Mexican war, when he was elected Major of the First Arkansas Regiment of Volunteers, and shortly afterwards left with his regiment for Mexico. He was succeeded in the editorial control of the *Banner* by Lambert J. Reardon and Lambert A. Whitely. This paper continued to be published until sometime in 1853, when it succumbed to the fate which had already overtaken so many of the early newspapers.

In 1846, Mr. William E. Woodruff again embarked in the newspaper business and began the publication of the *Arkansas Democrat*, with Mr. John E. Knight, who is still a citizen of Little

Rock, as associate editor. Mr. Woodruff continued the publication of the *Democrat* until sometime in 1850, when the *Gazette* again came into his hands, and the two papers were consolidated, under the name of the *Gazette and Democrat*. Thus the old battle-scarred veteran, after having sojourned for awhile in the camp of the enemy, was brought back into the Democratic fold. Mr. Alden M. Woodruff, then a very young man, was made associate editor.

The *Arkansas Whig* was established at Little Rock about this time by Messrs. J. M. and J. D. Butler, practical printers and publishers. The *Whig* was very ably edited, at first by the brilliant and talented Robert C. Farrelly, and afterwards by Joseph Stillwell, Esq., a leading member of the Little Rock bar. The *Whig* expired in 1854.

In the meantime the *Gazette and Democrat* passed into the possession of Capt. C. Columbus Danley, who became the editor, and who associated with him in the publication of the paper William F. Holtzman. The double name of the paper was retained until the appearance of the *True Democrat*, when the word "Democrat" was dropped, and the paper has ever since been known as the *Arkansas Gazette*. The *Gazette* has been in continuous existence from the year 1819 to the present time, with the exception of a suspension during the civil war, from September, 1863, to 1865, when publication was resumed.

The *True Democrat* was started in 1854 by Col. Richard H. Johnson and Capt. R. S. Yerkes, Col. Johnson doing the editorial writing. In 1860 Col. Johnson was the candidate for Governor on the straight Democratic ticket, and withdrew from the editorship of the paper. He was succeeded in that capacity by Major Elias C. Boudinot, with John S. Black assistant editor. This paper suspended publication shortly before the occupation of Little Rock by the Federal army in September, 1863.

Sometime in the year 1855 there appeared at Fayetteville a newspaper that gained no little notoriety. This was the *Independent*, and was edited by that prince of wits, William Quesenbury, popularly known as "Bill Cush." This writer was a "fellow of infinite jest and humor," and he made the columns of the *Independent* sparkle with the brilliancy of the diamond. He was, also, a caricaturist of no mean degree, and his political cartoons were the subject of much merriment, and of no little chagrin on the part of those politicians who happened to be the objects of his satire and ridicule. One of these cartoons appeared just after the gubernatorial election in 1860 and bore the title "Tom, Dick and Harry." Judge Thomas Hubbard of Hempstead County, the Union candidate for Governor, was represented as "Old Mother Hubbard" of nursery rhyme fame, diligently searching the cupboard for the traditional bone to give to her no less traditional dog. But finding the cupboard

bare of *provender* for her faithful canine, was in much perplexity. Col. Richard H. Johnson, the straight-out Democratic candidate, was mounted upon a whiskey barrel, surrounded by a crowd of devoted adherents, explaining how it all happened ; while Col. Henry M. Rector, the independent Democratic candidate, was represented as wearing a rooster head and gallantly strutting and lustily crowing over his victory.

The *Old Line Democrat* was established in the spring of 1860, with Major Thomas C. Peek as editor. The paper supported the candidacy of Col. Henry M. Rector, the independent Democratic candidate for Governor. Col. Rector was elected at the August election, 1860.

In the early part of 1860, Dr. C. V. Meador started the publication of the *National Democrat*, a paper which supported Stephen A. Douglass, of Illinois, for the Presidency. This paper had but a weakly existence and sank into an early grave.

Of all the persons named in connection with the newspapers here mentioned, either as editor or publisher, only two remain alive to-day. These are Major Thomas C. Peek, now of San Antonio, Texas, and Mr. John E. Knight, of Little Rock.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TERRITORIAL MILITIA — INDIANS — CHURCH HISTORY.

Shortly after my arrival in Little Rock, the annual regimental muster of the militia of the county took place. During the previous summer one Christian Brumbach, a German bricklayer and plasterer, was elected colonel of the regiment. The election of Brumbach to the colonelcy was effected more in a spirit of fun than otherwise, hardly any one supposing for a minute that he would accept the proffered honor. He did accept, however, qualified and was duly commissioned by the Governor. Colonel Brumbach, as I shall now call him, at once set about organizing his staff and getting ready for the annual muster. He went to considerable expense in procuring a uniform befitting his rank. This uniform was fashioned after that worn by officers in the Revolutionary War, and was profusely bedecked with gold lace and gilt bullet buttons. He also wore a cocked hat and feather. The Colonel was a heavy set man, very awkward in his movements, and had a face resembling the full moon.

Besides, he was bow-legged and pigeon-toed—certainly not a very acceptable model for a soldier.

In the regiment was a company commanded by Capt. Fowler, the law partner of Robert Crittenden, Esq. Fowler's company, as it was called, was composed of the flower of Little Rock's chivalry, and was handsomely uniformed and equipped and splendidly drilled. The balance of the regiment was composed of those persons from different parts of the county who were subject to militia duty. This part of the regiment reported at the annual muster, clad in what seemed to each individual militiaman best fitting the occasion, or as necessity demanded. They were armed in a like indiscriminate fashion. Some had long squirrel rifles, some shot-guns, while others had hickory sticks, blue cotton umbrellas and other such warlike weapons. The regimental band consisted of a fife and drum, and the repertoire consisted chiefly of "Yankee Doodle," "The White Cockade," and such like inspiring tunes.

The place appointed for the rendezvous was an open block between Main and Scott streets, and what is now Sixth and Seventh streets. As soon as the regiment was formed, the Colonel appeared, gorgeously appareled and mounted on a tall, raw-boned white horse, very finely caparisoned. After putting his troops through several evolutions, he marched them down to the corner of Main and Markham streets, where they were to be inspected

and reviewed by the Governor. Just as the Governor and staff were passing down the line on their tour of inspection, a heavy rain that had been threatening all day came down in torrents, and the whole regiment, with the exception of Fowler's company and a few members of other companies, precipitately broke ranks and made for shelter in the neighboring houses, leaving the Colonel no regiment to command, and the Governor none to inspect. The scene was ludicrous in the extreme, the doughty Colonel, his handsome uniform soaked with water and feathers bedraggled, trying in vain to rally his scattered forces, while those who were armed with umbrellas were standing in the now almost entirely deserted ranks, using their weapons as protection against the downpour of rain. The Colonel was so mortified and chagrined at the conduct of his troops in the presence of the commander-in-chief that he ordered a courtmartial to try the runaways. The courtmartial fined each man who left the ranks five dollars, and the Colonel compelled payment in every case. This ended Col. Brumbach's career as an officer, for at the next regular election for regimental officers, which came off shortly afterwards, Col. Brumbach was relegated to the ranks.

About the first of November, 1832, shortly after my arrival in Arkansas, there passed through Little Rock six or seven thousand Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians from North Mississippi and West

Tennessee on their way to their new homes in the Indian Territory. The presence of this vast body of Indians, with their household goods, cattle and ponies, made a sight never to be forgotten. These Indians were attended by several United States officers and surgeons.

Two days before this migrating party reached Little Rock, an officer arrived in town and warned the citizens of the thieving propensities of the lower class of the Indians, and advised them to close their stores and dwellings while they were passing through. With all the vigilance that could be displayed, many articles of the utmost uselessness to the Indians disappeared from the yards of private residences. This body of Indians was several days in crossing the river, although hurried out of town as rapidly as possible. They had a great desire to loiter and spy around, and had to be driven almost like sheep. Most of the males wore only the breechcloth, leggings and moccasins, the latter profusely ornamented with variously colored beads and porcupine quills. They were, for the most part, a fine looking body of men. The women rode ponies, manwise, and had their papooses slung in blankets at their backs.

These two tribes were attended by their principal chiefs, Pittman Colbert, a French-Chickasaw half breed, and Greenwood Le Flore, a French-Choctaw half breed. These men were well educated and had considerable refinement. They were

very wealthy and traveled in great style and comfort, having large roomy carriages and numerous baggage wagons and large numbers of negro slaves. Their state and authority resembled that of the patriarch of old. They were looked up to as the fathers of their people, whose word was law.

Greenwood Le Flore became dissatisfied with the country soon after reaching the Indian Territory, and severed his tribal relation. He returned with his family and slaves to Mississippi, and became a citizen of the United States. He afterwards represented his county in the State legislature.

The spring of 1833 witnessed the arrival of another large body of Indians bound for the Nation. These Indians were dreadfully scourged by the ravages of the cholera, which invaded their ranks when they reached the Mississippi River at Memphis. Large numbers of them died on the march, and it was said that their route westward from the Mississippi was strewn thick with graves.

These disease-stricken Indians were not permitted to cross the river at Little Rock, but were compelled to cross several miles below town and go out by way of Fourche, where they struck the military road. As soon as they reached the pine hills southwest of town the disease began to abate.

It was during the prevalence of the cholera along the Mississippi River that year that my old friend, the noble and generous-hearted Captain David Miller, commander of the "Reindeer," was

stricken with the dreadful plague and died. Captain Miller was among the very first steamboatmen to navigate the Arkansas River.

Several years previous to this exodus of Indians, the Quapaws had removed from the southwestern part of Arkansas to the mountains near the head waters of the Arkansas in the Indian Territory. Shortly after their arrival there, Old Saracen, a head-chief, returned to Arkansas and begged the Governor to allow him to remain and pass his last days in the land of his forefathers. Governor Pope explained to the old chief that he had no authority to grant him his request, but told him to remain if he so greatly desired to do so and that he would not be molested. The old Indian seemed to be deeply grateful, and returned to his old home in Jefferson County, where he passed the remainder of his days in peace and quiet. A beautiful story is told of this old Indian chief, which I reproduce from a paper called "Souvenir of a Silver Jubilee," in honor of Rt. Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, Catholic Bishop of Little Rock :

"On one occasion a band of Chickasaw Indians stole two children from a trapper's family living a few miles below Pine Bluff. The white settlers were greatly alarmed. The news was brought to Saracen. Going to the weeping mother, he said, 'When the sun is so high (pointing with his hand) Saracen will bring your children. If Saracen not find them, you will see Saracen no more.' Alone

and unaided, he overtook the marauding party near Arkansas Post. With Indian warwhoop and tomahawk uplifted, he sprang in upon them and took the children. For this deed a monument will likely be erected to his memory at Pine Bluff. For this, and his kindness to Catholic missionaries, a memorial window was placed in his honor in St. Joseph's Church, Pine Bluff."

Gov. Pope made a practice of entertaining the members of the Legislature at dinner, during the sessions of that body. On one of these occasions, the member from Hot Spring County, a Mr. Wells, familiarly known as "Old Mountain Sprout," was among the guests. The census of the Territory had just been taken, and the Governor wishing to pay some attention to the member from Hot Spring asked him what the census of his county was, and received this amusing reply, "Well Governor, I reckon I'm about the most sensible man in the county, or they wouldn't have sent me here." This reply sent a broad smile around the table. The Governor, however, did not exhibit the slightest sign of amusement at this very unexpected answer to his question. A gentleman sitting next to Mr. Wells explained to him the meaning of the Governor's query, and he proceeded to give him the desired information.

Upon his return after the adjournment of the Legislature, the old man, in giving an account of the Governor's entertainment, informed his neigh-

bors that the Governor gave his guests tin cups to drink from. Uneducated and unaccustomed to the refinements of a higher civilization, this man represented a type of pioneer life as honest as it was rugged, and as incorruptible as truth itself. Reared in the hard school of experience, constantly battling with the forces of nature and the wild beast of the forest, these men became possessed of a large amount of hard common sense, and an absolute love and veneration of truth and justice.

A decided sensation was created in Little Rock in the fall of 1832, by the appearance of a Methodist preacher from Indiana, who took charge of the Methodist church as pastor.

At that time this congregation worshipped in McLane & Badgett's warehouse, on the alley just east of where the Capital Hotel now stands. This man was Alfred W. Arrington, preacher, lawyer, politician and author. He was brilliant in all these callings—an intellectual giant—but a moral monstrosity. In stature he was over six feet tall, and weighed nearly one hundred and eighty pounds. His limbs were long and powerful, with very large hands and feet. He had large, wide-opened light blue eyes, and his hair was of a flaxen color. One of his most striking features was his mouth, which was that of a sensualist. In eloquence he was resistless, and in logic convincing. His preaching was the sensation of the day, and hundreds flocked daily and nightly to hear him preach. A prominent

lady, of another denomination, said of him after hearing him deliver one of his fervid discourses, that "he seemed to reach up and grasp the stars and set them on his brow." His popularity, however, began to wane when it was found out that he was not all he professed to be, and he was requested to resign his pastorate, which he did and moved to Missouri. There he became involved in a scandal and was forced out of the ministry. Arrington next turned up in Fayetteville, Ark., where he began the practice of law, in which profession he gained as great celebrity as he had already done in the pulpit. To the law he added politics, and was elected to the Legislature in 1842 from Washington County, as a Whig. In the year 1844 he was appointed an Elector on the National Whig ticket, but having met Col. Ashley on the stump, and listening to his speech on the Texas annexation question, withdrew from the Whig electoral ticket, declaring the Democrats were right on the question of annexation. From Fayetteville he went to Texas, and was elected a circuit judge, from which position he resigned to avoid impeachment. We next hear of this erratic genius, for genius he certainly was, in Chicago, where he soon took a leading position at the bar. It was in the latter city that he wrote his infamous book, "The Desperadoes of the Southwest." This book, which had a wide circulation, was a tissue of falsehoods and wild imaginings from beginning to end. Some of the most eminent

men of our State were among his "Desperadoes." He pretended to give an account of the Pope-Nowland duel, in which he called Fent Nowland "Kent Toland," and made of that splendid character a veritable desperado. Col. Fowler, he called "Col. Towler," and placed him in the same uncomplimentary category. This strange make-up of greatness and meanness died a few years ago in the city of Chicago.

The first office building erected in Little Rock, occupied the lots on the north side of Markham street, where the Dodge & Meade block now stands. The building was a long one-story brick, containing fourteen rooms, divided into suits of two rooms each, front and rear, and was the property of Colonel Ashley. Adjoining this building on the west, and located on the lot on which the City Hall now stands, was a frame building containing two fairly large-sized rooms. One of these rooms was occupied by the Superior Court of the Territory, while the other room was used by the Rev. James W. Moore as a school room, and in which he preached on Sundays to the Presbyterian congregation, of which he was the first pastor. This congregation was the nucleus of the now flourishing First Presbyterian Church of Little Rock. The Rev. Mr. Moore was succeeded in the pastorate by the Rev. Aaron Williams, father of Colonel Sam W. Williams. The Revs. Messrs. Henderson and Joshua F. Green were among the old-time pastors of this congregation.

In 1833, the Presbyterians began the erection of a frame church building near the southeast corner of Main and Cherry (Second) streets, nearly on the same ground on which Strattman's shoe store now stands. This building was used for church purposes until about 1853, when the congregation built a commodious house of worship on East Markham street, between Cumberland and Rock streets. The Rev. Thomas R. Welch succeeded Mr. Green in the pastorate of this church, and continued as such until his death.

I often acted as deputy clerk of the Superior Court during the absence of the clerk, Major William Field. On one occasion while the court was in session Judge Benjamin Johnson, one of the judges of the court, and who was at times very irritable, discovered Colonel Ashley in the act of whittling, with his pen knife, one of the wooden benches in the court room. Doubtless wishing for some object upon which to vent his ill-humor that day, he called out with some show of impatience, "Colonel Ashley, I wish you would quit cutting this court house to pieces!" To which Colonel Ashley replied good naturedly, "If it pleases your honor, I do not know who has a better right to do so; it is my property."

Besides being the Clerk of the Superior Court, which was really a Federal position, Major Field was also the Postmaster, a combination of official preferment not considered incompatible at that time. Major Field was succeeded in the Post-office

by Judge David Fulton, father of the Hon. William S. Fulton, who was in turn succeeded by Mr. Barnett Williams, uncle of the late Robert W. and Richard H. Johnson. Barnett Williams was a most excellent man, but had some peculiar eccentricities, being an old bachelor. The boys of the town used to worry the old gentleman very much by popping their heads in at the general delivery window, and enquiring in assumed voices for mail for fictitious persons, and then scampering away. One of their favorite names was Thompson. One day a man with a very squeaky voice appeared at the window and asked if there was anything for Thompson. The Postmaster replied without looking up from his work of assorting letters, "Yes, there's a big stick here for Thompson." The man, who was a stranger, was thunderstruck with astonishment at this reply to his question, and demanded an explanation, which was at once given when Mr. Williams discovered who the enquirer was. On another occasion a Methodist preacher, by the name of Bump, a man of great dignity of deportment, and who possessed a rich, deep bass voice, approached the general delivery window and asked in deep measured tones for letters for Bump. Mr. Williams, who did not know Parson Bump, as he was called, replied, "If you don't *bump* yourself out of this office at once I'll *bump* you out at the toe of my boot." "Sir!" responded the Parson, "what do you mean?" Mr. Williams soon saw the mistake he

had made, and hastened to apologize for his seeming rudeness and to explain matters. Williams remained Postmaster until 1846, when he was removed, and Mr. William E. Woodruff appointed as his successor.

When I came to Little Rock in 1832, there stood on the south side of Mulberry (Third) street, between Main and Scott streets, a neat hewed log church house, built by the Baptist denomination in 1825 and which was presided over by the Rev. Silas T. Toncroy, until 1829.

In the spring of 1832, the Rev. Benjamin F. Hall, of Kentucky, a noted revivalist, belonging to the Christian denomination, arrived in Little Rock and began to hold revival services in the Baptist church. His preaching completely revolutionized the Baptist church, nearly all the members of the latter denomination joining the new church upon its organization in the following summer. In this connection, it may not be out of place to give a short account of the visit of the celebrated revivalists, the Revs. Messrs. John T. Johnson and Thomas Ricketts, in 1843. These gentlemen were from Kentucky and were ministers of the Christian church. The Rev. John T. Johnson was a brother of Judge Benjamin Johnson, Judge of the Superior Court of Arkansas Territory. Both of these gentlemen were endowed with splendid oratorical powers and preached with great force and persuasion. Their preaching made extensive inroads into the member-

ships of other denominations, but after the excitement attending the revival had become allayed, many of the accessions from the Methodist and Presbyterian churches returned to their old folds. This great revival was kept up day and night for about two months.



CHAPTER X.

LAST YEARS OF THE TERRITORY.

The population of the Territory in 1833, was, according to the national census, which had been recently taken, 40,026. That of Little Rock was given at 527 souls.

A large immigration, principally from Tennessee, Mississippi, North Carolina and Georgia, but also from Kentucky and Virginia, began to flow into the Territory, and the outlook for Arkansas' future prosperity was very encouraging.

In the first week of the month of March, 1833, active preparations were begun for erecting the Legislative Assembly Building, as it was then called, on the site selected by the Governor, which was a block of ground facing Center street, and which also fronted on the Arkansas River. Two other sites were offered the Governor on which to erect the buildings. They were the piece of ground now known as the Tucker Block, opposite the Pulaski County Court House, and the square on which the First Presbyterian Church now stands.

Some objection was raised against the site selected. It was urged by some of the objectors that

the spot was an old Indian burial ground,* but the Governor dismissed the subject by saying, "We will build a monument to their memory." In discussing the appropriateness of the site, the Governor said in a letter to the public: "It is a commanding situation on the river, with a street on every side, and the view from the river or the town can never be obscured by other buildings." The funds for erecting the public buildings for the Territory were, as I have already shown, derived from the sale of certain public lands, donated by Congress for that purpose.

Congress had also donated to the Territory an additional one thousand acres of land to provide a court house and jail for the use of Pulaski County. A portion of this thousand acre grant lay adjacent to the town, south of Markham street and east of the Quapaw Line, and is now known as Pope's Addition to the City of Little Rock.

In order to correct an erroneous impression in regard to this land, I will here state that the term "Pope's Addition," which so often occurs in the transfer of property in the City of Little Rock, had no reference whatever to Governor Pope's ownership of the land, of which he did not possess a foot, but was simply a designation bestowed upon the

* NOTE.—As stated in Chapter VI, a number of the members of the gold-seeking expedition of 1809 from New Orleans who had sickened and died were buried here. The place may also have been an Indian burial ground.

land from the fact of its having been laid off and disposed of by the Governor in his official capacity.

The funds rising from the sale of the Thousand Acre Grant, with the exception of a small amount reserved for building the Pulaski County jail, and which was not sufficient for that purpose and had to be supplemented by an appropriation by the county court, was merged into the Legislative Assembly Building Fund.

While the workmen were engaged in excavating for the foundation of the west wall of the main building, they came across two rude coffins which seemed to have been hewn out of pine logs and covered with rough pine slabs. When the covers were removed the log coffins were found to contain the remains of men, but there was nothing left to indicate of what race or kindred they were. The only thing certain was that they had been long buried, although many of the larger bones were in a fair state of preservation.

The laying of the corner-stone of this now historic old building was conducted in the simplest and most matter-of-fact manner possible. Unlike similar occasions at a later day, there were no ceremonies observed, whatever. Of the adult persons present at that corner-stone laying, I presume, I am the only one living to-day. The work progressed slowly, and it was not until nearly the end of the year that the walls were up and the building enclosed.

The main building, containing the Council Chamber and the Hall of the Assembly, on the second floor, presented about the same external appearance as it does to-day. The east and west wings were separated from the main building by open courts, on the north and south sides of which ran paved porticos, with brick columns supporting the roofs. These open courts were walled up several feet high, but had no roof. They stood exposed to the weather for several years and peach bearing trees grew up within them. The offices of the State Treasurer and the Commissioner of Mines, Manufactures and Agriculture now occupy the places where these open courts were.

The larger part of the east wing of the Capitol building was to be devoted to the use of Pulaski county as a court house and office of the clerk of the circuit court. The circuit clerk was also clerk of the county and probate courts and ex-officio recorder. For a long time there was no second floor in the south or circuit court end of the east wing, the room being open clear to the roof. It was afterwards floored over and the second floor used as a county court room. Pulaski county continued to use this part of the building for many years, and was finally ousted by a decree of the Supreme Court.

The north end of the east wing was designed for the use of the Superior Court, with the law library and judges' chamber above. The judges did not have then, as now, separate chambers. The

Superior Court of the Territory did not have any opportunity of occupying this courtroom, as the building was not completed for some years, or until after the Territory became a State, and this courtroom was occupied the first time by the Supreme Court of the State.

The north end of the first floor of the west wing of the building contained the United States District Courtroom, the office of the Clerks of the United States Court and a jury room. The south end contained the United States Marshal's office and a jury room.

The second story of the west wing was devoted to the use of the Governor, who occupied the two rooms in the south end; and the Secretary of State, whose office was in the north end. The Auditor and Treasurer occupied offices on the ground floor of the main building.

It is well to remember that this occupancy of the Capitol was after the Territory became a State in 1836. None of the Territorial officers ever occupied this building.

A memorable event in the history of Little Rock was the stopping there, for a few hours only, of the noted author, Washington Irving, and the celebrated ornithologist, John James Audubon. These gentlemen were returning east after having been with the expedition sent out by the Government, under command of Capt. B. L. E. Bonneville, United States Army, to make a reconnoissance of

the plains. The troops engaged in this expedition were a part of a regiment of dragoons that had been engaged in the second Black Hawk War during the previous year.

It was during this expedition that Washington Irving obtained material for his highly interesting book, entitled, "Adventures of Captain Bonneville." Audubon also secured on this trip many sketches and descriptions of the native birds of the far west, to be used in the preparation of his world famous work, "Birds of America."

The citizens of the town tendered these distinguished authors a complimentary banquet, which they were obliged to decline on account of the inability of the boat, the steamer "Little Rock," on which they were passengers, to lay over for the necessary length of time.

After the purpose for which the expedition had been sent out was accomplished, the regiment of dragoons was disbanded, and Major Bonneville, afterwards Brigadier General, settled at Fort Smith, and became a leading citizen of that place after the Civil War. He and the late William E. Woodruff, Sr., were friends in boyhood at Brooklyn, N. Y., and continued a life-long correspondence. Dr. Holt, the surgeon to the expedition, became a citizen of Little Rock, and was the step-father of the late David F. Shall. Another member of the Bonneville expedition who came to live at Little Rock was Thomas Parsel, a soldier in the regiment of dra-



ROBERT CRITTENDEN.



goons. He was for many years crier of the United States Court.

In the fall of this year another man of national reputation visited Little Rock. This distinguished personage was ex-Gov. Sam Houston, formerly of Tennessee, but who was at that time a resident of the Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory, of which tribe he had become a member by adoption, and who was afterwards a conspicuous figure in the Texas War for Independence. Gen. Houston was one of the most magnificent specimens of physical manhood I have ever seen, being over six feet tall and admirably proportioned. His head was large and finely formed, with prominent but regular features. I first saw him on the public road a few miles out of town. He was riding a splendid bay horse, and his saddle and bridle were of the most exquisite Mexican workmanship and were elaborately ornamented with solid silver plates and buckles in profusion. He was enveloped in a Mexican "poncho," which was richly ornamented with Mexican embroidery work. When I again saw him on the streets of Little Rock, he was dressed in a suit of some dark rich material and wore immaculate linen. It was hard to realize that this elegantly appearing gentleman had voluntarily given up home and kindred and official preferment to join himself to a band of half-civilized Indians, and had adopted their dress when with them, and also, in a great measure, their habits of life. This remarkable man had

been a lawyer, Governor, and a United States Senator. He was, however, more conspicuous in the field than in the halls of Congress. It is related of him that during the sessions of the Senate he was usually engaged in whittling sticks of soft white pine or cedar, which were regularly provided for him by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

As we have already seen, the Methodist congregation worshipped in a warehouse in 1832. In the year 1833, a plain little brick church, without any attempt at ornamentation within or without, strictly in keeping with the early simplicity of that denomination, was erected on the north side of Cherry (Second) street between Main and Louisiana streets. The first stationed preacher at the new church was the Rev. Andrew Hunter, still a veteran in Methodism, whose previous and subsequent services in the Master's vineyard took him into all parts of the Territory and the Indian country.

In those early days ministers of the Gospel were compelled to be more than mere pastors of a peaceful flock. They were essentially *preachers*, going into all the wild and sparsely settled regions preaching, exhorting, condemning and consoling. Besides, they had to be men of hardy frame and undaunted courage in the presence of human foe and the ravenous wild beasts with which the country abounded. These men knew no fatigue of body, nor weariness of spirit in their sacred calling. Such a man was Andrew Hunter.

The Rev. W. P. Ratcliffe, a godly and pious man, succeeded to the pastorate of the Methodist church in Little Rock.

One of the shining lights in Arkansas Methodism in early days was Mrs. Ann Conway, mother of Congressman Henry W. Conway and Governors James S. and Elias N. Conway. This saintly woman was affectionately known by all as "Mother Conway." She was eloquent in prayer, and often led, with trembling lips and simple trusting faith, the public congregation in their devotions. When attending the services of the Church, Mrs. Conway habitually sat in a large old-fashioned split-bottomed chair, placed near the altar rail. This old chair was the object of much veneration, and was permitted to occupy its accustomed place in the Church long after its beloved owner had gone to share her Master's Throne. I am of the belief that this old chair was still in the Church when the building was taken possession of by the Federal Military authorities in 1863.

As this congregation suffered more from the vicissitudes of war than did any other Church organization in the town, it may not be considered out of place to give in this connection a bit of the history of that period.

After the occupation of Little Rock by the Federal Army, this church building was taken possession of by the Military authorities and turned over to the Northern Church Organization. The

only place then available for the old Second street congregation to worship in was the brick building, still standing on the northwest corner of Main and Fourth streets, now used for a drug store. The first, or ground floor of this building was then fitted up and used as a variety theatre. The theatrical performances at this house would often be kept up on Saturday nights until nearly Sunday morning. Then as the Holy Sabbath morn arrived, the faithful pastor, Rev. J. R. Colburn, and his little flock, would repair to the theatre, using the top of the piano within the orchestra for a reading desk, and offer up their devotions to the King of kings. It sometimes happened that evil-minded persons would invade the premises during the services and roll heavy cannon-balls across the stage behind the drop-curtain. A stop was soon put to this annoyance, however, when the matter was laid before proper authorities. It certainly presented a strange contrast, the services of prayer and praise being held where but lately the obscene song and ribald jest held sway; another illustration of the Fortunes of War.

As it is my desire to be just to all sides, I have to say that when the church was finally restored to its rightful owners, the authorities caused the building to be put in a good state of repair.

No sketch of early Arkansas Methodism, however limited, would be complete without mention of that prince of pulpit orators, Augustus R. Winfield.

This fervid preacher and eloquent orator, a veritable *Boanerges*, was another one of the product of an age and time that demanded a peculiar order of talent in the ministry, men who seemed fitted by nature to the environments, and were equally bold, fearless and aggressive, or tender, sympathetic and loving when standing before the great men of this earth, or when preaching to a rude and unlettered congregation beneath the forest trees—God's first Temple.



CHAPTER. XI.

A NOTABLE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

In the month of May, 1833, there began one of the most memorable political campaigns in the early annals of Arkansas, Robert Crittenden and Ambrose H. Sevier being the rival candidates for delegate to Congress.

Mr. Crittenden was a Whig in national affairs, while Mr. Sevier represented national Democratic principles. The issues of this campaign did not involve much of national polity, but related almost wholly to the conduct of public affairs within the Territory. It was the well-known characters and great ability of the candidates that gave more than usual prominence to this campaign.

The two political parties in the Territory were then known as the "Sevier Party" and the "Crittenden Party," respectively.

At the beginning of the campaign, Mr. Crittenden proposed that the canvass be conducted without that bitterness and intense party feeling which had characterized former political discussions, and which

had been productive of so many evil consequences among the leading men of the times.

This proposal for moderation and toleration was made by Mr. Crittenden in his opening speech, and was acceded to by Mr. Sevier, who said: "I will meet my honorable competitor more than half way on that proposition."

Neither of the candidates made any attempt at concealment or subterfuge, but were bold and outspoken in the enunciation and defense of the principles they represented.

At that period Mr. Crittenden was just entering the prime of life, being thirty-five years of age. He was a splendid specimen of physical manhood, and was in every essential a man to attract universal admiration. He possessed in an eminent degree a mind at once logical and discriminative, to which was added the rare gift of eloquence. Mr. Crittenden was not, however, a man of the people, and his speeches were better suited to the forum than the hustings.

Like his opponent, Mr. Sevier was a man of large physical proportions, somewhat taller than Mr. Crittenden. He was of very dark complexion, with fine dark eyes and raven black hair. In point of eloquence and rhetorical finish, he was not the equal of his opponent. But his appeals to the sturdy common sense of the people, and his sallies of wit and humor, were far more effective in winning votes than was the polished eloquence of Mr. Crittenden.

While this campaign was strictly conducted on the high plane established at the outset by the honorable rivals, some one of the opposition felt called upon, after the election, to send Mr. Sevier a challenge to fight a duel. Mr. Sevier's note in reply to the challenge was one of the severest specimens of sarcasm I have ever read, and it effectually quieted the sender of the challenge.

Mr. Crittenden's defeat was overwhelming, and was his last appearance in the political arena. He at once turned his whole attention to the practice of his profession, and died shortly afterwards at Vicksburg, Mississippi, where he had gone on professional business. The circumstances surrounding this eminent Arkansan's death were sad in the extreme.

Mr. Crittenden had been retained in several large cases before the Vicksburg section of the Supreme Court of Mississippi, in which suits he was both associated with and opposed by Mississippi's great lawyers and orators, Sargent S. Prentiss and Henry S. Foote. He had just finished an argument of seven hours' duration in one of the cases, and at its close showed unmistakable signs of great fatigue and weariness. When he sat down the presiding judge asked him to re-state his authorities bearing on the case, saying that his utterances were so rapid that the court could not keep up with him. As he arose to give the court the desired information, he staggered forward and fell into the arms of a brother lawyer, in a dead faint.



Albert Pike

Mr. Crittenden was conveyed to his hotel, where he remained for several days under the care of a physician. When he was able to leave the hotel he went to the court room to hear the decisions rendered, which in one of his cases was favorable to his clients. When the court was about to adjourn, Mr. Crittenden arose and in a short speech which was said to have been the perfection of grace and eloquence, thanked the court and its officers and attorneys for courtesies extended him and took his leave. Upon returning to the hotel, he at once went to his room and to bed, from which he never arose, dying in a very short time.

Away from home and wife and kindred ; beyond the confines of the Territory he loved so well, and which he had served so faithfully in its infancy, this great man breathed his last.


It was during the Crittenden-Sevier campaign that Albert Pike came prominently before the public as a contributor to the political literature of the day. Mr. Pike styled his contributions to the *Advocate* "Intercepted Letters," purporting to have been written by Mr. Sevier to Messrs. Woodruff and Ashley, and their replies thereto. These letters were strikingly characteristic of the persons named and fully portrayed the political opinions and bias of the pretended authors. There also appeared in the columns of the *Advocate*, about this time, extracts from Pike's diary of his journeyings in the

Indian and Mexican country, and also some of his earliest political writings.

Albert Pike was a native of Boston, Mass., and received a classical education at Harvard University. After teaching school for a while in Tennessee, he loaded his earthly possessions into a canoe and floated down the Cumberland River to Paducah, Ky., and took passage on a steamboat for St. Louis, Mo. At that place he joined Choteau's trading expedition, which was about to set out across the plains for Santa Fe, Mexico. He next made a trip through the Rio Grande country, returning to Santa Fe. Here he joined a hunting and trapping party bound for the Rocky Mountains. This party of hunters and trappers had a very successful trip and accumulated a large amount of furs and peltries. The party now determined to return east. They had the Indians make for them several large birch bark canoes, into which they loaded their store of furs, etc., and launched out into the upper Arkansas, floating down the river to Fort Bent, a point where the old Santa Fe trail crosses the Arkansas River. After reaching Fort Bent, they disposed of the results of their expedition to the traders at that place, and the party, with the exception of Pike, started overland for St. Louis. Pike continued down the Arkansas River and finally arrived at the plantation of Judge James Woodson Bates, on the Piney, in Pope county. When he reached Judge Bates' he was very sick

with fever, and the good old Judge took him and kindly cared for him. Judge Bates became so much attached to Pike that he offered him a home for as long as he would stay. Pike remained in this neighborhood teaching school until the fall of 1833. It was here that he met and became acquainted with Robert Crittenden and Mr. Sevier. Mr. Crittenden became so much interested in the young scholar, on account of his learning and brilliancy, that he induced him to come to Little Rock and embark in the newspaper business. No adequate biography of Albert Pike can possibly be given in the limited space at my command, or in following out the plan of this work. He became a great lawyer, a noted poet, a profound scholar of the oriental languages and a brave soldier. Ben. Perley Poore, the veteran Washington City journalist of *ante-bellum* days, aptly styled Pike "The Kit North and Koror of America."

Robert W. Johnson, who afterwards became a United States Senator from Arkansas, had recently returned from Kentucky, where he had attended a law school. He became very much incensed against certain persons, some of them high in political circles, an account of the attempted impeachment by the United States Senate of his father, Judge Benjamin Johnson, one of the Judges of the Superior Court of the Territory. Mr. Johnson singled out Absalom Fowler and Wm. Cummins as the instigators of the impeachment proceedings, and expressed



the determination of bringing them to account. The truth of the matter is, the articles of impeachment were drawn up by Orson V. Howell, a practicing lawyer of the town, and indorsed by Messrs. Fowler and Cummins. The charges were of a two-fold character—official and personal. When the matter was brought up in the Senate it was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. Upon the testimony of Gov. Pope, Secretary Fulton, the court officers and nearly all the members of the Bar of the Circuit, that committee reported adversely and recommended that the impeachment proceedings be dismissed, which was done, thus completely vindicating Judge Johnson.

Mr. Johnson was induced to return, for a short time, to Kentucky without carrying out his avowed purpose of calling to account those who had been mainly instrumental in the attempt to blacken his father's character. His return to Kentucky at this time was brought about by the friends of Sevier, who was a candidate at the approaching election for delegate to Congress, against Mr. Crittenden. Shortly after the election in August, 1833, Mr. Johnson again returned to Little Rock and proceeded to seek redress for the wrongs inflicted upon his father. He sent a challenge to Mr. Cummins, which was intrusted to the hands of his friend, Mr. Constantine Perkins, to be delivered. Mr. Cummins declined to accept the challenge, on the ground that he was old enough to be Mr. Robert Johnson's

father, and also that he had a family to provide for, and that his duty to his clients forbade his putting his life in jeopardy. These objections were reduced to writing at the request of Mr. Perkins, and signed by Mr. Cummins, who also stated that he would always be prepared to repel any attack that might be made upon him.

A few days after this interview, the parties met on the streets, and Mr. Johnson attacked Mr. Cummins with a walking stick. As he raised the cane for a second blow, it was seized by Mr. Cummins, and in the scuffle which ensued both gentlemen were thrown to the ground, Mr. Cummins uppermost. The latter attempted to draw a weapon, but was prevented by the bystanders from doing so, and the combatants were separated and placed under bonds to keep the peace.

On Saturday, August 15, a few days after the occurrence just narrated, Mr. Johnson dispatched by the hand of Mr. J. Madison Craig a challenge to Mr. Absalom Fowler, also demanding satisfaction for the indignity offered to his father. The challenge was taken to the law office of Messrs. Crittenden & Fowler, on the southeast corner of Scott and Chestnut (Seventh) streets, on the spot where the private residence of Judge B. B. Battle, of the Supreme Court, now Stands. Upon Mr. Craig making known the object of his visit, he was politely informed by Mr. Fowler that he should refuse to receive any communication, whatever,

from Mr. Robert W. Johnson. Mr. Craig then intimated that he would receive a communication from him, Craig, as Mr. Johnson's friend, as was the law of the code. At this announcement Mr. Fowler arose from the chair in which he was sitting, and, seizing another in a rather threatening manner, pointed to the door, and Mr. Craig withdrew. The result of this interview being reported to Mr. Johnson, he at once had a number of hand bills printed in which he denounced Mr. Fowler as a coward and a persecutor of the innocent. These hand bills were put up in the most conspicuous places about town. When Mr. Fowler was advised of what had been done, he came down town and proceeded to tear down the obnoxious placards. When he reached the northwest corner of Main and Markham streets, his attention was called to the fact that his adversary was standing on the opposite corner. Mr. Johnson stepped into the street and called out to Mr. Fowler that if he had a spark of manhood left to draw and defend himself, thus chivalrously giving his enemy time to draw his weapon. They both fired simultaneously and missed each other. They again drew and fired, with like result. They then advanced upon each other, but before they could close in they were intercepted by the officers of the law and placed under arrest.

Mr. Johnson had determined to horse whip Orson V. Howell, the real author of the articles of

impeachment, considering him beneath the dignity of a challenge to fight a duel. Howell, however, was sick in bed at the time, and died a short time afterwards.

Filial love and affection for an aged parent, and a man who had served his country with such distinguished honor as had Judge Johnson, was a palliating circumstance for the vindictiveness with which this son pursued the traducers of his father's name and fame.



CHAPTER XII.

AN EVENTFUL PERIOD.

In 1833 there occurred the most extensive and disastrous overflow, to both life and property, that had ever taken place on the Arkansas River within the memory of the oldest inhabitant up to that time. The river began to rise about the middle of May, and attained its greatest height about the first of June. Whole plantations, with all their buildings, live stock and farming implements, were completely swept away. A number of human lives were lost in the devouring floods. The force of the current was so resistless that where bends occurred in the river the water ploughed across the points of land made by these bends and created new channels, leaving the old beds of the river in the shape of lakes and bayous.

In several instances, farmers living on one side of the river went to bed at night to awaken the next morning to find their farms on the opposite side of the river to where they were located the day before. In other cases, some farms were diminished in size, while others were increased in dimension. A number

of fine plantations were utterly ruined for cultivation by being covered to the depth of three or four feet by a deposit of sand which was left by the waters when they receded.

One of the most unique affairs of honor, so called, in the annals of duelling, occurred at Little Rock in the month of October, 1833, and took place at the corner of Main and Markham streets, then the heart of the town, and was conducted without the assistance of seconds, surgeons or friends on either side; all the preliminaries being made, drawn up and signed by the principals themselves, and were based upon a *code duello* of their own devising. The parties to this strange duel were Robertson Childers, a man of some prominence as a lawyer, and one Stewart, a professional gambler. The quarrel grew out of a dispute at cards.

Childers and Stewart agreed to meet on a certain day and hour at the corner of Main and Markham streets, the one to take position on the southeast corner, where the First National Bank building now stands, and the other on the northeast corner, where Gibson's drug store now is. It was further agreed that double-barrelled shotguns, loaded with buckshot, were to be used first, and, if neither was injured, then pistols were to take the place of the shotguns; if they still remained unhurt, dirk knives were to be drawn and they both to advance to the middle of the street and proceed to carve each other after the most approved fashion.

On the day and hour fixed these two men met as *per* agreement, and proceeded to carry out their bloody programme. At the first fire, Mr. Childers received a slight flesh wound in the leg. The remaining barrels were discharged, without effect, when the shotguns were thrown aside and pistols resorted to, with bloodless result. The pistols were then discarded and the murderous dirk knives drawn, but just as the now infuriated combatants were advancing for the final encounter, Judge Benjamin Johnson, Judge of the Superior Court, appeared upon the scene. He commanded the peace and summoned the bystanders—a large crowd had gathered by this time—to assist him in arresting the parties.

Thus ended, without serious injury to either party, what promised at the outset to be a fight to the death of one or both of the participants. Childers and Stewart were heavily fined and put under large bonds to keep the peace.

The Legislature of 1833 met in a one-story frame house near the northwest corner of Main and Mulberry (Third) streets. This building extended for about ninety feet on Main street, and contained four rooms, each about twenty feet square, fronting on Main, and four shed rooms in the rear. The building was divided by a hall east and west. The partition dividing the two south front rooms had been taken down, forming a room about forty feet long by twenty feet wide. This room was used as

the Hall of the Legislative Assembly. The Council (Senate) used one of the smaller rooms on the north side of the hallway for the deliberations of that body; while the remaining rooms were for the use of the committees of both houses.

The two bodies met at noon on the seventh day of October, and organized by the election of John Williamson, of Pope county, President of the Council, and John Wilson, of Clark county, Speaker of the House.

An exciting and at the same time an amusing scene occurred during this session of the Legislature, between Dr. Matthew Cunningham, an early settler of the town and a prominent physician, and J. Alexander, a representative from Washington county. Dr. Cunningham had written and had published in the *Advocate* an article severely criticising Mr. Alexander's career as a legislator, charging him, among other things, with stupidity and ignorance; and also taking the people of Washington county to task for sending such a man to the Legislature.

Alexander demanded of the editor of the paper the name of the writer of the article, and was informed that Dr. Cunningham was its author. That afternoon, upon the adjournment of the Legislature for the day, Alexander discovered Dr. Cunningham crossing the street in the direction of the Legislative building. He advanced to meet the Doctor, and as he came within striking distance dealt him a blow

with a stick which felled him to the ground, and stood over his prostrate enemy raining blow after blow upon him. The Doctor's wife, who was standing in the doorway of their family residence, just across the street, observing the state of affairs, seized a large stick and went to her husband's rescue. Before Alexander could realize what was about to happen, he received a furious blow over the head and another in the face which brought him to the ground and put a stop to the fight. The old Doctor was considerably bruised but had no bones broken. Alexander, however, was prevented from attending to his Legislative duties for several days.

The winter of 1833-4 was a season of much gayety at the capital. Numbers of beautiful and brilliant women from the States who were visiting relatives and friends in Arkansas, besides our native wit and beauty, lent their fascinating presence to the social circle. Party spirit, which had run high, was now on the ebb. This party feeling had become so intense and bitter during the previous years that it had invaded the Church as well as the family circle. Members of the same religious denomination but of different political faith had, in some instances, abstained from the sacrament of the "Lord's Supper" because they did not feel that they were "in love and charity with their neighbor." However mistaken these partisans were in their ideas, they were, at least, consistent, and declined to pretend to "love and charity" when they had "hatred and

malice" in their hearts. But, a better and more reasonable feeling had now taken possession of the people and old friendships that had been severely strained, and, in many cases, completely sundered, were now beginning to be renewed, and old political differences forgotten in the "era of good feeling" that had dawned.

The terrible hardships and suffering experienced by the Indians who had previously passed through the Territory of Arkansas by land on their way to the Indian Territory soon satisfied the Government at Washington that some easier and more expeditious mode of travel would have to be adopted. Thereafter steamboats were employed for transporting the Indians. This was certainly in accordance with reason and the dictates of humanity.

During the years 1834-5-6 the tribes of the Cherokees from Georgia, North Carolina and East Tennessee, with a tribe of the friendly Creeks from Alabama and lower Mississippi, were transported by boats up the Arkansas River to the lands set apart for them. The contract for conveying these Indians to their new homes was secured by Captain Simeon Buckner, an old steamboatman and a man of great humanity, who treated the Indians under his charge with great kindness and forbearance. The boats engaged in this work were the "Portsmouth," the "Princeton" and the "Creole."

Long years before this time, a band of the Cherokees had broken loose from their tribal rela-

tions with the main body in Georgia, and had settled in what is now Conway County, Ark. As late as 1827 their title to these lands had not been fully extinguished.

In November, 1832, to go back somewhat, a band of sub-chiefs of the Seminoles arrived in Little Rock, on their return from a tour of inspection of the country granted them by the Government in exchange for their lands in Florida. This band of Indians camped just below the town, and remained for several days. I frequently visited their camp. They had with them a negro interpreter named Sam, who was as black as the proverbial "ace of spades," and who, although a slave, possessed great influence among the tribe.

On their return to Florida these sub-chiefs, who had been sent out to view the country, advised against the proposed removal, stating, among other objections, that the climate was cold and windy in winter, whereas they were accustomed to a sub-tropical climate. Besides, the method of procuring subsistence for themselves and families was laborious in comparison to their easy life in Florida, where they lived principally upon fish and fruits, which were to be had in luxuriant abundance.

A delegation of the Seminoles visited Washington and had an interview with the President, in which they stated their objections to leaving their ancestral homes and begged to be allowed to remain

in Florida. President Jackson told the delegation, very emphatically, that they *had* to move.

For several years no steps were taken by the Government to coerce these Indians. In the meantime the Seminoles were secretly making preparations to resist any such attempt should it be made.

During these years there was a large influx of white settlers into Florida, and conflicts between these settlers and the Indians were of frequent occurrence. The Seminoles, now aided by a band of renegade Creeks, who had refused to go out with their brethren under their principal chiefs, Rolla and Chilley McIntosh, in 1833, began to show a spirit of open defiance to governmental authority. United States troops were sent to Florida to enforce the order of removal. After several fruitless attempts to bring the refractory Indians to obedience, Gen. Zachary Taylor was placed in command of the troops, and his forces strengthened by the addition of the Third, Fourth and Fifth regiments of regulars and several batteries of artillery from Forts Gibson, Towson, Ouachita and Arbuckle in the Indian Territory. These troops went by the way of Little Rock to New Orleans, where they took shipping and joined Gen. Taylor at Tampa Bay.

With this now adequate force, Gen. Taylor moved upon the Indians, who were in hiding in the almost impenetrable everglades. The Indians were finally driven to the high ground, where the artillery was brought into action with such deadly effect that

the Indians were forced to surrender, with their renowned and principal chief, Osceola, and also the sub-chiefs Micanopy, Aligator, Tiger Tail and Jumper. These chiefs were taken to Fort Moultrie, Sullivan's Island, Charleston's Harbor, and placed in confinement. Osceola died in a short time after his incarceration, his proud spirit being broken by defeat and captivity. His fellow-prisoners were released after a few months' confinement. They and a large part of the hostile Seminoles and Creeks, with their families, were sent, under a strong guard of soldiers, to the Indian Territory.

Soon after the close of the Seminole war, General Taylor was appointed to the command of the military department of the Southwest, comprising Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana.

The month of February, 1834, witnessed the most disastrous overflow that had ever taken place in Red River of which any account had been kept. None of the oldest inhabitants who were then living remembered its equal in volume and extent. The destruction to life and property was appalling, and the descriptions given by those who were eye-witnesses of the great inundation were heart-rending to listen to. Many persons were drowned in their beds, so sudden was the rise, while others were rescued, more dead than alive, by passing steamboats, after having been imprisoned in tall trees for several days and nights.

In order that those of the present day and generation may see with what fervor and zeal those of the ancient *regime* observed the natal day of American Independence, and that they were not unmindful of the blessings of liberty or the sentiments which inspired our forefathers, I give here a brief description of an old time Fourth of July celebration in 1834.

The celebration was given under the auspices of the Little Rock Debating Society, then the leading literary organization in the town.

The day was ushered in by firing a National salute at sunrise. Later in the day the people assembled in the Presbyterian Church, where the exercises were opened by prayer, followed by the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and a splendid oration by Albert Pike. The exercises at the church then closed with the benediction. In the evening a dinner was given at Leech's Hotel, at which the following toasts were proposed and appropriately responded to: "The day we celebrate," "The President of the United States," "The memory of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Monroe and Madison," "The army and navy," "The heroes of 1776," "Lafayette, the hero of the Revolution," "The West," "The youth of our country," "Ireland, the country of Emmet, Curran and Grattan," "Our honorary members," "Our fair countrywomen of the Territory of Arkansas." The voluntary toasts were: "The health of His

Excellency, Hon. John Pope, Governor of Arkansas," "The Little Rock Debating Society, the nursery of the future statesmen and patriots of Arkansas," "The health of the Hon. Wm. S. Fulton, Secretary of Arkansas," "The rights of the State and the union of the States, may the heart of every true American be devoted to the preservation of both;" "The American people, may they enjoy the same freedom in 1892 that they do at this day." Geo. C. Watkins, Esq., offered the following: "May we be free, but not *too* free." Much oratorical talent was displayed on the occasion, but not the slightest thing occurred to mar the good feeling and decorum of the dinner.

Another source of entertainment and amusement afforded the people before the advent of the professional actor within the borders of the Territory, were the performances given by the Thalian Club, a theatrical organization composed of the young men of the town. The proceeds from the performances were invariably devoted to purposes of charity—we have the poor with us always, and at all ages of the world. Mr. George C. Watkins usually assumed the leading female roles in the several plays presented by the club. It is hard to realize, at this distant day, the man who in after years became the learned and distinguished Chief Justice of the Supreme Court treading the mimic stage, arrayed in flowing skirts and crinoline and with powdered face. The first performances by

the club were given in the same building in which the Legislature of 1833 had its sessions. The *repertoire* consisted of such plays as "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Soldier's Daughter," "Who's the Dupe," etc.

On November 30, 1834, a total eclipse of the sun was observed in Little Rock in its fullest grandeur. The eclipse began at about 11:30 o'clock, a. m., and ended at 2:20, p. m., a duration of two hours and fifty minutes. The obscuration of the sun was fully total for a space of two and a half to three minutes. At about five minutes before one o'clock, one very large star was plainly visible and remained so for more than an hour; several smaller stars were more or less visible at the same time. It is impossible to adequately describe the sublimity of the scene. The atmosphere was perfectly transparent, thus affording a fine opportunity for observations. The effects of the eclipse upon the ignorant and superstitious was laughable and at the same time pitiable. Some of these, of both colors, were frightened almost out of their senses, and could scarcely be re-assured that the Day of Judgment was not actually at hand.

It was an odd sight to see the chickens and fowls going to roost at midday, and the frightened ignorant people crouching in dread and awe or seeking supposed safety under beds and elsewhere.

The winter of 1834-5 was intensely cold in this region of the country, the thermometer registering three degrees below zero on February 10 1835

Ice four inches in thickness formed at the "Point of Rocks." It was said by the "oldest inhabitant" to have been the coldest winter ever experienced in Arkansas. The winter of 1832-3 had been, on the other hand, so mild that it was with the greatest difficulty that meat could be cured.



CHAPTER XIII.

A CHANGE IN TERRITORIAL AFFAIRS.

The year 1835 witnessed a change in Territorial affairs. Governor Pope's second term having expired, Hon. William S. Fulton was appointed by President Jackson Governor of Arkansas, and Mr. Lewis Randolph, grandson of Thomas Jefferson, was appointed Secretary of the Territory.

Governor Fulton served as such one year only, being legislated out of office by the adoption of the State Constitution of 1836 and the admission of Arkansas into the Union as a State.

During this year a band of the Seneca Indians from around Buffalo, New York, who had been out viewing the Indian country, passed through Little Rock *en route* east. The tribe, however never left its eastern home. This once powerful nation rapidly dwindled away before the advance of civilization, and to-day its name and fame are but little more than a tradition.

About the first of this year an incident occurred which occasioned a furor of excitement throughout the Territory and widespread fear and apprehen-

sion among the guilty parties involved. This was the appearance of a book written by one Stewart, a detective living in Mississippi, and which purported to give an account of the operations of the "Murrell Gang." This "gang" was a thoroughly organized body of desperate characters, banded together for the purpose of carrying on a systematic plan of robbery, negro stealing, counterfeiting, and even murder. The leader of the band resided in Mississippi, and the operations of the scoundrels were carried on, principally, in the counties of Mississippi and Arkansas bordering on the Mississippi River. The "gang" had emissaries in other parts of the country also.

Stewart had joined this "gang" for the purpose of becoming acquainted with its organization. After becoming possessed of the history, secrets, etc., of the members of the band he made his escape from the brotherhood and soon afterwards published his *expose*. This book, which was highly sensational, was at first looked upon as a canard. But, events occurring about this time gave color and plausibility to some of the author's statements. Vigilance committees were formed who carefully scrutinized all new comers. All who could not give a satisfactory account of themselves were taken to the woods and subjected to a severe whipping and ordered to leave the country for good. In their overzealousness, the vigilantes went to some extremes, and several innocent parties were made to

suffer. The book contained the names of quite a number of citizens, among them those of some very prominent men who had nothing, whatever, to do with the desperadoes.

While this book was, as we have already said, highly sensational and, in the main, unreliable, it served a good purpose, for shortly after its appearance the "gang" became disorganized and several of the leaders were arrested and sent to the Mississippi penitentiary, the others leaving for parts unknown.

In the early fall of 1835, "Davy" Crockett and a party of Tennesseans passed through Little Rock *en route* to Texas to assist the patriots in their struggle to free themselves from the Mexican yoke.

When it was known that the noted Tennessean was in town a committee waited upon him to tender him a complimentary dinner. When the committee, of which Col. Robertson Childers was chairman, reached the hotel, they found a number of strangers sitting on the porch, and on inquiring for Col. Crockett, were informed that he was in the back yard slaughtering a deer, which he had killed some five miles out of town. There they found the future hero of the "Alamo" engaged in his bloody task. Upon being addressed by Col. Childers, Crockett turned, and as he faced the speaker, exclaimed: "Robertson Childers, as I'm alive," recognizing in the Colonel an old Tennessee acquaintance. Referring to the deer he was engaged in skinning, he remarked: "I made him turn ends at two hundred

yards." Old hunters will appreciate this turning of ends. The Rifle Club of Philadelphia had recently presented Col. Crockett with a magnificent rifle of the most approved pattern, the stock and barrel of which was richly inlaid with silver. This relic is still in the possession of his grandson, Col. Bob Crockett, of Arkansas County; also, the old fashioned timepiece, with its buckskin guard intact (as it was taken from its owner's body after the fall of the "Alamo.") The rifle with which he had made the deer "turn ends at two hundred yards" was a long, old fashioned deer rifle, with flint lock, and which he tenderly referred to as "Old Bet."

Col. Crockett declined the dinner, stating that he and some of his neighbors were on their way to Texas to assist the people of that Province to gain their independence, and that they were anxious to reach the scene of conflict. He remarked at the same time that he hoped there were no deputy marshals present, having in mind, doubtless, President Jackson's order of neutrality. He was assured that he might freely express his sentiments on that question, as the people of Arkansas were in deep sympathy with the Texans in the present struggle.

While declining the public dinner, Col. Crockett informed the committee that he would be pleased to address the citizens for a short time that evening. An impromptu banquet was hurriedly gotten up at the City Hotel on Elm street, kept by Charles L. Jeffries.

As a matter of course, Colonel Crockett was the principal speaker, and his speech was devoted mainly to the subject of Texan independence. He, however, dwelt at some length upon the causes that had brought about his recent defeat for re-election to Congress.

I was very agreeably suprised in Colonel Crockett, both as to his manners and personal appearance. I had always been of the impression that the clown was one of his leading characteristics. His manner was dignified and gentlemanly, and, while he showed some lack of a thorough education, he displayed a wide range of information upon the leading topics of the day. While his speech abounded in flashes of wit and humor, it never descended to the clownish or vulgar.

That night after the banquet was over Crockett and his party again took up their march towards the Province of Texas.

It would be almost beyond the stretch of the most vivid imagination for a visitor to the city of Hot Springs to-day to realize in the smallest degree the appearance of the primitive village of Hot Springs as I first saw it fifty-nine years ago, nestling in the valley of the Ozark mountains, through which the little creek ran unconfined. At that time the village was the county seat of Hot Spring County, and consisted of two log store-houses, one of which was kept by Hiram A. Whittington, a pioneer printer, who was an honored resident of the

place until his death, which occurred recently. The other store was owned by Ludovicus Belding, father of Major Albert Belding, of Little Rock. The hotel, if such it could be called, was merely a group of log cabins, and was kept by one Lawson Runyon. The earliest visitors to the Springs usually built for themselves log cabins, or occupied tents.

Some of the springs had fitted into them wooden curbing and hollowed out gum logs. The great vapor spring was surmounted by a rude box-like contrivance, in which the patient was placed to undergo the sweating process.

It is not the purpose of the writer of these sketches to attempt to give here a full description of this health renewing valley, with its romantic surroundings, which abounds in numerous and striking works of nature. This task has been essayed by other and abler pens, with varying degrees of success. No pen or pencil, however touched with the fire of genius, or of romance, can give a true description of, or do full justice to, this wonderful sanitarium of Nature's own providing. It must be seen and thoroughly explored to be adequately appreciated.

Our province is to record impressions of men and manners, and, incidentally, of things.

The curative properties of these hot waters had long been known, but their almost inaccessibility had prevented any large number of invalids from seeking their healing touch.

The trip from Little Rock to these Springs had to be made in private conveyance, over rough and dangerous roads, and few invalids were equal to the hardships and fatigue of such a journey. In a short time, however, a line of Troy coaches was put on and the trip was then made with somewhat more ease and comfort.

I met here, for the first time, Mr. Roswell Beebe. When he arrived at Little Rock from New Orleans, then his place of residence, he had to be carried from the steamboat on a litter, so acute were his attacks of rheumatism. He was placed in a wagon and conveyed to Hot Springs. When I saw him a few months afterwards he was climbing all over the mountains, with the strength and agility of renewed youth. Col. Frederick Notrebe and family were also there, camping in tents.

The first permanent resident physician at Hot Springs was Dr. William A. Hammond, a man of much ability in his profession, and who located at the Springs sometime in 1850.

It is a tradition that Ponce de Leon, the great Spanish adventurer, visited these Springs in his vain search after the fabled "Fountain of Perpetual Youth." It is a pretty well authenticated fact that the early Spanish and French adventurers, and Indians, resorted to these waters for health and recuperation.

The days of the Territory were now about numbered, and the last Territorial Legislature met

October 5, 1835, and held its sittings in the old Henderliter house on the northwest corner of Cumberland and Mulberry (Third street) streets. This old log house is still standing, and was at that time the property of Thomas Thorn, one of the contractors of the new State House, that was to be.

The most important measure passed at this session was a bill calling a Constitutional Convention to frame a State Constitution to be submitted to Congress upon Arkansas applying to be admitted into the Union as a State. The population of the Territory was now nearly 48,000.

Up to this time Arkansas had not within her borders a town dignified with the title of city. The Territory was rapidly increasing in population and material wealth, and was about to ask of Congress that the dignity and authority of Statehood might be conferred upon her. In order to keep pace with the times and enlarge its corporate powers, the citizens of the capital held an important meeting on October 20, 1835, to take steps to procure from the Legislature a city charter for Little Rock. The meeting was presided over by the Rev. W. W. Stevenson, a gentleman who always took a deep interest in the prosperity of the community. A committee composed of Col. De Lafayette Roysdon, afterwards a prominent citizen of Chicot County; Col. Chester Ashley; Judge David Rover; Dr. Alden Sprague; Major Peter T. Crutchfield; Rev. W. W. Stevenson and Captain Albert Pike, was ap-

pointed to draft a city charter to be laid before the Legislative Assembly. The charter was granted, and at the first election for city officers under it, Jesse Brown was elected Mayor; Jefferson Smith, City Recorder; Thomas J. Sutton, City Marshal; and John Hutt Judge of the City Court.

The great and noble never lack for biographers, but the humble and lowly are not often taken note of, however much they may have been identified with the up-building of a country's prosperity.

In this view of the case, I may be pardoned, perhaps, for devoting a short space to the first mayor of the city of Little Rock. Jesse Brown was a native of Massachusetts and came to Arkansas in early days. He was a veritable "Caleb Quotem," and combined the duties of justice of the peace, school teacher, bookkeeper, clerk in the post-office, house and sign painter and glazier and tinker in general, and was withal a man of good common sense and intelligence. Whenever this man of many resources would leave the post-office for any purpose, he would affix to the office door a card reading somewhat like this: "Gone to paint Mr. A's house," or "Gone to put in a pane of glass at Mr. B's," or "Posting Mr. C's books," or "Taking depositions at Mr. D's office." He never seemed to be idle. Mr. Brown was extremely fond of a social game of cards, and sometimes, to make the game more interesting, money was bet. On one occasion he became engaged in a game of cards for gain with a Mr.

Wyatt Thompson, who was an overmatch for the future mayor. He lost all his ready money and his mare and colt to his opponent, and at the end of the game was still in Thompson's debt, to cover which he gave his note payable in "science and literature." It is not recorded that the holder of the note ever demanded payment, however.

In 1836, and for some years previous, two wealthy and influential families, the McKees and Scotts, lived in the Ashley Mills neighborhood, in the eastern part of Pulaski County, and had fine plantations in the rich alluvial river bottoms.

The McKee family consisted of four unmarried brothers, one a lad living in Little Rock and clerking in the store of Jacob Reider, and two sisters.

Alex McKee, the elder brother, was looked upon as the head of the family.

The McKee brothers, with the exception of the third brother, who was afflicted, were handsome and intelligent, and the second brother, William, was a dashing and gallant fellow.

The Scott family consisted of Major William Scott and wife, three grown sons and a daughter, whose names I have now forgotten.

Major Scott was of an old aristocratic Kentucky family, and had come to Arkansas in early times.

The daughter of this house and Alex McKee became very much enamored of each other and determined to marry. The Scott family strenuously opposed the match, but finally gave their consent to

the union, and the nuptials were celebrated with old time planter hospitality.

The country gentry for miles around were invited to the wedding, and the negroes from the quarters were given a holiday, and, dressed up in their "Sunday best," were permitted to view the ceremony and afterwards partake of their master's bounty.

While in the "big house" the festivities were enlivened by the usual plantation orchestra, a first and second fiddle and, perhaps, a banjo. The ebony hued, white haired old negro leader, feeling the importance of his position, and, doubtless, encouraged by a "wee drop" from the master's private stock, would throw all his energies into his elbow and the house would reverberate to the sounds of "Money Musk," "Annie Dickson" and "Devil Among the Tailors," until dancers and musicians would fain cry "quarters."

There was, however, on the occasion referred to, an occurrence which marred the pleasure of the festivities.

Buford Scott, the elder brother of the bride, absented himself from the ceremony, refusing to see his sister married.

William McKee, the groom's brother, made inquiry concerning young Scott's absence, and was given some evasive answer. He became very much incensed at this breach of etiquette and left the house in anger. Major Scott endeavored to ex-

plain his son's absence and tried to prevail upon young McKee to remain his guest, but to no purpose. This episode threw a damper upon the affair and was the course of much future comment among the neighbors.

In this same neighborhood lived a very estimable young lady to whom both William McKee and Buford Scott were paying marked attention.

Shortly after the marriage of Alex McKee to Miss Scott, William McKee rode over one Sunday morning to the house of the young lady of his choice to escort her to church. When he reached the house he found that his rival had come over the night before, and, in country fashion, had been the guest of the young lady's parents over night.

McKee was cordially received by the family, and when he told the young lady that he had come to escort her to church she courteously informed him that she already had an escort, Buford Scott, but invited him to join the party. McKee said nothing at the time, and soon the party, consisting of several persons, were on their way to the church, some distance off.

McKee rode up alongside of Scott and suddenly struck him a stinging blow across the face with his riding whip. Both men jumped from their horses, but the young lady quickly dismounted and threw herself between the enraged men and prevented an unseemly fight.

Not long after the encounter just related McKee and Scott met in DeBaun's store in Little Rock



HOT SPRINGS FORTY YEARS AGO. (From an old engraving.)



and McKee renewed the quarrel and attempted to strike Scott over the head with an iron spade. Scott defended himself, but persons in the store prevented any damage being done to either party. The two men were arrested and put under heavy bonds to keep the peace for twelve months. It was hoped by the friends and families of the two young men that this would put an end to the unfortunate matter.

On Christmas Eve, 1836, the McKee family was enjoying a late dinner, having as a guest on that occasion General Hardy Robinson, an old pioneer citizen of the neighborhood. After dinner, when General Robinson went out to where his horse was hitched, William McKee accompanied him. Just then Buford Scott passed, driving a four horse team, the wagon loaded with cypress logs. When McKee saw Scott he turned to his companion and said, "Do you see the impudence of that d—d scoundrel in passing this house?" "Yes," replied General Robinson, "I see Buford Scott driving past, but is this not a public road?"

"It is," said McKee, "but I have forbidden that fellow to come by this house."

Gen. Robinson endeavored to persuade young McKee to cease the unseemly quarrel, and urged him to remember that he and Scott were now connected by marriage, his brother's wife being Buford Scott's sister. He also stated that everybody in the neighborhood was talking about the affair, and

pointed out the folly and danger he might incur by constantly abusing and making threats against Scott. He showed McKee that some accident might befall Scott, of which he might be wholly innocent, but that suspicion would naturally point to him as being implicated in it.

When McKee returned to the house after bidding Gen. Robinson good-bye at the gate, he took down his rifle and went out in the direction of the barn, telling his sister-in-law that he was going to the woods to shoot squirrels.

Gen. Robinson had hardly gotten a mile on his road home when Buford Scott lay in the public road a corpse.

Young Scott, not returning home after dark had set in, the family became somewhat uneasy about him. His brothers and several servants, with torches, set out to search for him, thinking that, perhaps, his wagon had become disabled. After going along the road for some distance, they found the team drawn to one side of the road and one of the front wheels of the wagon locked against a tree. A little further on the searching party discovered the body of the young man, cold in death, having been shot in the head from behind.

Suspicion at once centered upon William McKee as having committed the murder, and he and his brother Alex were both arrested and taken to Little Rock and placed in jail. When the grand jury met they were jointly indicted for the murder of Buford Scott.

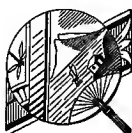
On the trial the indicted men elected to sever, and Alex McKee was tried first; but, there not being a particle of evidence against him, he was promptly acquitted.

When William McKee's trial came on a stubborn fight for his life was made by his attorneys, Fowler & Cummins, but the evidence of his guilt was overwhelming. The most damaging testimony against him was that of Alex McKee's wife. He was convicted and sentenced to be hung.

The day after William McKee's conviction Alex McKee walked into court and made affidavit that *he* killed Buford Scott. No one believed his statement, however, and no official notice was taken of it. It was looked upon as a last resort on his part to save his brother's life. After the execution of his brother, Alex McKee went to reside in Louisiana and never saw his wife and child again, the wife returning to the bosom of her own family, where she led the life of a recluse.

One of the saddest episodes of this sad affair is yet to be told. Albert, the youngest of the McKee brothers, a handsome and manly but slightly built little fellow, about 15 years old, and a general favorite with everybody, sat by his brother William's side during the whole of the trial, with his brother's hand clasped tightly in his own delicate little hand. When the verdict of guilty was rendered the boy fainted dead away in his brother's arms and died shortly afterwards, it is said, of a

broken heart. There is no doubt that the terrible shock to his overwrought delicate nervous organism caused the little fellow's death. He stood by his brother in trouble and followed him in death.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL PERIOD.

The Constitutional Convention met at Little Rock, January 4, 1836, and was held in the Presbyterian Church, on the east side of Main street, near the corner of Cherry (Second) Street. The building stood about the middle of the lot and somewhat back from the street.

The Convention organized by the election of John Wilson, of Clark County, President, and Chas. P. Bertrand, of Pulaski County, Secretary.

There were thirty-one counties represented, and fifty delegates had seats in the Convention.

The Convention of 1836 was composed of as fine looking and intelligent men as ever assembled together in Arkansas, before or since. There were such men as Absalom Fowler, Terrence Farrelly, Bushead W. Lee, John Wilson, Anthony H. Davies, Dr. Nimrod Meniffee, Judge James Woodson Bates, Grandison D. Royston, Sam C. Roane, James S. Conway, Townsend Dickinson, Judge Andrew Scott, Thomas S. Drew, Travis G. Wright, Judge Thomas J. Lacy, Henry L. Biscoe, Elijah

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Kelly, Wm. McK. Ball, David Walker and others whose names I do not remember.

Grandison D. Royston, one of the delegates from Hempstead County, was, in after years, President of the Convention of 1874, which framed our present State Constitution.

The two most important matters that engaged the attention of the Convention were the ordinances relating to the suffrage or representation in the Legislature, and authorizing the Legislature to provide by law for establishing the State and Real Estate Banks. On these two questions the Convention found itself very much divided. The opposition to the establishment of the banks, led by Mr. Fowler, was that it would create a large debt which the State would ultimately have to pay; and also that the issue of these banks would be practically worthless outside the State. The realization of this prophecy, if such it can be called, was not long delayed, as witness the "Holford Bond" and other bank cases. The opposition also pointed to the fact that Arkansas was already flooded with the notes of other State banks, some of which were utterly worthless, while others were received only at a discount.

The friends of the measure urged as one of the reasons why the State should establish these banks that the issue of home institutions would drive out of circulation in the State the notes of foreign banks and cause the home product to be received at

par. The bank ordinance was finally adopted and became a part of the organic law.

The other question upon which the Convention came very nearly being disrupted was that of representation. One party contended for the three-fifth rule, *i. e.*, making the whole number of both whites and blacks the basis of representation in the Legislature. The other, and weakest party, contended for the white basis alone.

The three-fifth rule was adopted, which gave those counties having a large negro population the lion's share of representatives.

The Convention finished its labors on the 30th day of January, 1836, having been in session about twenty-six days.

An engrossed draft of the Constitution as adopted was intrusted to the care of Mr. C. F. M. Noland to bear to Washington and lay the same before Congress, where he arrived March 8, 1836.

On June 15, 1836, Congress passed the bill admitting Arkansas into the Sisterhood of States.

During the meeting of the Constitutional Convention leading Democrats and Whigs from different parts of the Territory held caucuses, at which State Central Committees were appointed and clothed with authority to call State Conventions to nominate candidates for State officers and Congressmen, in anticipation of the Territory becoming a State.

The Democratic State Convention was called for April 12, and that of the Whigs on the 19th of the same month.

When the Conventions met, James S. Conway was nominated by the Democrats for Governor and Archibald Yell for Congress. The Whigs chose Absalom Fowler as their standard bearer, and Wm. Cummins was nominated for Congressman.

Presidential electors were also chosen by the two parties, at their respective Conventions.

The campaign which was inaugurated at this time was of more than usual interest, for it was the first one at which candidates for State offices and Presidential electors went before the people to discuss the political questions of the day. Heretofore, Arkansas, being a Territory, had no voice in choosing a President. Mr. Conway, the Democratic nominee for Governor, did not, however, meet his opponent, Mr. Fowler, on the stump, assigning as one of the reasons for his failure to do so that his duties as Surveyor-General of the Territory precluded his taking any active part in the canvass. Besides he had already given his views on National and State affairs in a letter to the public. Mr. Conway did not pretend to be a speaker, but was essentially a man of the very highest order of business talent. His public letter, above referred to, was a masterly presentation of the questions before the country, from a Democratic standpoint.

It may, perhaps, be well to state that this campaign took place during the months of April and May, 1836, while Arkansas was yet a Territory.

FREE MASONRY.

The first introduction of Free Masonry into Arkansas is so enveloped in the mist of uncertainty that no reliable or satisfactory information in the matter is now attainable. Certain it is, however, that the mystic rites were not entirely unknown to the early Spanish and French occupants of the land.

In an admirable address delivered before the Grand Lodge of Arkansas, by Dr. E. R. DuVal, of Fort Smith, the following interesting bit of Masonic history is found: "Tradition, vague and uncertain, informs us that Masonry was first introduced into Arkansas by the Spanish about one hundred years ago, and that it was at the Post of Arkansas where they established a Lodge. How long it existed and what it did, there is no voice to answer; the dead past has the secret locked in its silent breast.

"In 1819, Brother Andrew Scott, acting as W. : M. : of a Masonic Lodge, working under Dispensation in Potosi, Washington county, Mo., received the appointment of Superior Judge of the Territory of Arkansas. The officers and brethren of said Lodge thought it advisable to surrender their letter of Dispensation, and did so accordingly, Brother Scott at the same time praying the Grand Lodge for permission to retain possession of the Lodge Jewels as a presentation to the first Masonic Lodge in the Territory of Arkansas, which was granted. Bro. Scott settled at the Post of Arkan-

sas, the seat of government of the Territory. In 1819, a number of the brethren petitioned the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, at an adjourned meeting begun and held on the 29th day of November, 1819, for letters of Dispensation for "Arkansas Lodge," at the Post of Arkansas. On the 30th day of November said petition was presented to the Grand Lodge (Kentucky) by Grand Senior Warden McKinney, which was granted, and on the 1st day of December, 1819, Bro. Robert Johnson was installed W. M. of "Arkansas Lodge" U. D.; the aforesaid Jewels being presented said Lodge by Bro. Scott.

"When the seat of government was removed to Little Rock, many of the brethren dimitted, which caused the Lodge to surrender the Dispensation. Bro. Scott again obtained permission to retain the Jewels as a presentation to the next oldest Lodge of Arkansas Territory."

Upon the demise of "Arkansas Lodge" Masonry in Arkansas seems to have slumbered for several years, and it was not until 1836, that interest in the matter was again revived.

In that year, Dr. DuVal tells us, "A number of brethren petitioned the Grand Lodge of Tennessee for a Dispensation for a new Lodge at Fayetteville, Washington County, to be called Washington Lodge. The petition was granted, and Bro. Scott presented said Lodge with the aforesaid Jewels."

The following Lodges met in Convention at Little Rock, on the 21st day of November, A. D.

1838, and proceeded to organize a Grand Lodge, to-wit :

Washington Lodge No. 82, Fayetteville, working under authority of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee, and represented by Onesimus Evans, Past Master; Washington L. Wilson, Robert Bedford, A. Whennery, R. C. S. Brown, Samuel Adams and Williamson S. Oldham.

Western Star Lodge No. 43, Little Rock, working under authority of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, represented by William Gilchrist, Past Master; Charles L. Jeffries, Past Master; Nicholas Peay, Past Master; Edward Cross, Past Master; Thomas Parsel, Dr. Alden Sprague and John Morris.

Morning Star Lodge No. 42, Post of Arkansas, working under authority of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, represented by John W. Pullen.

Mount Horeb Lodge, Washington, U. D. of the Grand Lodge of Alabama, represented by James H. Walker, Allen M. Oakley, Joseph W. McKean and James Trigg.

Upon the permanent organization of the Grand Lodge of Arkansas, William Gilchrist was elected the first Grand Master, and George C. Watkins the first Grand Secretary.

Following up the old Jewels, Dr. DuVal informs us that, "In 1845, Clarksville Lodge surrendered her Charter, and Bro. John H. Strong, M. W. of Franklin Lodge, No. 9, being appointed by the

Grand Lodge to take possession of all moneys, books, papers, furniture, etc., belonging to said Lodge, and send same up to the Grand Lodge, with permission to retain the historic Jewels for the use and benefit of Franklin Lodge No. 9, in whose possession they were in 1857. On the 27th of October, 1857, Franklin Lodge, by resolution, presented to the Grand Lodge of Arkansas the aforesaid Jewels."

* * * Bro. Andrew Scott installed the officers of Arkansas Lodge at the Post of Arkansas in 1819, and the Apron on that occasion worn by him was worn subsequently by our present M. W. Grand Master, Sam W. Williams, on the 24th day of June 1869, on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of Dover Female Academy, Dover, Pope County, Ark.

"This Apron is a dear souvenir of the past, and had it language, much of interest to the Craft it might tell, and furnish many links now lost, probably forever, in the chain binding the past with the present. This Apron is now in the possession of Bro. John R. Homer Scott, son of Bro. Andrew Scott."

There died in this year at the Capital, a man whose career had been somewhat remarkable, and whose eccentricities were very striking. Bernard Smith, for many years Registrar of the United States Land Office at Little Rock, was a native of New Jersey, and a graduate of Princeton College. When he reached his majority he was elected to a seat in the Legislature of his native State. During

the war of 1812 he was sent by this Government as the bearer of secret dispatches to the United States Minister at the court of Napoleon. He became an attache of the American Embassy at Paris, France, and remained there until the Treaty of Ghent, when he returned to the United States. Mr. Smith possessed remarkably fine conversational powers and was never so pleased as when entertaining his auditors with a description of his residency at the French capital and his visits to Napoleon I and Lafayette. The one drawback to his narrative was that in his extreme absent-mindedness he would relate the same story to you over and over whenever occasion offered, totally oblivious of the fact that you had heard it from his own lips for, perhaps, the twentieth time.

He was of the most lovable disposition and singleness of mind, and was the freest from guile, I think, of any man I ever knew. I remember once taking supper at his house, a little distance out of town in the country, when a rather amusing incident occurred.

It was in the month of October and the evenings were a little chilly. A fire had been lit in the dining room and we sat around it to await supper. The daughter of the house, Virginia, a comely damsel in her teens, brought in a plate heaping full of nice crisp biscuits and placed it on the hearth to keep warm, pending further preparations. Mr. Smith was in his most talkative vein that evening,

and every now and then he would reach down and take a biscuit and proceed to eat it. By the time supper was announced only three biscuits remained on the plate, and supper had to be delayed until a fresh supply could be prepared. The family never referred to the incident, but took it as a matter of course. When his pony was brought out of mornings for him to ride to town upon, unless some member of the family was present to see to it that he got upon the animal's back, he would trudge all the way to town on foot, the pony following on behind. This absent-minded gentleman had been two terms a member of Congress from New Jersey, in 1816 and 1818, but was defeated in 1820, on account of his vote on the Missouri compromise question. He was appointed by President Monroe, in 1821, Registrar of the United States Land Office at Little Rock and held the position until his death, in 1835. He was a most capable and painstaking official, despite his peculiarities.

An event occurred in Arkansas about this time which of itself would be considered of but little importance—simply the arrest and subsequent escape of a criminal from justice from another State—were it not for the peculiar circumstances surrounding the man's past life, and the verification of the old adage that "murder will out."

At the sessions of the Arkansas Territorial Legislatures of 1833 and 1835, St. Francis County was represented by a man known in his county as John

Hill, and so appeared upon the rosters of the House of Representatives, but whose real name, as it was afterwards found, was Nixon Curry.

In the year 1822, one Nixon Curry was arrested in Iredell County, North Carolina, charged with the crime of negro stealing and was convicted and sentenced to a term of years in the State Penitentiary at Raleigh. Before he could be taken to the State prison he broke jail and fled to the mountains, where an ineffectual attempt to recapture him resulted in the death of some of the sheriff's posse. After remaining in hiding for some time, he managed to elude the officers and escaped to the country then occupied by a band of Cherokee Indians, in what are now Conway and Pope Counties, Arkansas. Here he soon married a Miss Bolinger and went to live in St. Francis County, and began to lead a quiet and contented life, greatly esteemed by his neighbors and acquaintances, for he was possessed of more than ordinary intelligence for a backwoodsman, and was very companionable. He became of so much influence among the people of the county that they elected him to the Territorial Legislature for two terms, as I have already shown.

Sometime in the month of May, 1836, some movers, emigrating from North Carolina, crossed the St. Francis River at Strong's Ferry. It so happened, that day of all, that Curry, *alias* Hill, was standing on the bank of the river when these movers crossed. One of the men of the party

stepped up to him and addressed him as Curry. Curry stoutly denied that that was his name and stated that he was John Hill. The mover, nothing daunted, persisted in calling him Nixon Curry and called up some of his companions to identify Curry, which they did not hesitate to do. Curry became very indignant and most vehemently denied ever having been in North Carolina. Some of the emigrating party went before a magistrate and made affidavit that Nixon Curry *alias* John Hill was a fugitive from justice. They also stated that there was a standing reward of five thousand dollars offered by the Governor of North Carolina for Curry's arrest and delivery to the North Carolina authorities. The sheriff of St. Francis county wrote to the authorities of Iredell county, North Carolina, giving the facts in the matter as I have detailed them, and asking for full particulars.

In answer to the Sheriff's letter, the North Carolina authorities sent him a copy of the *Raleigh News*, containing the Governor's proclamation offering a reward for the arrest of Nixon Curry, and giving a full description of the man. Upon satisfactory proof that Curry was located in Arkansas, the Governor of North Carolina issued a requisition upon the Governor of Arkansas Territory for his arrest and delivery to an agent of the State of North Carolina.

Gov. Fulton issued his warrant to the Sheriff of St. Francis County to cause to be arrested

Curry *alias* Hill, and to deliver his body to the custody of the agent of the State of North Carolina. The warrant was duly executed and the prisoner was placed under guard pending the arrival of an officer from North Carolina. Curry's good conduct during the time he had been a citizen of St. Francis County—nearly fourteen years—had made him many warm friends and admirers among the people of the community in which he lived, and a large part of them were opposed to his being returned to North Carolina and to State's prison. They had known him long and intimately as a law abiding citizen and could not bring themselves to believe in his guilt. Accordingly, in a wrong and mistaken view of the case, some of Curry's friends overpowered his guard and released him. This much hunted man fled to the Cache swamps, where a number of his most devoted friends gathered about him and determined that he should not be re-arrested. He was followed into the swamp by the sheriff and his posse, and a skirmish ensued in which the sheriff's party was considerably worsted and Curry was severely wounded in the shoulder. Curry finally left his hiding place in the Cache bottoms and returned to the locality in which he had married fourteen years before, and which had become a part of Pope County.

After his escape from St. Francis County the sheriff offered a reward of four hundred dollars for his arrest. Curry was shortly afterwards taken by

surprise while living in Pope County, and was apprehended and conveyed to the Conway County jail for safekeeping. He did not remain in jail long, however, for a party of his friends visited the jail at Lewisburg and compelled the jailor to release him. He at once returned to his home in Pope County and no further attempt was ever made to molest him. The long time elapsing since the commission of his crimes in North Carolina, and his subsequent good behavior until recognized by the movers from his old home, had rendered the authorities and the people indifferent in the matter.

Curry's life had a tragic ending, however. He now became a very hard drinker and quarrelsome. In 1841, in the spring I think, he was killed with his own knife, at Norristown, by Vincent L. Hutton, with whom he became involved in a quarrel.

There is yet another circumstance connected with this man whom the fates seemed to delight in pursuing. On one of his trips to the Capital in 1833, or 1835, he stopped at a farm house in what is now Prairie county. At the supper table that night the hostess asked him if his name was not Curry. He assured her that it was not but that it was Hill. After looking at him very intently for a few seconds the woman remarked, "You remind me very much of a man I once knew in Iredell county, North Carolina." Nothing more was said upon the subject until after supper, when Curry sought an interview with the woman and confessed to her

that he *was* Nixon Curry. He also stated to her that he had long since reformed and was endeavoring to lead a good and useful life; and furthermore he was now the head of a family, and that if she exposed him now it would ruin him and bring great distress upon an innocent wife and children. He so worked upon the good woman's feelings that she promised not to reveal his identity, and she kept her word.



CHAPTER XV.

ARKANSAS A STATE.

The bill admitting Arkansas into the Union passed Congress June 15, 1836, and was signed by the President the next day.

The election for Governor, a Congressman, Presidential Electors and members of the Legislature was held on the first Monday in August of that year, and James S. Conway was elected Governor and Archibald Yell Congressman. The Presidential Electors chosen were all Democrats and when the time arrived cast the three Electoral votes of the State for Martin Van Buren of New York and Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky.

After Arkansas had become a State, but before the election and inauguration of a Governor, the State was called upon by the Federal Government for troops for active service on the frontier.

After the regular United States troops stationed at the several forts in the Indian country had been withdrawn to assist Gen. Taylor in the Seminole War, the Comanches, the Pawnees and the Lipans, wild tribes of the plains, made frequent

and bloody incursions against their more peaceable neighbors, the Choctaws and the Chickasaws.

According to the treaty stipulations, the Government of the United States was bound to protect these last named Indians against the wild tribes.

President Jackson accordingly made a requisition upon the Governor of Arkansas for one full regiment of cavalry. Gov. Fulton, who was still the acting Governor, issued his proclamation calling for one regiment of mounted volunteers.

The first company to respond was the one recruited by Absalom Fowler during his canvass for the office of Governor. After his defeat at the August election he completed the organization of the company and was elected captain. The regiment was to be composed of ten companies, five of which were to rendezvous at Little Rock and five at Van Buren, and then to proceed to Washington, Hempstead County, to be mustered into the service.

The regiment remained in active service, with headquarters at Fort Towson, Indian Territory, until February 1837, when it was disbanded, its services being no longer required.

The first session of the State Legislature met September 12, 1836, in the new Capitol, the main building of which was then about completed. In the Senate Sam C. Roane, of Jefferson County, was elected President, and A. J. Greer Secretary. John Wilson, of Clark County, was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Samuel H. Hemp-

stead, of Pulaski County, Clerk. The vote for State officers having been canvassed, James S. Conway was declared elected Governor for the term of four years.

The first attempt at any kind of public display upon the occasion of the inauguration of a Governor of Arkansas took place when Governor-elect James S. Conway was inducted into office.

At 3 o'clock, September 13, 1836, a procession, consisting of a band of music, Capt. Kavanaugh's company of mounted volunteers from Randolph County and a large concourse of citizens, led by Mr. James DeBaun, chief marshal, and Dr. Holt and Major Thorn, *aides*, marched to Mr. Conway's residence and escorted him to the State House, where the inaugural ceremonies were held. The Governor-elect was attended by the Hon. Ambrose H. Sevier, Judge Edward Cross, Lieut.-Col. Rector, United States Dragoons; Capt. Brown and Lieut. Collins, United States Army. When the procession reached the State House the cavalry opened ranks and the gubernatorial party passed through and into the building. They were met at the door of the House of Representatives by Robert McCamy, of the Senate, and Grandison D. Royston, of the House, and the Governor-elect was escorted to the Speaker's desk, where he delivered his inaugural address and took the oath of office.

At this session of the Legislature, ex-Gov. Wm. S. Fulton and Ambrose H. Sevier were elected

United States Senators, Gov. Fulton drawing the short term of four years. He was re-elected by the Legislature of 1840, for the full term of six years. He did not, however, complete the term for which he was elected, for taking seriously ill in Washington City, he returned home, when, on August 5, 1844, he died, full of honors and the respect of his countrymen.

Under the Constitution of 1836, all the State officers, except Governor and the Judges of the Supreme and Circuit Courts, were elected by the Legislature.

Pursuant to this provision of the organic law, the following complement of State and Judicial officers were chosen: Dr. Robert A. Watkins, Secretary of State; Elias N. Conway, Auditor of State; William E. Woodruff, State Treasurer; Daniel Ringo, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and Thomas J. Lacy and Townsend Dickinson, Associate Justices.

Two of the most important measures passed at this session of the Legislature were the bills chartering the State and Real Estate Banks. It is not purposed to discuss here the history of these banks—their organization, rise, decline and final collapse, further than to say that John Wilson, Speaker of the House of Representatives, became the first President of the Real Estate Bank on its organization.

It would be an undertaking far beyond the limit of my present purpose to fully treat of the bench

and bar of the State. Already in the course of these memoirs mention has been made of some of the leading members of a profession that had in its ranks many learned and able men in Arkansas.

The early days of the State were especially prolific in men of eminent legal ability. It is to be very much doubted if the present day can show so large an array of first-class forensic talent, to say nothing of the question of profound thought, deep research and acquaintance with authorities, and almost unerring judgment in arriving at just and wise conclusions.

To be sure, the field was not so wide, nor the concerns so varied as now, still the multitudinous questions which were constantly being brought before the courts were such as would naturally grow out of the unsettled state of affairs of a new country, and the transition from the Territorial period to Statehood. These questions, which were often of a very complex nature, taxed the ability of counsel to unravel and courts to settle. There was but little mediocre talent on the bench or at the bar in those early days, nor was there any easy and quickly trodden path to preferment in the profession. It was not sufficient that the would-be lawyer have a copy of the statutes under one arm and the code under the other, and but very little of either in his head, to enable him to pass the required ordeal for license to practice. It was also a very difficult matter for a young and untried lawyer to rise in his

profession. He had an apprenticeship to serve and had to be content, at first, with what was tendered him from his master's table, so to speak. But his reward came in time, when, after much study and preparation, and the practice of great patience, which was about all the practice the most of them had for several years, they were invited to come up higher and enjoy their reward, which was usually ample when once a footing was obtained among the elect.

Few, if any, new States could show such an array of legal and oratorical talent and ability as Chester Ashley, David Ringo, A. H. Sevier, Charles A. Caldwell, Albert Pike, Charles P. Bertrand, Absalom Fowler, William and Ebenezer Cummins, Frederick W. Trapnell, Samuel S. Hall, John W. Cocke, Samuel H. Hempstead, Peter T. Crutchfield, George C. Watkins, James M. Curran, John J. Clendennin, Pleasant Jordan, William H. Field and David J. Baldwin, of Little Rock; Jesse Turner, George W. Paschal, William Walker and Richard S. C. Brown, of Crawford County; Townsend Dickinson, W. D. Regan, David Walker, Alfred M. Wilson, Williamson S. Oldham, Wm. McK. Ball, Archibald Yell and S. G. Sneed, of Washington County; Terrence Farrelly, of the Post of Arkansas; William K. Sebastian, Thomas B. Hanly, Chas. W. Adams and William McPherson, of Phillips County; W. H. Sutton and De La Fletcher Roysden, of Chicot County; Daniel T. Wetter, Grandi-

son D. Royston, Edward Cross, John R. Eakin, John P. Field, Thomas Hubbard, James P. Jett, George Conway and William Conway, of Hempstead County; Sam C. and John S. Roane and Martin W. Dorris, of Jefferson County; Thomas J. Lacy, William Beyers, Judge Fairchild, W. C. Denton, William K. Patterson and Thomas Johnson (afterwards of Pulaski), of Independence County; Bennett H. Martin and Tom Murray, of Pope County; Thomas G. Floyd and Felix G. Battson, of Johnson County; Christopher C. Scott, of Camden; Judge Cain, of Randolph County; Green B. Nunn, of Lawrence County, and Albert Rust, of Union County. Some of these men became Governors, Judges of the Supreme and Circuit Courts, Senators and Representatives in Congress and Generals in the Mexican War and in the Confederate Army.

There were, doubtless, others who would fittingly fill a place in this roll of honor, but the long lapse of time intervening between then and now has effaced their names from my memory.

The first term of the Supreme Court of the State of Arkansas began on November 6, 1836, in the unfinished Supreme Court room in the east wing of the Capitol Building, with Judges Ringo, Lacy and Dickinson on the bench.

There was enacted at this first term of the Court a scene which had some of the elements of comedy, if not downright burlesque, about it. The

Legislature, in its assembled wisdom, had passed a law regulating the practice in the Supreme Court, which required that all applicants for license, the old and tried practitioner, as well as the young sprig, should submit their qualifications to another "*favorable* examination," as it was termed, before they should be allowed to practice before the Highest Court in the State. In some of its features the law was a good one, but it did certainly seem awkward, not to say embarrassing, to see old lawyers of long standing, and who had reaped distinction and riches in their chosen profession, brought back to their *hornbooks*, so to speak. John J. Clendennin, Esq., who afterwards occupied a seat on both the Supreme and Circuit Court benches, was treated to the most rigid examination of any, but he came off with flying colors.

Of the original formation of the Judicial Circuits of the State we have space here to mention only the Fifth, or Capital Circuit, composed of the counties of Pulaski, White, Conway, Pope, Perry Yell and Saline, in 1836. The first Judge of the Circuit was Charles A. Caldwell, of Saline County; and John J. Clendennin, of Pulaski County, was the first Prosecuting Attorney.

The State House still being in an unfinished condition, for lack of funds, Congress donated, at this time, an additional five sections of land to the State to complete the buildings.

These lands brought at public auction the sum of \$34,450.

Towards the latter part of September, 1836, Lieut. F. L. Jones, United States Army, arrived from Washington City, charged with the duty of selecting a site for a United States Arsenal to be established at Little Rock. The present site, which has recently been converted into a city park, was selected.

The tract of land, which contained a fraction over thirty-six acres, was part of the 1000 acres donated by Congress to build a Territorial Court House and Jail, and had been purchased from the Governor by Richard C. Hawkins, who established a race-course on the land and fitted up the grounds in first-class condition for racing purposes.

In 1837 active preparations for putting up the buildings were begun. At first a few small frame buildings for the temporary use of a small number of troops and workmen were built.

The first building of a permanent character to be erected was the Armory, located on the east side of the grounds and constructed of brick, with heavy stone foundations. All of the principal buildings were of brick and stone. The stone for foundation and basement work was obtained from Big Rock.

The next building to go up was the Barracks, a large two-story and basement structure facing north, with upper and lower verandas running the full length of the building.

The officers' quarters, or "Tower Building," the most imposing of the group of buildings, followed.

The Commandant's residence, a handsome two-story and basement house just west of the "Tower Building," was the last of the large buildings to be erected.

Additional buildings were erected from time to time as the necessities of the service required, and it was not until after 1841 that all the original buildings were completed.

The grand stand on the race-course was moved to the southwest part of the grounds and fitted up for use as a stable for army horses.

In 1838 the armament at the Arsenal consisted of sixteen six-pounder cannon, 8,500 muskets and accoutrements complete, 1500 Hall's rifles complete, thirty barrels of rifle powder, 7000 pounds of rifle balls and 1,000,000 musket ball and buck-shot cartridges.

There were never any large number of troops stationed here until during and after the Civil War. Before that time the Arsenal was used principally for storing arms and military stores for use on the frontier.

At various periods different officers were detailed to superintend the work, one of whom I remember with much distinctness. In 1840, Major Richard Hannum, an old officer of the War of 1812, retired on half-pay, was the military store-keeper. Major Hannum gained recognition for conspicuous bravery at the defense of Fort Stevenson, Ohio, against the combined forces of the British and Indians in 1812.

The State of Kentucky presented the old hero a magnificent sword, the scabbard and hilt of which were of solid gold.

In the fall of 1836 a military company, called the First Company of Arkansas Artillery—commonly known as “Pike’s Artillery”—was organized at Little Rock and mustered into the service of the State. The first officers of the company were, Captain, Dr. John T. Fulton; First Lieutenant, Albert Pike; Second Lieutenant, William F. Pope. Shortly after the organization of the company, Dr. Fulton resigned the captaincy and Albert Pike was elected Captain and David W. Carroll (for sixteen years the Chancellor of the Pulaski Chancery Court), First Lieutenant. The company was supplied with two six-pounder field pieces, and became very adept in handling the guns. The company was also drilled in infantry tactics and was very efficient in the manual of arms and in the field movements. The uniforms, of which there were two, consisted of a full suit of black broad-cloth, the coat cut swallow tail and faced with red. The trousers were of the same material, with a wide gold braid down the outside seams. For headgear they had black beaver Shakos, with red pompons. For summer wear, the uniform was a gray blouse, with red trimmings, white duck trousers and gray fatigue caps. The guns, sabres and muskets were supplied by the State, but the members, of which there were forty, rank and file, furnished their own

uniforms, which were procured in the city of New York, where a special agent of the company was sent for that purpose.

The Real Estate and State Banks having suspended specie payment, the Governor issued his proclamation convening the Legislature in extra session to take some action in the matter, and for other purposes.

That body met in extra session on the first Monday in November, 1837, and proceeded to the consideration of the matters laid before it.

A bill was passed renewing and amending the charters of the banks and legalizing the suspension of specie payment. Aside from the matters relating to the banks, the discussions of which were of the bitterest description between the supporters and opponents of the institutions, but little else was done at this session, although it will ever be memorable as the occasion of one of the bloodiest and most dastardly crimes that ever stained the pages of Arkansas' history—the killing of J. J. Anthony, a member from Randolph County, by John Wilson, Speaker of the House of Representatives, during the open session of the House. The facts of this terrible tragedy are about as follows: A member from Marion County had introduced a bill—said to have been written by Wm. F. Hicks, now of Lonoke County, then a young man residing in Little Rock, at the request of the member from Marion, who it was also said was unable to write, or at least to

formulate a bill—to increase the bounty on wolf scalps from \$1.50 to \$2.50. On the second reading of the bill, an amendment was offered to the effect that the person killing a wolf should be allowed to deposit the scalp with the nearest justice of the peace, who should issue his certificate of the fact, which certificate should be receivable in payment of county taxes.

Mr. Anthony, who had taken a leading part in opposition to re-chartering the banks, moved as an amendment to the amendment that the certificate so issued by the magistrate should be countersigned by the President of the Real Estate Bank, referring to John Wilson, Speaker of the House, who was also at that time president of said bank. This was a home thrust, which the Speaker very keenly felt, and he excitedly and peremptorily ruled Anthony out of order and commanded him to take his seat. This Anthony refused to do, saying that he stood there as the representative of the people of Randolph County and that he was entitled to the floor and should refuse to resign it at the dictates of John Wilson. Instead of calling upon the Sergeant-at-Arms to enforce order, the Speaker, livid with rage, left the chair, saying: "Then, I will make you." As he descended from the Speaker's stand, he drew his knife and advanced down the aisle to where Anthony was standing behind his desk. As Wilson approached nearer, Anthony, who was a very large and powerfully built man, over

six feet tall, weighing 200 pounds, and by no means a coward, said, in rather conciliatory terms, "My remarks were intended as a joke." Wilson, however, continued to advance, and as he did so Anthony drew his knife, stepped into the aisle and awaited his antagonist's coming. Grandison D. Royston, a member from Hempstead County, who occupied a seat near Anthony's, raised a chair and thrust it between the now infuriated foes. Both men grasped the chair with their left hand and began cutting at each other, and Anthony inflicted a slight wound on Wilson's left arm. At the second attempt to reach his enemy Anthony's knife flew out of his hand and he was placed at the mercy of his antagonist. Wilson raised the chair, and, stooping down to make his aim sure, plunged his weapon into his foe's abdomen. Anthony fell, exclaiming "I'm a dead man," and immediately expired. Wilson stood for a few seconds gazing upon his victim and then remarked, "It is not the first time he has insulted me." Col. Allen Martin, Sheriff of the county, arrived at this juncture and Wilson was taken into custody.

As soon as the body was removed, and order was somewhat restored, the House was called to order by the clerk and a resolution expelling Wilson was introduced and carried, and Grandison D. Royston was chosen Speaker.

Wilson was promptly indicted by the grand jury for murder in the first degree, but upon a

change of venue to Saline county, was acquitted on the grounds of excusable homicide—a verdict that caused the most intense indignation throughout the entire State.

This tragedy was most sad and deplorable, looked at from all sides. A family despoiled of its head and support, and the very first pages of the history of a State just ushered into existence stained with the blood of a representative man, slain by the hand of another high in official preferment. Truly a bloody baptism for the new Capitol building.

In the fall of 1837, the first professional theatrical troupe to visit Arkansas arrived from Nashville, Tenn., and opened in McLane & Badgett's warehouse on the alley between Main and Louisiana streets, now known as "Shell Alley." This same warehouse had been used five years before by the Methodist denomination for Church purposes. The troupe was under the management of Sam Waters, and had for its star a player named Douglass. This man was an actor of no mean ability. The plays presented were "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Golden Farmer," "The Soldier's Daughter," "Black Eyed Susan," etc.

In 1838, Waters leased a building located on Elm street, between Main and Scott, which had originally been built for a government warehouse but had subsequently been used as a livery stable. The lessee extended the building back to the

river bank and fitted it up in first-rate style for theatrical purposes. Here appeared during the years 1838, 1839 and 1840 such players as Charles Parsons, of Louisville, Ky., who was superb in "Othello," "King Lear," "Virginius," "Neck of the Woods," etc.; Mason, from New Orleans, whose forte was melodrama, and who acted in "The Subaltern," "The Wife of Mantua," "The Stranger," and such like plays. Mrs. Cabell, a tragedy queen from Lexington, Ky., acted in this house in 1839.

A notable event in the history of this theatre was the appearance there of two youths about sixteen years of age who essayed the roles of "Richard" and "Richmond" in "Richard III." The youth who took the part of "Richard," and whose name was Bowers, was slightly humpbacked by nature and his rendition of the character of the malevolent "Gloucester" was as finished a piece of acting as I ever saw on any stage.

This place of amusement was destroyed by fire in April, 1840. This was the largest fire which had ever occurred in Little Rock up to that time. It destroyed not only the theatre building, but also every building on the block, which was pretty solidly built up. The means for extinguishing fires at that time were very crude and inadequate. The fire department consisted of one diminutive hand engine and a "bucket brigade." Water had to be obtained from the river under the high banks and it was a slow and laborious process.

Doubtless a bit of the history of two of the actors who appeared in Little Rock in early days may be of interest to the lovers of the histrionic art.

Mason was in form and feature the exact counterpart of the First Napoleon, whether on or off the stage, and whenever he appeared in "The Subaltern," arrayed in a long gray overcoat and wearing a small chapeau, with his left arm carried behind his back, the hand clasping a snuff box, as was Napoleon's habit, the likeness was life-like and astonishing. So wonderfully like was he to the great Emperor that whenever he appeared in the New Orleans theatres, cries of "*Vive l'Empereur*" would rend the air and the old French soldiers in the audience would mount the stage and, taking him upon their shoulders, would parade around and around, singing French songs until their enthusiasm cooled.

Once during a season of revival services held at the Brooks Street Methodist Church in Louisville, Ky., conducted by the great revivalist John Newland Maffitt, a scene was enacted which rivaled in grandeur and pathos any ever acted upon the stage.

As is the well known custom at such meetings, penitents were invited at the close of the sermon to come forward for prayer. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity. Suddenly the celebrated actor, Charles Parsons, was seen advancing down the aisle in the direction of the chancel. When he was discovered, cries of "Othello!" "Othello!!" arose from a portion of the audience. Parsons

stopped and faced the large congregation, and, folding his arms, exclaimed in his magnificent voice, "Othello's occupation's gone," and turned and knelt at the altar.

He joined the Church and was soon afterwards given a circuit, or charge. At the time of Parson's conversion he was deeply in debt and his property was heavily mortgaged. The Church agreed to pay his debts, but for some cause failed to do so. Parsons, whose conversion was sincere and genuine, was unwilling to continue in the ministry while he owed large sums of money to his creditors. He resigned from the ministry and went back upon the stage for several years in order to earn the means with which to discharge his obligations. This he finally succeeded in doing and returned to the ministry and died a faithful and earnest minister of the Gospel. He was stationed for several years at one of the leading churches in St. Louis and enthralled all who heard him by his matchless pulpit oratory. When he was playing in Little Rock in 1839, after his return to the stage, he attended Church and the prayer meeting as often as possible.

In 1838, the Secretary of War decided in favor of Fort Smith as the location for a Garrison for United States troops and the work of construction was begun.

The second regular session of the State Legislature was convened November 5, 1838, and remained in session about forty days. It was a very unevent-

ful session, and about the only measure passed in which the present generation has any concern was the bill to establish a State Penitentiary at Little Rock. Commissioners were provided for, and the sum of \$20,000 was appropriated to purchase land and commence the buildings. The tract of land selected was the present site, which was then in the country, a heavy stretch of woods shutting it off from the town. The price paid for the land was \$20 per acre and was considered then a very high figure. The work of construction was begun in 1840, and the Legislature of that year made an additional appropriation of \$40,500.

A bill was also passed at this session to charter the "Little Rock Trust and Insurance Company," but, like a great many other enterprises started in those years, it came to nothing.

John Hutt was elected State Treasurer at this session and again in 1843.

In the fall of 1839, the Hon. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, Vice President of the United States, visited Little Rock, and a complimentary ball, at Beck's hotel, was tendered the distinguished visitor. The arrangements were very complete and the ball was a success in every particular.

So much has already been written and sung anent the "Arkansas Traveler," that I would fain pass the subject by with the silence it deserves were it not for the fact that many intelligent people believe to this day that the humorous caricature represents a leading type of Arkansas character.

Only a few months ago a Philadelphian asked a citizen of Little Rock, Ark., who was sojourning in the city of "Brotherly Love," this question: "Do the Mexicans and Indians bother you much down there?"

Mexicans and Indians, indeed! Might as well ask the Philadelphian or New Yorker if they were still worried by the presence in their midst of the British and Hessians. There never were any Mexicans in Arkansas except an occasional visitor or traveler; and as for Indians, they were removed from beyond the limits of the State too long to talk about except as a matter of ancient history.

But to return to the "Arkansaw Traveler." The picture with its accompanying colloquy, which has had a wide-spread circulation, has done untold injury to the good name of the State and her people.

Conceived in a spirit of fun and jocularly, and intended for the amusement of a passing hour, the "Arkansaw Traveler" and his leaky cabin and squeaky fiddle has become in the eyes of many people the typical inhabitant of Arkansas.

Every community, no matter where, has among its people certain lazy, shiftless characters whose sole aim in life is simply to exist and raise up a numerous brood of as worthless and good for nothing children.

That there is some slight foundation for the story I do not pretend to deny. But the pen of the romancer and the artist's pencil have given the sub-

ject more prominence than it deserves, while other matters of more import have been neglected.

The origin of the "Arkansas Traveler" episode is about as follows: On one occasion Col. Sandford C. Faulkner, a wealthy planter of Chicot County, Ark., became lost among the wild, rugged hills of the Bayou Mason country in that county, and in his wanderings happened upon the dilapidated cabin of a squatter of the lowest type, when the now famous colloquy between the traveler and the squatter took place regarding the leaky condition of the cabin, which could not be repaired when it rained and which did not need repairing when the weather was good. So between the conditions of good weather and bad weather the miserable hovel continued open to rain and sun alike.

The squatter, who was non-committal to all inquiries of the traveler as to the locality, the road, or the way out of the hills, and who was very peremptory in his refusal of accommodation for the traveler and his horse, was engaged in a bungling attempt to play upon an old cracked and battered fiddle the first bar or two of an old familiar air much in vogue with the settlers of some of the older Southern States. Col. Faulkner, who was somewhat of a fiddler himself, took the squeaky instrument and played the whole of the tune and played himself into the heart and home of the surly old squatter, who joyously accorded him the only dry spot in the cabin, feed for his horse, and a pull at the old black whisky jug.

These points being related to a writer who had a keen sense of the humorous, were fully elaborated from the storehouse of the imagination and published in a volume of short stories entitled "Big Bear of Arkansas and Other Sketches," said to have been written by Albert Pike.

A native artist, Charles P. Washburn, of Pope County, executed a very fine oil painting of the scene as described to him by Col. Faulkner. This painting, which was really a work of art, measured about 18x24 inches, and hung for many years, unframed, in Col. Faulkner's parlor in Little Rock. Charles Washburn was undoubtedly an artist of rare merit, but death cut him down in early manhood, and all the examples of his talent are lost to sight and memory except the "Arkansas Traveler."

I knew Sandford Faulkner intimately. He was a most original, jovial and generous-hearted man. I have heard him repeat the dialogue which took place between himself and the squatter many a time. He usually told the story at parties which he would attend, sometimes accompanying it with a tune on the violin, and it always afforded much amusement.

In recounting the tragedies which have stained the pages of Arkansas' early history, it is with no desire to ruthlessly tear open and expose to view the wounds which time has healed, and over which the veil of forgetfulness has been partially drawn. My aim is to place in a just and true light those un-

fortunate occurrences from which no country or people are exempt. Human nature is, in some particulars, the same yesterday, to-day and forever, and the heart of man is acted upon by sudden heat and passion in all ages, and in all climes. Arkansas has had no more tragedies than any other new State. The demon of anger knows no time nor country. Were it otherwise, "man's inhumanity to man," would in a great measure cease to "make countless thousands mourn."

One of the most deplorable affairs that ever occurred in our history, took place on the streets of Little Rock in 1838.

At the April term, 1838, of the Pulaski County Court, Judge David Fulton obtained an order of Court opening up a road south from Arch street through Dr. William C. Howell's farm, which was then located where Mrs. Weldon Wright's suburban home now stands. Dr. Howell had a crop of oats growing upon his place at the time, and, although he did not object to having the road cut through his farm, agreeing to give the whole of the right of way upon his land, he protested against work commencing until he had harvested his oat crop.

No immediate steps were taken to open the road, and Dr. Howell went to attend an important case of sickness at Hot Springs.

During Dr. Howell's absence at the Springs, Judge Fulton insisted that the county overseer of

roads proceed with the work, notwithstanding Dr. Howell's protest. The road overseer objected to beginning the work until the oat crop had been gathered, saying that he would resign if compelled to do the work at that time. Judge Fulton persisted in having the order of court executed without further delay and the road overseer resigned. Judge Fulton was then appointed road overseer and at once warned the hands, among them Dr. Howell's farm manager, to begin the work, and Howell's front and rear fences were thrown down. The day after the work began Dr. Howell returned from Hot Springs, and upon being informed of the matter, went out to his farm and had his servants put up the fences again. He then rode out to where Judge Fulton and the gang of hands were at work cutting out the road. An angry dispute ensued between the two men, in the course of which Judge Fulton gave the doctor the lie direct. Dr. Howell dismounted, and picking up a switch struck the old Judge several blows over the shoulders. The bystanders interfered and shamed Dr. Howell out of any further attempt to chastise the Judge. Dr. Howell expressed regrets for having struck Judge Fulton, although the provocation was very great. He came to town and saw his lawyer, Col. Fowler, and requested him to get out an injunction and an order of court requiring Judge Fulton to give one-half the road off his lands. Judge Fulton also came to town and reported the attack made upon him by Dr.

Howell to his son, Dr. John T. Fulton. Judge Fulton's family and friends were very much incensed at the harsh treatment he had received at the hands of Dr. Howell, and David Douglass, a grandson, in company with another young kinsman, went to the drug store of Dr. Thomas J. Howell, a brother of Dr. William C., and standing on the sidewalk in front of the store began to abuse Dr. Thomas J. Howell roundly. He stepped to the door and tried to expostulate with the young men, telling them that he had nothing whatever to do with the matter. Douglass and his companion still persisting in their abuse, he threatened to have them arrested and put under bond to keep the peace. This had the effect of bringing the young men to their senses and they left.

A few days after this last occurrence, old man Charles L. Jeffries gave a birth-day party at his City hotel and invited a large number of the best people of the town. Among the guests were Dr. John T. Fulton and wife and Dr. Thomas Howell. Dr. William C. Howell did not attend. During the evening Dr. Fulton grossly insulted Dr. Thomas Howell and ordered him to leave the house, which, of course, he refused to do. The matter coming to the ears of the host, he told Dr. Fulton that he must not insult his guests, and the old man, who was somewhat of a privileged character, reprimanded Dr. Fulton pretty severely on his conduct. The doctor sought out his wife and went home.

Dr. William C. Howell was then living on the corner of Scott and Walnut (Fourth) streets, in the residence recently occupied by the late Dr. R. L. Dodge, and his brother, Dr. Thomas Howell, was boarding with him.

At the breakfast table the next morning Dr. Thomas Howell made no mention of the occurrence at the birthday party of the previous evening. But when Dr. William C. Howell went down town he learned of the affair from others. His anger was now greatly aroused against Dr. John T. Fulton, and going to the gunsmith shop of Henry Griffith he purchased a very fine double barrel shotgun, loaded it with buckshot, and started out, it was supposed, to find Dr. Fulton.

The meeting between Dr. William C. Howell and young Douglass was purely accidental. As Dr. Howell stopped in front of the bar-room of Peay's hotel on the site afterwards occupied by the "Anthony House," some one asked him if he was going birding. Howell replied that he was in pursuit of a "very foul bird." Some one else remarked, "Doctor, you carry a very fine gun;" to which the doctor replied: "I find it necessary to carry a fine gun when such scoundrels as Dr. Fulton are allowed to insult unoffending men."

At that moment young Douglass stepped out of the post-office, next door, and said: "Dr. Howell, if you abuse my uncle I will kill you." Dr. Howell turned to Mr. James B. Keatts and myself who

were standing conversing in the street a few feet from the sidewalk, and raising his gun and springing the hammer of one of the barrels threw the piece in the hollow of his left arm, the muzzle pointing in a northwesterly direction, and said: "Gentlemen, I want you both to take notice that he says if I abuse his uncle he will kill me." Dr. Howell commenced turning to face Douglass, remarking as he did so, "Dr. Fulton is a contemptible puppy." The words were scarcely uttered when Douglass fired, the load of buckshot and slugs with which the gun was loaded striking Dr. Howell in the right hip.

The shock had the effect to draw the charge from the right hand barrel of Dr. Howell's gun, which struck a negro girl belonging to Mr. William E. Woodruff and who was passing on the opposite side of the street at the moment, from the effects of which she died two days later. Before Dr. Howell could recover from the shock Douglass fired again, lodging the contents of his second barrel in Dr. Howell's abdomen, literally tearing it to pieces. The wounded man was picked up and carried into a back room adjoining the saloon and laid upon a cot. At his request he was taken to his home, where he died at 4 o'clock the same day.

Young Douglass was promptly arrested and placed in jail. He was indicted by the grand jury and placed on trial at the October term of the Pulaski Circuit Court.

Douglass was defended by Gen. Washington Barrow, of Tennessee, a noted lawyer and a great friend of the Fultons. Judge Anderson, of Vicksburg, Miss., equally as distinguished, and John W. Cocke, the "Tom Marshall" of Arkansas, one of the most eloquent lawyers who ever practiced in any court and the peer of Prentiss, were of counsel for the defense.

The prosecution was conducted by John J. Clendennin, Absalom Fowler and William Cummins, all of Little Rock. The case was stubbornly fought on both sides, but the jury disagreed, seven being for murder in the first degree and five for manslaughter.

Douglass' attorneys took a change of venue to Phillips County. Being a witness in the case, on the part of the State, I was deputized to take the prisoner to Helena and deliver him to the sheriff of Phillips County. When I went to the jail, the day of our departure, to get Douglass, I found him surrounded by members of his family who had come to bid him good-bye. I soon discovered that Douglass was in irons, being shackled at the ankles and the chains carried up under the legs of his trousers and attached to a belt around his waist, which was secured by a pad-lock. I at once informed Major Lawson, the sheriff, that I should refuse to take the prisoner into my custody in irons, and that I would be responsible for his safe delivery to the sheriff of Phillips County. Major Lawson gave me the key

and told me to do as I pleased about it, and I relieved Douglass of the hideous manacles. If David Douglass had been turned loose and told to report for trial at Helena he would have done so.

We made the trip to Helena by land, traveling in a double buggy. Douglass and I slept together on the trip and he assisted me in feeding and harnessing the team. We left Little Rock, November 15, and arrived at Helena on the 18th, the court convening the next day.

On the trial at Helena the defense was conducted by Gen. Barrow, assisted by Hon. Bailey Peyton, of Tennessee; Judge William K. Sebastian, of Helena, and John W. Cocke, Esq., of Little Rock. The prosecution was by William M. McPherson, of Helena, and Messrs. Absalom Fowler and Ebenezer Cummins, of Little Rock. The result was a mistrial, the jury standing eleven for murder in the first degree and one for acquittal. The case then went over until the May term of court, 1839.

Meanwhile one of the State's witnesses had died, three had left the State, and one, Mr. James B. Keatts, was too sick to attend, and Jacob Tutwiler and myself were the only witnesses on hand. The case was then put off until the next November term of court. At that term the State had no witnesses present, for we had gotten tired of running back and forth at our own expense. At this term Douglass was admitted to bail in a large sum and

released from custody, and his father took him to Tennessee, where he lived.

At the May term, 1840, Douglass returned to Helena ready for trial, but the State having no witnesses on hand, the Prosecuting Attorney entered a *nolle prosequi* in the case and Douglass was set at liberty. He went back to Tennessee, and when the gold excitement broke out in 1849, he went to California and was appointed by the President, United States Marshal for the Territory. He afterwards became a distinguished citizen of that State.



CHAPTER XVI.

“FLUSH TIMES IN ARKANSAS.”

The Presidential campaign of 1840 was the most exciting which had ever taken place in this country, and is still, in many respects, the most memorable that has ever occurred in our political history.

It will be remembered that this struggle between the Democratic and Whig parties for supremacy was facetiously called the “Log Cabin and Hard Cider Campaign.” Some Democratic speaker had sneeringly referred, in the beginning of the campaign, to Gen. Harrison as having emanated from a log cabin, and that that was the place for him to remain. The Whigs adopted the suggestion as a party emblem. This homely device—a log cabin with a coon skin nailed to the door and a barrel of hard cider near at hand—occupied a conspicuous place in their campaign literature, songs and decorations. Every town, village and hamlet through the country had its log cabin headquarters, at which was the ubiquitous barrel of hard cider, free to all comers.

Arkansas was not behind in catching the contagion that was sweeping over the country.

In the month of June, 1840, the Democrats held a State mass meeting at Little Rock, attended by about 1000 delegates from all parts of the State. A large torch-light procession was had at night and stirring Democratic speeches were made by Robert W. Johnson, Judge Edward Cross, of Hempstead County, Judge Hanley, of Helena, and others.

This demonstration did not, however, compare either in numbers or enthusiasm with the monster Whig meeting which took place on the 13th and 14th of the following July. People came from every nook and corner of the State, many of them prepared to camp out during the meeting. A party composed of one hundred and fifty men and fifty ladies rode horseback all the way from Independence County. They brought with them a large canoe, emblematic of Tippecanoe, and enthusiastically sang

"Then hurrah for the field where the bold eagle flew
In pride o'er the hero of Tippecanoe."

This huge craft was made in sections and transported in a wagon from Batesville. On the day of the great parade—the procession was estimated to have contained between four and five thousand people—the canoe was put together and mounted upon wheels, and in it was seated a bevy of pretty ladies, representing the twenty-six States, and wearing Harrison and Tyler badges. The prow of the

boat was surmounted by a miniature log cabin, upon the roof of which was perched a live coon. After parading the principal streets of the city singing campaign songs, the refrains of some of which were "Van, Van, Van is a used up man," "Tippe-canoe and Tyler *too*," etc., the procession proceeded to the Arsenal grounds, where the meeting was held and speeches were delivered by Jesse Turner, of Van Buren; William McPherson, of Helena; De La Fletcher Roysden, of Chicot county, and other leading Whigs.

But with all the enthusiasm displayed, despite the log cabins, *Tippe-canoes*, hard cider and coon skins of the Whigs, they were unable to overcome the large Democratic majority in the State and the electoral votes of Arkansas were cast for the Democratic candidates, Van Buren and Johnson, who, however, received the electoral votes of only five States, or sixty electoral votes in all. Harrison and Tyler carried twenty states and received one hundred and thirty-four votes in the Electoral College. South Carolina threw her seven votes away upon R. H. Phett, of South Carolina, and Porter, of Pennsylvania.

In the State election which had been held in August, Archibald Yell, the Democratic nominee, was elected Governor, and on November 5, 1840, he was formally inducted into office.

At the hour of 1 o'clock, p. m., on the day set apart for the purpose Governor-elect Yell, attended

by committees of both Houses of the Legislature, Judges of the Supreme and Circuit Courts, Colonel Absalom Fowler, United States Senator Wm. S. Fulton, National and State officers, assembled at Governor-elect Yell's residence and he was escorted from thence to the State House, the procession moving in the following order :

Band of music.

Battery of Artillery (State).

Detachment of the Third United States Regulars.

Committees of the Legislature, in carriages.

Governor and Governor-elect.

Judges of the Supreme and Circuit Courts,

And other official personages, in carriages.

Clergy, in carriages.

Invited guests, in carriages.

Masons.

Odd Fellows.

Citizens in carriages, mounted and on foot.

When the procession reached the State House the troops opened ranks and the gubernatorial party passed through into the Capitol building and up into the hall of the House of Representatives, where both houses were in joint session.

The Governor-elect was escorted by Col. Caldwell, of the Senate, and Mr. Noland, of the House, to the chair of State between the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representa-

tives. Prayer was offered by Bishop Waugh, of the Methodist Church.

Governor-elect Yell then delivered his inaugural address, at the conclusion of which the oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Ringo, of the Supreme Bench. When the oath had been administered a salute of twenty-six guns was fired by the Battery stationed on the river front.

On December 23, 1840, a ball was given at the American House (afterwards the famous Anthony House) by the Legislature, complimentary to Governor Yell, and which was a very brilliant affair.

The material and industrial development of the State was now progressing in a satisfactory manner.

Despite the wave of financial depression which had swept over the country in 1837, and whose effect was not felt in Arkansas until the fall of 1841 and the beginning of 1842, and notwithstanding the suspension of specie payment by the banks, money was plentiful and the period was referred to as the "Flush times in Arkansas."

New enterprises were being put in operation, and large bodies of land opened up to cultivation.

A specimen of coal from Spadra in Johnson County was received at Little Rock, and when burned in a common basket grate set into an ordinary fireplace comfortably heated a room 20 by 40 feet.

A few months after a barge of coal arrived from the mines and was put upon the market. The min-

ing company expected to mine \$150,000 worth of coal during the year. This was undoubtedly the first attempt at coal-mining for profit in Arkansas.

A factory for the manufacture of hats and caps was started about this time by Messrs. Butt & Lockwood, at Little Rock. The output of this factory, while not large, was of a good and salable character.

The George Brothers, thrifty Germans from Frankfort-on-the-Rhine, established a brewery in the city and produced a superior quality of ale and beer.

The building trades were also actively engaged, and a large number of substantial buildings were erected. The Real Estate and State Bank buildings, the last one still standing on the southeast corner of Markham and Center streets, and the other located on the southwest corner of First (now Commerce) and Markham streets, where the Dickinson Hardware Company's store recently stood, were completed about this period.

On the 16th day of March, 1840, Bishop Leonidas Polk of the Episcopal Church arrived in Little Rock and held services and preached in the Presbyterian Church.

In the month of March, 1841, Major James C. Anthony leased the hotel building which up to that time had been called the "American Hotel," and changed the name to the "Anthony House," which

historic name it went under during all its subsequent years of notoriety, and until destroyed by fire.

The first Catholic mass said in Little Rock was celebrated by Father Richard Bole in an upper room of Duggan's store, near the northwest corner of Main and Cherry (Second) streets, in 1838.

In the spring of 1841, a plain but comfortable brick church building was erected by Father Bole on the southeast corner of Louisiana and Elizabeth (Sixth) streets, Little Rock, and was dedicated by Bishop Loras, of Dubuque, Iowa, in the presence of a large congregation. The building resembled a dwelling house more than it did a church edifice. Part of the building was devoted to the use of the Sisters of Loretto for school purposes. In after years it was rented out for a dwelling house and was at one time occupied by a family of theatrical people.

In March, 1844, Rt. Rev. Andrew Byrne was consecrated at Baltimore first Catholic Bishop of Little Rock. When this prelate arrived in his new see he repudiated the action of Father Bole in the matter of the church building and gave the house to the Sisters of Mercy when they arrived a few years afterwards from County Kildare, Ireland.

The Sisters of Mercy came in 1849 and established a female seminary called St. Mary's Academy. Three of the Sisters who came over from Ireland are still living, Sister Alfonsas, the present Mother

Superior of the Convent, and Sisters Teresa and Xavier.

Shortly after Bishop Byrne's arrival he built the old St. Andrew's Cathedral, a large frame structure on the northeast corner of Center and Cherry (Second) streets, where the Hotel Richelieu now stands.

I distinctly remember my first meeting with Bishop Byrne. It was on the opposite side of the river, a few miles above the town. He was *en route* to Van Buren to make an Episcopal visitation. He had brought over with him from Ireland a genuine Irish jaunting car, which he often used while journeying over the State. This odd looking vehicle attracted much attention. Even my horse became frightened at the unusual sight. Mutual introductions followed and some time was spent in pleasant conversation. When we were about to separate the Bishop invited me to join him in a parting cup of pure sherry wine, a supply of which he had provided for his journey.

This truly good man and priest died at Helena, Ark., in 1862.

No old citizen of the State can forget Rev. Patrick O'Reilly, familiarly known to all as Father Pat. He was a man of commanding presence and great dignity of bearing, but with a warm and loving heart that drew all men to him, regardless of creeds. He was Vicar-General of the Diocese at the time of his death, not many years ago.

Rt. Rev. Edward Fitzgerald succeeded Bishop Byrne as Bishop of Little Rock.

The scramble for office under the new national administration was loud-mouthed and persistent.

Gen. Harrison recognized fully the extent to which the bestowal of public patronage for party services had gone, and determined, if possible, to correct some of the most flagrant cases of the abuse of this power. But his efforts in that direction were in vain. Politicians from all over the country, wearing log cabin emblems and coon tails in their hats, and, in some instances, coon-skin caps, invaded Washington City and made the President's life almost unbearable.

Arkansas loudly demanded recognition in the distribution of the spoils of office.

Soon after the inauguration of President Harrison, an article appeared in the *New Orleans Picayune*, under the caption of "What's in the Wind," and which was as follows:

"Thomas Butterworth, of Little Rock, advertises that he will give 62½ cents for coon skins. Arkansas is a strong Van Buren State, and we are unable to say what Mr. B. wants a large number of coon skins for unless he is attempting to revolutionize it."

The *Arkansas Gazette* copied the article just quoted and added: "*Pie!* You're mistaken. It was reported here that the army and all the office holders under the administration would be ordered to

wear *coon skin caps*. Ten thousand skins would not supply those who *expect office*." Surely there is "nothing new under the sun," and the politicians of the present do but follow in the footsteps of their predecessors.

In the summer of 1841, during the month of June, I think, Gen. Zachary Taylor arrived at Little Rock on board the steamer "Artizan," *en route* to Fort Gibson, to relieve Gen. Arbuckle, who had been ordered to New Orleans.

A committee of citizens went aboard the boat to tender the General a public dinner. We were met and welcomed by a splendidly uniformed set of staff officers. Gen. Taylor was a stickler for military etiquette, and required his officers to always appear in uniform, though he did not pay much attention to his own personal appearance.

Upon inquiring for General Taylor the committee was informed by Captain Dicks, Assistant Adjutant General, that he had gone up into the city. Upon further inquiry as to what kind of looking man the General was we were informed that he was a low, heavy-set man, with prominent features and gray eyes, and that he wore a pair of gray jeans trousers, an undress surtout without insignia of rank, and that he had on a broad brimmed palmetto hat and heavy shoes.

We had seen this by no means attractive figure going up Markham street as we came down, but

could not by the liveliest stretch of the imagination believe it to be the renowned General Zachary Taylor.

The General presently returned to the boat, accompanied by his old-time friend, Major Nicholas Peay. After the committee had been introduced to the General he was made acquainted with the object of our visit, but courteously declined the dinner on the plea of want of time (the boat only laid at the wharf a few hours) and his extreme desire to get to his new post of duty. Captain Albert Pike posted his Battery on the bluff in rear of the State House, and as the "Artizan" passed up fired a General's salute, which was responded to by a Battery on board, the band of the Fifth Regulars, which was also on the boat, furnishing the music for the occasion.

The next time I saw General Taylor was when he passed through Little Rock on his way to the seat of war in Mexico.

In November, 1841, the remnant of two hundred Seminole Indians, with their noted hostile chiefs, "Wild Cat" and "Hospatka," in charge of Captain Sewall, Lieut. Brittan and Assistant Surgeon Walker, of the Seventh United States Infantry, passed up the river, bound for the Indian Territory.

In the fall of 1841, the store of Keatts & Thibault was broken into and robbed of about \$5000 worth of fine jewelry, and the perpetrators of the theft were not discovered until sometime after-

wards. This discovery was brought about in a very unexpected manner, as we shall have occasion to see.

That the people of the first years of the State were not indifferent to the importance of matters educational and historical, I will mention the annual meeting of the "Antiquarian and Historical Society of Arkansas." This meeting was held on January 5, 1842, and the Rev. W. W. Stevenson, of the Christian Church, was elected President; the Rev. William Yeager, of the Episcopal Church, vice-President; Mr. George C. Watkins, Secretary; Mr. William E. Woodruff, Treasurer and Dr. Alden Sprague, Librarian.

It is to be very much regretted that the transactions of the Society have not been preserved, for they would be of great interest and instruction to the student now-a-days.

The new Episcopal Church edifice, near the corner of Orange (Fifth) and Scott streets, which was begun in 1840, was completed in 1842, and services were held in it for the first time in the latter part of August, 1842.

The Rt. Rev. James H. Otey, Bishop of Tennessee, was appointed Missionary Bishop of Mississippi, Alabama, Florida and Arkansas, succeeding Bishop Polk, who was made the Bishop of Louisiana. Dr. Yeager was succeeded in the Rectorship of this, Christ's Episcopal Church, by the Rev. Andrew Freeman, son of Rt. Rev. George W.

Freeman, Bishop of the Diocese, in 1848, and son-in-law of Col. Chester Ashley, whose only daughter, Mary Frances, he had married. The next Rector of this Church was the Rev. J. T. Wheat, who remained until after the breaking out of the late war, when he returned to North Carolina. During the war period the Church building was used most of the time for a hospital, and the services of the Church were often held at private residences by the Bishop, Rt. Rev. Henry C. Lay. The next Bishop to be appointed to the Diocese, and who still holds the sacred office, was the Rt. Rev. Henry Niles Pierce, who is also the Missionary Bishop of the Indian Territory.

On April 26, 1842, the twenty-third anniversary of the establishment of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows was fittingly celebrated by Far West Lodge and visiting brethren by religious services at the Methodist Church, and a banquet in the evening at the "Anthony House," at which appropriate toasts were drunk in cold water.

The first daguerrean artist to visit Arkansas came about this time and opened a studio in the "Anthony House," where hundreds went to have their "likenesses taken," as it was then termed. This new process in portraiture rapidly supplanted the more expensive and tedious miniature painting on ivory, in water colors; and the cutting of silhouettes from black paper on a white ground, or from

white paper on a black ground, the style in which the profiles of so many of our ancestors are preserved.

The population of Little Rock had now reached 1531.

An occurrence transpired about this time which caused the greatest excitement, not only in Little Rock, but throughout the entire State, the recital of which I trust the reader will have the patience to peruse to the end.

In the Spring of 1839, the three-story brick building which in after years gained such celebrity as the Anthony House was finished by its owners, Major Nicholas Peay and myself, and the hotel was run under the name of the American Hotel. In the month of April, 1840, we leased the building and furniture to one Samuel G. Trowbridge, formerly of Chicago, Ill. This man Trowbridge gathered about him a lot of new comers from abroad, who never seemed to have anything particular to do except to frequent the hotels and bar rooms.

I shall now be compelled to go back and gather up the threads of my story.

After the adjournment of the extra session of the Legislature of 1837, a number of the business men of Little Rock began the issuance of change tickets, commonly called "Shin Plasters," with which they flooded the country, almost entirely driving out of circulation silver, until their presence became an unmitigated nuisance.

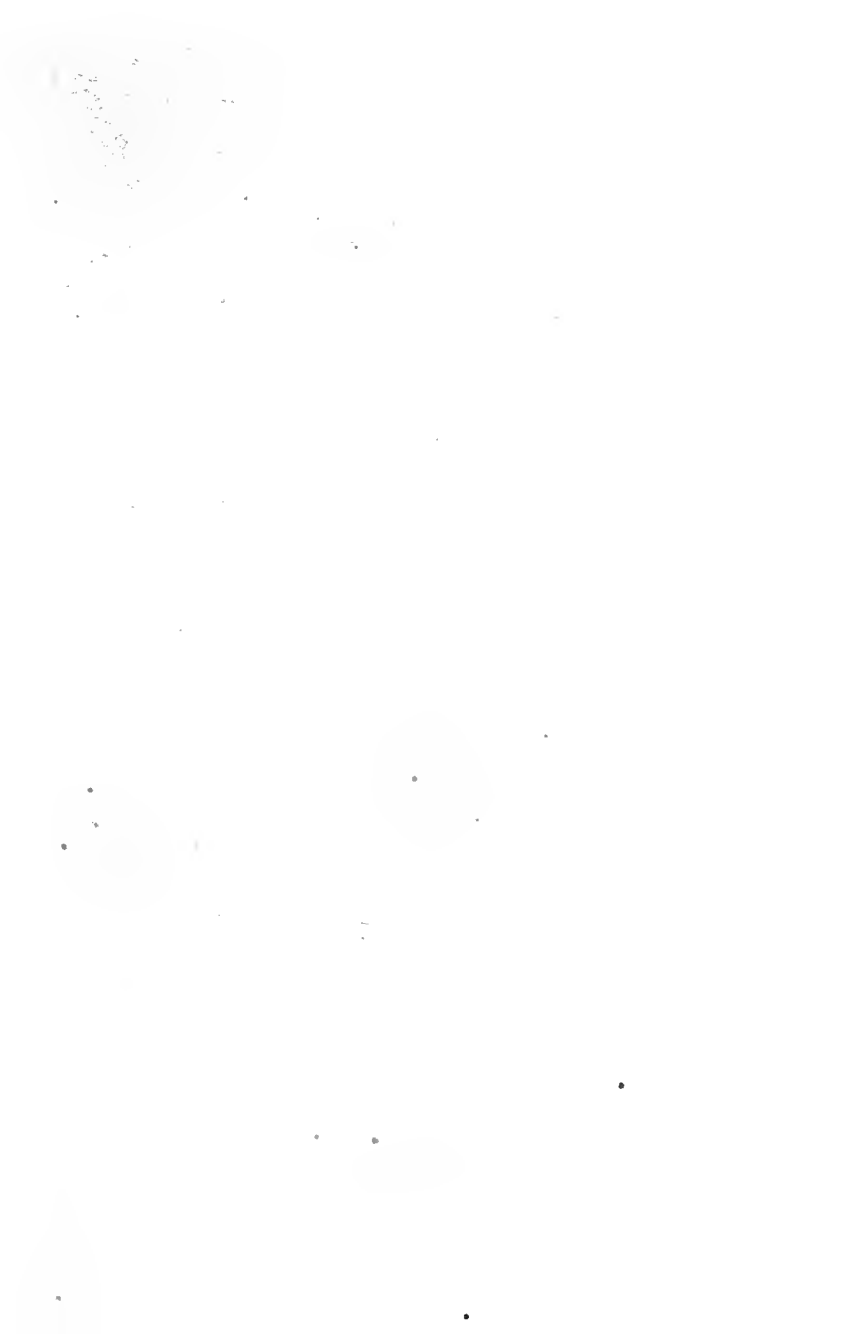
At the regular session of 1838, the Legislature amended the city charter so as to permit the city of Little Rock to issue corporation notes of small denomination. These corporation notes were very finely engraved and were signed by the Mayor and attested by the City Recorder, and were redeemable in Arkansas State money when presented in lots of not less than five dollars. At the city election in 1842, Trowbridge succeeded in having himself elected Mayor of the city.

During Trowbridge's occupancy of the Mayor's office the iron safe of James D. Fitzgerald, an auctioneer, and also a justice of the peace, was broken open one night and a large amount of real estate bank notes upon which Frederick W. Trapnell, Esq., had brought suit before Esquire Fitzgerald—about \$13,000—were stolen. These bills were of the denominations of from five dollars to one hundred dollars. The justice was in the habit, in these cases, of putting these bills in lots of one hundred dollars and docketing a suit against each one hundred dollars worth of the money. He also wrote across the back of each bill, in red ink, the words, "Filed and writ issued," giving the date of filing, and then signing his name as justice of the peace. In rendering judgment in these suits he always gave a minute description of each bill—date, series and number.

When the robbery was discovered, it was found that not only was the Real Estate Bank money miss-



Corner of Markham and Main Streets, Little Rock, as it appeared forty years ago.



ing but also the justice's trial docket. The matter was kept very quiet for some time, scarcely anyone but Mr. Trapnell being informed of the robbery, except Trowbridge, whom the justice suspected from the start, and whom he made a seeming confidante of. Trowbridge expressed much surprise at the news of the robbery and offered his assistance in ferreting out the thieves.

Some little time after the robbery, the wives of Trowbridge, Caldwell, a carpenter, and Hunt, a tailor, visited the dry goods store of Adamson & Prather, who had advertised to sell at cost and that Real Estate Bank money would be taken at fifty cents on the dollar, and purchased several thousand dollars' worth of dry goods, millinery and notions, and paid for them in Real Estate Bank notes.

That night at the close of business, one of the members of the firm who was engaged in counting up the day's receipts, held up before the lamp one of the bills which had been received from the three women, and was much surprised to see the words, dim but perfectly legible, "Filed and writ issued (date), J. D. Fitzgerald, J. P." When the bill was removed from before the flame of the lamp, the endorsement made by the justice did not appear.

A large number of the notes were examined by the aid of the lamp and all showed the same endorsement, except as to dates.

Mr. Prather at once made known to Mr. Fitzgerald his discovery, and warrants were issued for

the arrest of the parties supposed to be implicated.

When the sheriff went to the house of Caldwell, he was not in; and when the officers entered Mrs. Caldwell's room, she attempted to throw a large roll of the bank money into the fire, but was prevented. When found with the evidence of guilt in her possession, she broke down and made a full confession of the robbery and other matters implicating Trowbridge; Caldwell, her husband; Hunt; Keys, a clerk in a store; Walker, a carpenter; Van Horn, a printer; Tapley Stewart; Wilson, a gambler, and Whitmore, a blacksmith.

Stewart and Whitmore, with their manifold talents, have been mentioned before in these pages.

Upon the trial, by the confession of Trowbridge and others, the existence of a thoroughly organized band of burglars and counterfeiters was brought to light.

Trowbridge, the mayor of the city, was the organizer of the band and its controlling spirit. The engraved plates for the spurious corporation notes and the bank notes of other States were made by Whitmore, the accomplished. The counterfeit corporation notes were so perfectly executed that the city had to redeem between \$17,000 and \$18,000 of notes upon which experts could not decide whether they were genuine or false. The printing of the notes was done by Van Horn on a little hand press located at first in the attic of a frame building adjoining the "American Hotel."

The press and counterfeiting outfit was afterwards removed to the northwest corner of Fourth and Rock streets, where it and the tools and moulds for making spurious gold and silver coins were found after the arrest of the band.

Whitmore was absent on a trip to Hot Spring county when the balance of the gang were apprehended, and he was not arrested until the following Monday, which was a special election day. At the general election which had been held in the previous August, the opposing candidates for Representatives, and also for sheriff, had tied, which necessitated another election for those offices. This special election was held on the first Monday in October. Anticipating Whitmore's return that day, the sheriff posted a man out near the edge of town on the Hot Springs road to watch for Whitmore and induce him to come to the polling place and vote before going home. This Whitmore agreed to do, and all unconscious of what had befallen his companions in crime, and also what was in store for him, went to the polls and cast his ballot for the men of his choice. He had no sooner performed this act of a freeman than he was arrested. His saddle bags were found to contain a large amount of ore resembling gold, silver, and also some of a baser sort.

Upon the trial, Trowbridge was sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary, from which he was pardoned by the Governor for good conduct during

the burning of the prison in 1846. Keys received a sentence of six years in the Penitentiary, and was also pardoned for services rendered at the burning of the Penitentiary. Van Horn, who printed the notes, got six years, as did also Walker. Tapley Stewart refused to confess. He was tried on two indictments—for robbery and passing counterfeit money, and was convicted on both and sentenced to one year. He died a few years after leaving the walls. The man Wilson was sentenced to fifteen years, and was one of the ring leaders of the rioters who burned the State Prison a few years after.

One of the saddest events that ever occurred in the city of Little Rock grew out of the breaking up of this gang of robbers and counterfeiters.

When the sheriff and his posse went at night to arrest Caldwell, he was out in the back yard, and when the posse entered his house, getting wind of the presence of the sheriff, he ran out the back gate and made for a hiding place. He was gone several days, but finally returned and gave himself into custody.

While Caldwell was in hiding, the sheriff placed a regular deputy and a special deputy, a Mr. E. G. Baker, a merchant, to watch Caldwell's house, in the hopes of his return. One night while the regular deputy sheriff, Nelson B. Thomasson, was at his post at one end of the house, he observed a tall man—Caldwell was a tall man—crossing the back

yard. He ordered the party to halt, who, instead of doing so, turned and ran. The deputy sheriff, supposing the fleeing man to be Caldwell, fired, and killed his companion of the watch, Baker.

The breaking up of the Trowbridge gang, and the trial and conviction of its members, brought to light the fact that the same gang had been implicated in the robbery of Keatts & Thibault's store in 1841.

The principal part of the legislative session of 1842-3 was devoted to heated and acrimonious discussion of the tangled affairs of the banks. A short time before the Real Estate Bank had gone into liquidation and its affairs had been placed in the hands of trustees, one of whom is still living, Mr. Peter Hanger,* of Little Rock.

Gov. Yell tried to attach the assets of the bank in the hands of the trustees by *quo warranto* proceedings in the Supreme Court, and have the bank placed in the hands of a receiver. The Supreme Court sustained the assignment to trustees, the opinion of the court being delivered by Townsend Dickinson, Associate Justice.

When the matter of the banks was up for discussion in the House of Representatives, there came very near being a repetition of the bloody scene enacted in the Hall in 1837.

*NOTE—Hon. Peter Hanger died February 24, 1895, since this work was written, at the advanced age of 88 years.—Publisher.

John Wilson, who had killed J. J. Anthony during the sitting of the Extraordinary Session in 1837, and who was acquitted of the charge, as it will be remembered, returned to his home in Clark County, but his old neighbors and acquaintances gave him the cold shoulder, and by many unmistakable signs gave him to understand that his presence in their midst was not desirable. He went to reside in Pike County and was, in 1842, sent to represent that county in the Legislature. It was now nearly five years since that deplorable tragedy on the floor of the House of Representatives, in which he had borne such a prominent part.

Time, and a residence among a new people had, in a measure, obliterated, or put out of sight, the memory of that terrible affair, and Wilson took his seat as a legislator and at once began an attempt to regain his lost prestige as a leader in the House.

At this session an attempt was made to override the decision of the Supreme Court in placing the assets of the banks in the hands of trustees. Wilson, who had now completely changed front in the bank controversy, took a leading part in the debates in opposition to the appointment of trustees to manage the affairs of the banks.

Among the most ardent supporters of the decision of the Supreme Court in the matter was Dr. Lorenza Gibson, then a representative from Hot Spring County.

In the course of the debates upon the subject of the banks, Wilson charged that Dr. Gibson did not represent the popular sentiments of his (Gibson's) constituency in the matter, as he (Wilson) had ample opportunity for knowing.

In his reply to Wilson Dr. Gibson, among other things, said: "The member from Pike county ought to be the last man on this floor to open his mouth on the subject of the Real Estate Bank." Wilson moved uneasily in his chair under this terrible reminder. Continuing, Dr. Gibson said: "While the member from Pike was speaking, I cast my eyes to a dark and ominous spot on the floor near where he is now sitting, and which is happily covered over with a carpet, but into the wood of which the blood of a murdered man has sunk so deep that nothing but the tongue of fire or the tooth of decay can obliterate it; and I expected to see the ghost of the murdered Anthony rise up and rebuke into silence his murderer." Wilson, wild-eyed and livid with rage, sprang to his feet, and with bowie knife drawn, started for the man who had so scathingly denounced him. Before he had taken a step, however, he was seized by several pairs of strong arms and forced back into his seat. Dr. Gibson stepped into the aisle and said, with the utmost coolness and without a tremor: "Let the murderer come. He will not find me an Anthony." The scene at that moment is almost beyond the power of words to describe. I was present on the floor at the time and now

almost hear the sharp "click," "click," as pistols were cocked and the friends of Dr. Gibson leaped over the lobby rails and surrounded him. Members jumped upon their desks, shouting, and flourishing weapons of various descriptions, while cries of "order," "order," rent the air. Finally, by the united efforts of the Speaker and the Doorkeeper—we had no such officer as Sergeant-at-Arms in those days—and some of the cooler heads, order was restored, and the two belligerents were summoned to the bar of the House and reprimanded by the Speaker. Strange to say, nothing further ever came of the matter.

Dr. Gibson informed me once that he afterwards met Wilson face to face on the lonely road between Little Rock and Rockport, Hot Spring County, but that they passed without seeming to note each other's presence.

It cannot be denied but that John Wilson was a man of great native ability, and had it not been for his ungovernable temper he might have risen to almost any position of eminence in the State. He often deplored his great failing, which bore with it such rash and fatal consequences.

Shortly before the meeting of the Legislature at which the matters of the banks had been so fiercely debated, the *Arkansas Gazette* contained this bit of pleasantry *apropos* to the banks:

"Gone into *Liquordation*—A waggish friend informed us yesterday that immediately after the

election of President of the Real Estate Bank the Board of Directors of that institution passed a resolution to go into immediate *liquordation*, and forthwith repaired to the 'Anthony House' and carried it into effect. We understand the resolution was carried with entire unanimity."

The Legislature of 1842-3 also provided, by bill, for a Geological Survey of the State. The results of this survey are contained in "A Geological Reconnoissance of the Northern counties of Arkansas, made during the years 1857 and 1858, by David Dale Owen, Principal Geologist."

The State experienced great difficulty in securing the services of a competent man to undertake the survey, and it was not until 1857 that the work was begun.

David Dale Owen and his brother, Robert Dale Owen, were the founders of the New Harmony Community, on the Wabash River, Indiana. This community was established upon the principles of Fourierism—really the doctrine of Agrarianism.

About the year 1843, there appeared in the city of Little Rock a very interesting and eccentric character.

Ignatius Williammoicz was a political exile from Poland. He had been an officer of engineers in the Polish army, but having taken part in one of the many plots to free his country from the Russian yoke after the dismemberment of Poland, he was compelled to emigrate to America.

For sometime after reaching the United States, he was employed as a civil engineer on one of the early railroads in Indiana. He finally came to Little Rock, and was given employment in the Surveyor-General's office of the State. Mr. Williammoicz was a very accomplished man, intellectually, and doubtless was of the nobility or the aristocracy of his native country. Personally, he was of a very striking figure, being some three or four inches over six feet in height, very raw-boned, with large angular features.

This singular man had the reputation of being a miser, but such was not the case. He was very saving, and, at times, even penurious with his means. He was of a bluff and surly disposition, but, when he took a liking to a person, was very companionable and generous with his money, and, I am sorry to have to say it, his generosity was sadly abused in several instances. He slept on an iron bedstead and leather mattress and pillow.

He almost always wore a long dark-blue blanket overcoat and high Wellington boots drawn over the legs of his trousers. He was an old bachelor and boarded for many years at the "Anthony House." His appetite was enormous, and his gastronomic feats simply appalling. The proprietors of the hotel always charged him double price for board, which he paid without a murmur of dissent. He usually began his dinner with not less than two large platefuls of soup, and his "More zoup, John,"

grunted out in his deep guttural tones, is well remembered by the old *habitues* of the hotel. He accumulated considerable property in Little Rock, and when he died, after the late Civil War, it was found that he had willed the bulk of his property to the Catholic Church. He did not forget his faithful old negro servant, Fanny, to whom he bequeathed some property on West Seventh street, Little Rock.



CHAPTER XVII.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1844.

The year 1844 was an exciting one, politically, both in National and State affairs.

In the spring of that year both political parties held State Conventions to nominate Governor, Congressman, Presidential electors and delegates to the National Convention.

The Democrats nominated Elias N. Conway, of Pulaski County, for Governor, and David J. Chapman, of Independence County, for Congress; and the delegates to the National Convention were instructed to vote for James K. Polk, of Tennessee, for President.

There being some dissatisfaction with the nomination of Mr. Conway, Gen. Richard C. Byrd, of Pulaski County, announced himself as an independent Democratic candidate for the office of Governor.

When the Whig State Convention met it nominated for Governor Dr. Lorenzo Gibson, of Hot Spring County, and David Walker, of Washington County, for Congressman, and instructed for Henry Clay, of Kentucky, for the Presidency.

Soon after the Whigs held their State Convention, Dr. Gibson addressed a note to both the regular and independent Democratic candidates for Governor, enclosing a list of appointments for public speaking, and invited them to meet him on the stump and discuss the issues of the campaign. Gen. Byrd accepted the invitation, but Mr. Conway declined, stating that the requirements of his office—he was at that time Auditor of State—would preclude his taking any active part in the canvass. The Democratic press throughout the State insisted that he meet Dr. Gibson in debate or else decline the nomination. Mr. Conway withdrew from the ticket. Upon Mr. Conway's withdrawal, the State Central Committee met and compelled David J. Chapman to relinquish the nomination for Congress and induced him to accept that for Governor instead. The committee then placed Archibald Yell upon the Congressional ticket.

Gov. Yell at once resigned the gubernatorial office and took the stump. By the resignation of Gov. Yell, Samuel Adams, of Johnson County, President of the State Senate, became, by virtue of his office, acting Governor of the State. Gov. Adams was the father of the late Major John D. Adams, of Little Rock.

Gen. Byrd, the independent Democratic candidate for Governor, withdrew from the canvass upon the declination of Mr. Conway to make the race.

After having met Dr. Gibson at several of his appointments, Mr. Chapman was taken ill, and never having fully become reconciled to the action of the State Central Committee in depriving him of the Congressional nomination, in the language of the prize ring, "threw up the sponge" and quit the canvass.

The Democratic nomination for Governor was then offered to Thomas S. Drew, of Randolph County, who accepted the same and entered on the canvass, being elected in August. Archibald Yell was elected to Congress.

In the spring of 1844, both national conventions met at Baltimore, and the Democrats nominated James K. Polk, of Tennessee, for President, and George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, for Vice President.

The Whigs in national convention assembled chose Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and Theodore Frelinghuysen as their standard-bearers in the Presidential race.

Mr. Polk had taken strong grounds on the Texas annexation question, favorable to the scheme, which made him very popular among the large numbers of emigrants who were pouring into the Republic of Texas.

Large bodies of these emigrants passed through Arkansas during the summer and fall of this year.

Those favorable to annexation, and they were in the majority, bore at the front of their wagons

huge poke bushes, and had traced upon the sides of their wagons in rude characters, done with the juice of the poke berry, the motto, "Polk, Dallas and Texas."

The votes of Arkansas in the Electoral College were cast for Polk and Dallas.

The sandbar, opposite Fort Smith, seems to have been a favorite duelling ground. It was there that the Borden-Borland, the Pike-Roane, and several other affairs of lesser note, took place.

The encounter between Benjamin J. Borden and Solon Borland was the outgrowth of a bitter political controversy carried on on the one side in the columns of the *Arkansas Gazette*, then a Whig paper, and of which Mr. Borden was the editor, and on the other in the *Banner*, the Democratic organ, edited by Major Borland. The main question at issue at the time was the rival presidential candidacy of James K. Polk and Henry Clay. The controversy between the *Gazette* and the *Banner* in support of their favorite candidates became so warm that it descended to the bitterest kind of personalities.

The rival editors having met upon the streets, the controversy was resumed and became so hot and exciting that Major Borland could not contain his anger and struck Mr. Borden a powerful blow in the face, which felled him to the ground. Friends interfered and put a stop to the matter, temporarily.

Mr. Borden, smarting under the indignity of the blow, challenged Major Borland to a duel,

which was accepted, and the meeting took place soon afterwards at the place mentioned.

The duel was fought at ten paces, with regulation duelling pistols. At the first fire, Mr. Borden fell severely, but not fatally, wounded in the chest. Both parties now declared themselves satisfied, and Mr. Borden's wound having been carefully dressed by his surgeon, Dr. James A. Dibrell, of Fort Smith, the antagonists became reconciled and returned to Little Rock together.

Hon. William S. Fulton having died before the expiration of his second term as United States Senator, Col. Chester Ashley was chosen as his successor. Col. Ashley's speech in the United States Senate on the bill to admit Texas into the Union as a State was said to have been one of the most brilliant of the many great speeches delivered on that question. This effort gave him a national reputation as a statesman and orator.

The treaty of annexation between the United States and the Republic of Texas, whereby the latter became a State in the Union, having been ratified by the United States early in the month of March, 1845, the Republic of Mexico made threatening demonstrations looking to the recovery of the lost Province. In this state of affairs Texas demanded Federal protection for her frontier. The President of the United States, recognizing the fact that the Rio Grande had been established by the treaty powers of the United States and Texas as

the boundary line between the Republic of Mexico and the State of Texas, ordered General Taylor to take position on that river. He marched from Corpus Christi, March 8, 1846, with a force of four thousand men for the boundary line. After reaching the Rio Grande, General Taylor established a depot of supplies at Point Isabel, and advanced to a point opposite the Mexican city of Matamoras. Here he threw up fortifications, mounted several heavy field-pieces, and garrisoned the fort with a number of men, under command of Major Brown. The place was called Fort Brown, since known as Brownsville, Texas.

It may be interesting to state that the first officer, if not the first soldier of any grade, killed during the Mexican war was Major Jacob Brown, commandant of the fort.

Major Jacob Brown had been for many years previously a resident of Little Rock, having been stationed at that place as a paymaster and disbursing officer of the United States Army. At one time he owned the lot on which the First National Bank building now stands, and his daughters still own the adjoining lots, as well as several other valuable pieces of city property.

During Gen. Taylor's absence from Fort Brown, with the main body of his troops, the Mexican General, Arista, crossed the Rio Grande with a large force and bombarded the fort. Its commanding officer, Major Brown, was killed in this fight.

On March 11, 1846, President Polk informed Congress by message that a state of war existed. War between the United States and Mexico was then declared in due form.

The President of the United States at once issued his proclamation announcing the declaration of war, and calling upon the States to furnish troops for the prosecution of the same.

Arkansas' quota was fixed at one regiment of cavalry for service in Mexico, and a battalion to protect the western frontier of the State from the depredations of the hostile Pawnees and Comanches. The Cherokees were also giving the people of the border counties considerable trouble and uneasiness.

Gov. Drew issued his proclamation in accordance with the President's call for troops, and the First Regiment of Arkansas Cavalry was organized in June, 1846. Archibald Yell left his seat in Congress at the first call for troops and was elected Colonel of the regiment.

The other regimental officers were John Selden Roane, Lieutenant Colonel; Solon Borland, Major; Gaston Mears, Adjutant; Dr. Craven Peyton, Surgeon; William Quesenbury, Quartermaster, and Josiah Houston, Sergeant-Major.

Two companies were recruited in Little Rock and Pulaski County, known, respectively, as companies "B" and "E." The former was commanded by Capt. C. C. Danley, who was severely wounded

at the storming of one of the forts about the City of Mexico, and rendered a helpless cripple for life.

The other officers of this company were Isaac Hamilton, First Lieutenant, and Josiah M. Giles and Hiram Carr, Second Lieutenants.

Company "E" was composed principally of citizens of Little Rock and what is now Lonoke County. Albert Pike was Captain; Hamilton Reynolds was First Lieutenant; William H. Cousin, Second Lieutenant. John C. Peay, George S. Morrison, Alden M. Woodruff, Jacob Tschemier and A. M. Crouch belonged to this company.

In the limited space at my command, to give a full history of the Arkansas troops in the Mexican War, or to mention individually all who took part in it, were an impossibility.

Soon after reaching Mexico, Col. Yell expressed a desire to return to the United States and serve out the balance of his term as Congressman. This request being presented to Gen. Wool, to whose Division the Arkansas troops were attached, he very promptly told Col. Yell that he must either resign his seat in Congress or his position in the army. He chose the former, and remained with his regiment.

At Monclova Gen. Wool detached Capt. Pike's Little Rock Company and Capt. John Preston's Phillips County Company from the Arkansas regiment, and formed them into a squadron, under command of Capt. Albert Pike.

This squadron had the honor of bringing on the battle of Buena Vista, the only battle in which Arkansas troops were engaged, and also of closing it. This squadron was detached from the main army to watch the movements of the enemy, and in performing this service precipitated the fight. After the battle, Pike's squadron was selected to follow up and harrass the fleeing Mexicans.

Much adverse criticism has been passed upon the conduct of a large part of the Arkansas regiment at the battle of Buena Vista. This criticism was applied with equal force to the conduct of some of the Indiana and Kentucky troops at the same battle.

With the exception of Pike's and Preston's companies, the Arkansas regiment had not been thoroughly drilled. It showed a woeful lack of discipline, and at the battle the companies completely "lost their heads."

Colonel Yell, seeing the disordered state of the command, hastily gathered about him some thirty or forty of his bravest, dashed impetuously with them into the thickest of the fight, and needlessly, nay, recklessly, threw his life away in an attempt to save the honor of his State and his own name. Never fell a braver son of an ungrateful State. After nearly fifty years, no testimonial, erected by the State, tells of his name and fame. A blood-stained sabre belt, taken from his dead body after the battle, now in the office of the Secretary of the

State of Arkansas, alone remains to testify of this brave Arkansan.

The others of Yell's devoted band who fell in that bloody charge were Captain Andrew Porter and ensign Saunders, both of Independence county, who were literally cut to pieces; Young John Pelham; the "bravest of the brave," and Thomas Rowland, both members of Danley's Pulaski County company.

One of the most thrilling episodes of that terrible charge was the experience of "Josh" Danley, a younger brother of Capt. C. C. Danley. Young Danley was singled out by a Mexican lancer, who made for him at full tilt and inflicted a wound in his elbow. Danley grasped the head of the lance which was attached to the Mexican's wrist by a leather strap. In the tussle that ensued both combatants were dragged from their horses. Danley secured the Mexican's weapon and ran him through with it, causing his death. Danley brought the lance back home with him.

When the Arkansas troops returned home after the expiration of their term of service, a large crowd of people assembled at the wharf to see the troops disembark and welcome their return.

In the crowd was ex-Gov. Adams, whose son, John D., who had been slightly wounded, was among the returned soldiers. After giving his son the parental greeting, Gov. Adams said: "I'm told you all fought like h—l at Buena Vista." Giving

one of his characteristic laughs, John, who was not yet out of his teens, replied: "We *ran* like h—l at Buena Vista." The joke was greatly relished by some but not by all.

While the "Division of the Center," commanded by Gen. Wool, was encamped opposite Monclova, the General and staff were invited by the alcalde of the town to a banquet in the citadel. The festivities were kept up pretty late at night, and when the party attempted to cross the bridge spanning the river between the town and the camp of the American army, the sentinel, a long, lank Arkansan, barred the way with leveled musket and demanded the countersign. Gen. Wool protested that he had not the countersign and stated in a very authoritative manner that he was Gen. Wool, commanding the American forces, and insisted on passing. The sturdy Arkansan brought his musket to a more threatening position and replied: "I don't care if you are Gen. Wool, or Gen. Jackson, or Gen. George Washington, you can't pass here without the countersign." The old General blustered and fumed considerably, and talked about court martials and having the sentinel shot, etc. But the man on guard could not be overawed, nor intimidated, and the General and party had to remain seated upon their horses, in a drenching rain, until the relief guard arrived, and the officer of the watch recognized the General and supplied him with the countersign.

The next morning General Wool sent for the sentinel of the night before and made him an orderly, and provided him with a new uniform and outfit.

In 1847, Congress passed a bill authorizing the raising of ten new regiments for the regular army. When the regiments were formed, the President appointed Alden M. Woodruff and John C. Peay of Little Rock, Ark., to lieutenancies in the regular army. But when these young men reached New Orleans on their way to join their commands, they heard of the capture of the City of Mexico by the American forces, and learning that the war would now speedily close, resigned their commissions and returned home.

General T. J. Churchill, ex-Governor of Arkansas, served with distinction in the Mexican War as a member of Humphrey Marshall's Kentucky Cavalry. Gen. James F. Fagan of Little Rock, went from Johnson County, and was one of the youngest soldiers in the Arkansas regiment. He enlisted as a private in Capt. Patrick's company, and came out a Second Lieutenant.

Arkansas was conspicuously honored during this period in the appointment of Senator Sevier by the President in 1847, as one of the Commissioners on the part of the United States, clothed with extraordinary plenary powers, to settle the terms of peace between our Government and that of Mexico, after the fall of the City of Mexico. The treaty of

Guadalupe Hidalgo, negotiated by the Commissioners, of which Justice Clifford of the United States Supreme Court was the other member on the part of the United States, secured to this country a rich and vast extent of territory, including Upper California, New Mexico, Arizona, etc.

After the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which the United States acquired such vast extent of western territory, the Mormons ceased to be subjects of Mexico and became citizens of the United States. For some time they did not feel the change of allegiance, in fact, they were only cognizant of such change when the payment of official salaries was made by the Federal Government to those of their own peculiar religious belief, which was certainly not an unpleasant reminder. Moreover, the Saints in Utah were reaping a rich harvest of gain from the large number of emigrants passing through their country, *en route* to California, after the discovery of gold in 1848-9.

The emigration to California, however, left a considerable Gentile population in their midst that was hostile and totally inimical to their religious tenets, and whose criticism or hostility provoked the wrath of the Mormons, and the Destroying Angels, as they were called, being in reality a band of bloody assassins, were commanded to begin their dreadful work.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER THE MEXICAN WAR.

Shortly after the close of the Mexican war there appeared in the columns of a Little Rock newspaper an article written by Albert Pike, severely criticising the conduct of a part of the Arkansas regiment at the battle of Buena Vista, of which regiment John Selden Roane was Lieutenant-Colonel. Col. Roane construed the remarks of Capt. Pike as a personal affront which reflected upon his bravery, and he demanded of the writer satisfaction according to the code.

The challenge was promptly accepted by Capt. Pike, and the meeting took place on the sandbar opposite Fort Smith, in the Indian Territory.

I was not in the State at the time this duel was fought, but was in Kentucky on a visit to my old home.

In treating this subject, I have thought it well to take the testimony of an eye-witness to the affair, who was also one of the surgeons in attendance.

In the *Arkansas Gazette* of April 2, 1893, appeared a very interesting article from the pen of Dr. James A. Dibrell, Sr., of Van Buren, giving the particulars of the aforesaid duel. Dr. Dibrell wrote :

“On the bar opposite Fort Smith, Albert Pike as principal, with Luther Chase and John Drennen as seconds and the writer as surgeon, accompanied by Pat Farrelly and Wm. H. Cousin and Dr. R. Thruston as friends on one side, and John S. Roane as principal, with Henry M. Rector and R. W. Johnson as seconds and Dr. Phillip Burton as surgeon, met in mortal combat to decide a controversy by the code *d'honneur*, so falsely called. Pike, to the best of my recollection, was the challenging party, at least, was so considered on my side of the ground. At call, both parties promptly stepped forward, distance ten paces, when duelling pistols were loaded and placed in their hands. Both stood firm and determined, neither displaying the least agitation. Pike was enjoying a cigar during the firing. At the word, both parties fired but neither was wounded. A second fire was had, with the same result. Some one has said that Pike's beard was touched; if so, I have no recollection of it. After the second fire, Pike and myself were sitting on a cottonwood log on the edge of a forest that fringed the bar, when Dr. Burton was seen approaching us, with his usual slow and dignified step, and when within a few paces of us, beckoned to

me to meet him. I did so. He remarked: 'Dibrell, it's a d——d shame that these men should stand here and shoot at each other until one or the other is killed or wounded. 'They have shown themselves to be brave men and would fire all day unless prevented. The seconds on neither side can interfere, because it would be considered a great disparagement for either to make a proposition for cessation of hostilities. So, let us, as surgeons, assume the responsibility and say they shall not fire another time; that unless they do as we desire we will leave the field to them helpless, however cruel it might seem.'

"I replied that I knew nothing about the code, but would consult my principal. I stated Dr. Burton's proposition word for word as made to me. Pike remarked, 'I want one more fire at him and will hit him in a vital part; I believe he has tried to kill me; I have not tried to hit him.'

"After reflection, he said, 'Do as you think proper about it, but do not by anything compromise my honor.'"

The good offices of Drs. Dibrell and Burton in the interest of peace and humanity were so effective that the matter ended, honorably to both parties.

This was the last-duel of prominence fought between citizens of Arkansas.

Among the very earliest acts of the Territorial Legislature, are to be found stringent laws against duelling. So rigidly were the laws in this behalf

enforced in those days that, within my recollection or knowledge, not a single duel between citizens was fought within the limits of the Territory or State.

On the 4th day of July, 1846, the Arkansas State Penitentiary, located in the suburbs of the city of Little Rock, was completely destroyed by fire. On that day Major Harolson, the warden, had given the convicts a special dinner and holiday, in commemoration of the birthday of American Independence.

After the dinner, the warden left the prison to visit his family in the city. On leaving, the warden instructed the turnkey to place the prisoners in their cells at the usual hour. The main prison building was three stories high, and the cells were located on the second and third floors, while the first, or ground floor, was used for offices, warden and guard rooms and shops. While the two inside guards were engaged in locking up the prisoners for the night, a band of the most desperate criminals assembled in one end of the hall and refused to go into their cells. One of the guards attempted to force them to enter their cells, when he was seized by some of the refractory ones and thrown through a large opening in the hall floor to the floor below. He was not seriously hurt and arose and ran out of the building. The second guard, seeing his companion disappear through the opening in the floor, ran down the stairs, and they both made for the

workshop, where they locked themselves in and proceeded to give the alarm as best they could.

The turnkey, having now been made aware of the state of affairs, hastily closed and bolted the heavy wrought-iron door opening into the prison yard, thus leaving a large number of the convicts in the yard, which was enclosed by a high board fence.

At the north end of the building was a door opening out upon the commons. The jams of this door were of cut sand stone. The revolting convicts attacked this door with sledge hammers, which, upon being discovered, several "trusties," among them one Trowbridge, were sent to pile heavy timbers against the door, to prevent escape by that way. When the convicts discovered that their plan of escape by that way was frustrated, they went into one of the workshops on the west side and began knocking the bricks out from under one of the windows. This attempt being discovered, the guards drew their guns on the convicts and compelled them to desist. They then left the workshop and went into a corridor. Presently smoke was discovered issuing out of some of the upper windows and the terrible cry went forth that the main building, in which was already confined, in their cells, a number of convicts who had been locked up by the guards before the revolt had commenced, was on fire. Some of the revolting convicts, maddened at the failure of their attempts to escape,

and heedless of the helpless and terrible situation of those already locked in their cells, had set fire to the building.

At the first cry of fire, one Keys, a "trusty," was sent to the city to procure assistance. He ran all the way, crying the alarm. When he reached the State House yard he was arrested by a deputy sheriff and he had hard work to convince the officer that he was not an escaping convict.

Before any assistance arrived from the city, three or four members of Humphrey Marshall's First Kentucky Cavalry, on their march to join their regiment in Mexico, rode up, and, upon being made acquainted with the situation of affairs, dismounted and were admitted into the prison enclosure. The turnkey formed the guards and the volunteers, and such of the "trusties" as were strictly reliable, in line in front of the main door and swung it back. Standing near the door in the lower corridor were the ten or twelve ringleaders of the revolt, armed with crowbars, sledge hammers, hatchets, etc., and at their head one Morgan, with a hatchet in one hand and a knife in the other. As the door was opened, Morgan rushed out and ran between the frame workshop and a small building used as a blacksmith shop, and made for the fence. As he did so, one of the armed "trusties" ran around the workshop just as Morgan reached the fence. He called upon him to halt, which he refused to do, when the "trusty" fired, killing him instantly. The fire burned very

slowly at first, and it was not until the flames reached the roof that the conflagration became alarming, although the building was filled with smoke and resounded with the cries, prayers and curses of the imprisoned convicts. On the death of Morgan, the other conspirators threw down their weapons, surrendered, and were marched out and placed under guard. The work of rescuing the locked-up prisoners then began and was prosecuted with such diligence that every man was taken out, without having suffered any injury beyond being badly frightened.

By the time assistance arrived from the city the buildings were almost in total ruins. The convicts who were engaged in the revolt were chained together and they, with the balance of the prisoners, were marched to town and part of them placed in the county jail, while the remainder were kept in some small houses in the jail yard, under guard.

The good conduct of Trowbridge, Keys and several other convicts on the occasion of the burning of the Penitentiary, and the valuable assistance rendered by them to the authorities at that time, induced the Governor to grant these men a free pardon for their offenses against the laws of the State.

The resignation of Col. Yell from his seat in Congress left a vacancy to be filled by a special election, which came off in January, 1847, and Major Thomas W. Newton was elected. He was the first

and only Whig ever elected to a seat in Congress from Arkansas.

At the regular November election, 1847, Robert W. Johnson, Democrat, was chosen to succeed Major Newton in Congress.

In 1847, Col. Chester Ashley, who had been re-elected to the United States Senate in 1846, died in Washington City, after having served only one year of his second term; and Hon. A. H. Sevier resigned his seat in 1847 to go to Mexico as one of the Commissioners on the part of the United States to settle the terms of peace between that country and Mexico. The Legislature of 1848 was, therefore, called upon to elect three United States Senators, one to fill out the unexpired term of Hon. A. H. Sevier, whose seat in Congress had been temporarily filled by Solon Borland, by appointment of the Governor; (Major Borland had shortly before returned from the seat of war in Mexico); one for the full term of six years, from the 4th of March, 1849, and one to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Chester Ashley. Major Borland was elected for the balance of the term for which Mr. Sevier had been elected, and also for the full term of six years. Wm. K. Sebastian, of Phillips County, was chosen as Col. Ashley's successor.

On the last day of December, 1848, Col. Sevier died at his plantation in Chicot County, located on lands purchased by him at the sale made of the

lands donated by Congress to enable the Territory of Arkansas to erect public buildings.

On the 10th day of January, 1849, Thomas S. Drew resigned the office of Governor, having already served one full term, and had recently been re-elected to another.

In April of the same year John Selden Roane, of Jefferson County, was elected to the office of Governor.

On the 2d day of October, 1849, the State was called upon to mourn the death of one of her oldest and most devoted public servants—Judge Benjamin Johnson, who had served in the Federal Judiciary of the Territory and State for a period of nearly thirty years. Judge Daniel Ringo, of the State Supreme Court, became Judge Johnson's successor on the United States District Court bench.

The first authentic news of the discovery of gold in California in 1848, set the whole country wild with excitement.

The reports of the finding of this El Dorado of the West penetrated to the most remote and quiet settlements. All sorts and conditions of men caught the prevailing infection and made haste to get into the land which was teeming with the precious metal.

The lawyer left his desk and cases, the merchant his goods and wares, the farmer and mechanic their homestead and work bench and the hunter and trapper his lonely campfire, and all went in the mad

search for gold. Even the preacher left his pulpit and flock and joined the throng bound for the promised land not spoken of in Holy Writ.

In the early part of 1849, several parties left Arkansas for California by way of Cape Horn, by steamers from New York and New Orleans.

In the spring of 1849, a large party from Pulaski and adjoining counties in Arkansas started to make the overland journey to the land of gold. Among this party were Rev. W. W. Stevenson and son, Robert W., then a mere lad; Henry Keatts, who took with him a very black negro servant named Mingo, who became free after reaching California; A. M. Woodruff and J. McView, Thomas Parsel, Dr. William Fagan, who had recently graduated from one of the leading medical colleges and was a young man of unusual promise. Dr. Fagan sickened and died *en route*.

Elijah Robbins, another one of the party, undertook the arduous trip while in almost the last stages of consumption. No one supposed he would live a month. He, however, gradually improved in health as they progressed, and when the party reached San Francisco, after a tedious journey on foot of six months duration, he was well and strong. He lived for several years afterwards, and when he died his death was from other than lung troubles.

This party was organized on strict military principles, under the leadership of O. D. Moulton,

a practical expert miner from the Kellogg Lead Mines, near Little Rock.

Their outfit was very complete. The bodies of their wagons were made water tight and fashioned at each end like the bow and stern of a flat-boat, and were used in ferrying over swollen streams and deep rivers. They also bought up and drove along young cattle for beef.

This expedition had rather an uneventful journey and the members of it were not molested by the Indians that infested the plains.

Of this party, Messrs. Keatts, Haralson, Parsel and young Stevenson returned to Little Rock. The elder Stevenson never came back, and it has been only a few years ago that he died in California, at the advanced age of 90 years.

In the year 1851 another party left Arkansas for California. In this party was an old couple named Hammond. Mrs. Hammond, a very old lady, walked almost the entire distance.

The first letters written back to Arkansas came by ship around Cape Horn to New York. The postage was forty cents, single rate, and the postage on some of the letters reached as high as several dollars.

In the summer of 1849, during the administration of Gov. John Selden Roane, there occurred in Marion County a serious armed encounter between

the Tutt and Everett families and their respective followers, which is known as the Marion County War.

The Tutts and the Everetts were the leading families of the County, and the strife grew out of disputes as to who should control the offices of the County.

The Tutts were Whigs and the Everetts were Democrats. Soon after Marion County was formed, in 1835, Bart. Everett became Sheriff of the County, and his brother, Ewell, County Judge. About this time, Hamp. Tutt put up a grocery and sold the natives "fighting whiskey." This was the only place in the County where whiskey could be obtained, and Tutt, who was a shrewd business man, soon became very popular, particularly among the whiskey drinkers. At every election for county officers after that time there was a warm contest between the Everetts and the Tutts as to who should have the offices. The Tutts never offered for office themselves, but selected some of their prominent friends. The contests became so hot that not unfrequently there was a fight between some of the parties. The first serious difficulty was humorously called by the attorneys, when the parties were on trial in the circuit court afterwards, the "June fight of 1844." In this fight, rocks, sticks, as well as fists, were freely used. Simmons Everett, a powerful man, over six feet in height, was knocked down with a hoe in this fight, and for a while, it was

thought that he would die from his injuries. This riot was quelled, but almost every time the Tutts and Everetts met afterwards there was trouble. Sim. Everett was a hard drinker, and he was generally the starter of the trouble. He always sought a fight when drinking, and no man in the County could withstand the ponderous blows of this stalwart, six-foot, long-armed Kentuckian. (The Tutts were Tennesseans.) The Tutts had no man who was a match for him in a fisticuff encounter, and so they armed themselves with knives, rocks, etc., and afterwards with pistols, which caused the Everetts to do likewise.

Later there came to this county a large man of commanding appearance and violent temperament, by the name of Jesse Mooney, and he allied himself with the Everetts. There also moved there a man by the name of William King, who had several sons, two of whom were drinking and fighting men. The others, with "Old Uncle Billy," as the father was called, seemed to be genteel, sober men. This family took sides with the Tutts. Mooney afterwards ran for Sheriff, supported by the Everetts.

Difficulties became so common between the Tutt and Everett factions, that their animosity against each other was worked up to a fever heat all the time, and soon the whole male population of the county was classed as being the friends of either one or the other of the parties.

Finally there was a gathering at Yellville, the county seat, the Everetts and their friends making serious threats against their enemies. They came to the village, many of them armed with rifles, and others with knives, pistols, etc.

The Everetts and their friends formed in the street, in front of Hamp. Tutt's grocery, in regular order of battle. The Tutts and their friends stood outside of the grocery, but not in regular order. Angry words were passed between some of the crowd on both sides. There was an open space between the parties of about twenty feet. The bystanders were looking for an engagement every moment, when, strange to say, a dry whirlwind seemed to drop down and come directly between the belligerents, raising a blinding dust, which scattered the parties for the time being. In fact, there was no fighting that day, and things seemed to quiet down. Finally the Everetts, or most of them, got on their horses and started home. But one of their friends, named Bob Adams, did not get ready as soon as the others. He was untying his horse where it was hitched in the bushes, when Charles D. Wood, of the Tutt party, who was called "Derrel" Wood, and known as one of the most quarrelsome men in the County, went down to where Adams was and commenced cursing him and the Everetts. By this time the Everetts were out of sight in a dense thicket of underbrush, but, hearing the fuss, they wheeled their horses around and came galloping

back, and, alighting from their horses, began shooting. The Tutts, when they saw their adversaries coming, secreted themselves behind trees and brush, and returned the fire with their pistols. Sim. Everett and Bart. Everett were killed, and one of the Tutt party, Jack King, was wounded, and died the next day. James King, who afterwards lived, until his recent death, in Lonoke County, where he was a respected citizen and had labored as a minister, was slightly wounded, and one Watkins, also of the Tutt party, was shot and his scalp torn off by the ball. Another of the Tutt party had his arm broken by a thrust from a rifle after it was discharged. H. L. King, a son of the James King referred to, is now living in Lonoke County.

A. G. Robertson, of Kentucky, a man of some ability, but a drunkard, was the man whom the Tutts put forward to oppose the Everetts, but he was not in the fight. He was afterwards elected to the Legislature.

Lumas King and a man by the name of Sinclair were styled the leading fighters of the Tutt party. Sinclair lived in Searcy County, and was considered a bad man. He was the man who killed Sim. Everett, and it was thought that Lumas King killed Bart. Everett.

A posse of the Everett's friends went in search of Sinclair in Searcy County, and found him one morning asleep in a tree top near one of his friends'

houses. He was awakened by the posse and attempted to escape, but was killed by a shot from a rifle. Writs were gotten out for the arrest of the Kings and put in the hands of Jesse Mooney, sheriff, and the friend of the Everetts. Before this a brother of the Everetts, Jesse by name, came from Texas, where he had been living a year or more, and brought with him one Stratton, a desperate character. They waylaid Hamp. Tutt and shot at him while he was traveling along the road. The Everetts took Jesse Mooney and went after the Kings, as they had heard by this time where they were. They also got the sheriff of Van Buren county to go with them. They arrested the Kings and brought them to Searcy County, giving them up to the sheriff, the Everetts all the time acting as a posse to guard the Kings. When they got to the Marion County line, the Kings were delivered up to Mooney, still guarded by the Everetts. Late in the evening, when they were some ten miles from Yellville, Mooney said he was compelled to go home, and he left the Kings in the hands of the guards, the Everetts. There were five of the Kings. The Everetts left the road, and soon commenced shooting them. Three of them, old man William King, and his two sons, Lumas and Bill, were killed on the spot. James and Hosea King made their escape, the Everetts shooting at them as they ran. Old Man King and his son Hosea were in the fight when the Everetts were killed.

The Everetts and their friends banded together with the sheriff, made a posse, under the control of the deputy sheriff, and went out to arrest them, but found them too well fortified, as well as too numerous, to be taken.

A demand was made on Gov. Roane to order out the militia, and Gen. Allan Wood was sent to take command. He was a soldier of the Mexican War, and a member of the House of Representatives in 1854. When Wood arrived with his militia, the Everetts and their friends retreated to Searcy County, where they had some friends and quite a number of relatives. A camp meeting was being held in Wiley's Cove by the Methodists. Wood ascertained that the Everetts were at the meeting, and he swooped down on them by night and captured them. There being no jail in Marion County, they were taken to Smithville, in Lawrence County, for safe keeping. They remained there only a short time, when their friends from Marion County went to Smithville with crowbars and broke the jail door down, letting the prisoners out. They went back to Marion County and laid in the woods and at their friends' houses, making every effort to kill Hamp. Tutt. At last they prevailed on a man by the name of Wickersham, who had recently come to the county, to waylay and kill him, which he finally succeeded in doing. The Everetts then went back to Texas. Jesse N. Everett, the leader, took the

cholera on his way back, somewhere on Big Red River, and died. The county then had a resting spell.

I am indebted to Hon. William B. Flippin, of Marion County, for refreshing my memory in regard to the Tutt-Everett war. Indeed, the facts in the foregoing history of that disgraceful feud are obtained from his recollections of it as furnished by him to me.

William B. Flippin was born in Monroe County, Kentucky, September 4, 1817. In 1824 he moved with his father to Tennessee, from which State he removed to Marion County, Arkansas, in 1837, where he has resided ever since, having lived on the same farm for over fifty-five years. In 1841 he was married to Miss Agnes W. Adams, of Hopkins County, Kentucky, by whom he has three living children, James A. and Thomas H. and a married daughter. He has held numerous positions of honor in his county and served two terms in the State Legislature. He raised a company during the Civil War, of which he was chosen captain. He is an ordained minister of the Church of Christ, as well as a farmer.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE KNOWNOTHING PARTY IN ARKANSAS.

On the 7th day of July 1850, President Zachary Taylor died, and Vice-President Fillmore was sworn in as President the next day.

It was during Mr. Fillmore's administration that postage stamps came into use for the first time in this country. Prior to that time pre-payment of postage was optional with the sender of a letter, and the rate of letter postage at that date was a uniform one of ten cents.

The first postage stamps issued by the Government were of the denomination of ten cents. They were light red in color and bore a medallion of the head and bust of Washington.

The adhesive quality of the new stamps was very poor, and it often happened that the stamps became detached from letters in transit through the mails. All sorts of devices were resorted to for making the new fangled things stick. Sometimes the stamps were affixed with wafers or sealing wax, and very often were simply pinned onto the envelope.

I was postmaster at Little Rock when the first issue of stamps was made and recall several amusing occurrences arising on account of the poor quality of the stamps.

At that time, and for a good many years afterwards, the post office at Little Rock was a very important one, being the general distributing office for the entire southwestern country.

Soon after the introduction of postage stamps, a letter passed through this office addressed to a Mr. Nicholas, somebody or other, whose last name I have now forgotten. The sender of the letter had affixed the stamp in the usual way, and had written at the top the following bit of doggerel:

“My old friend Nic,
If this don't stick,
Out very quick
With two silver pics.”

And across the face of the stamp was written,

“Hold on, Mr. Washington.”

A five cent silver piece was usually called a “pic.” (A picayune, however, was $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents).

Letters frequently passed through the office having the expressive, if not elegant, announcement written across the envelope, “Postage paid if the d—d thing sticks.”

The Post Office Department soon adopted a five cent letter rate for points within a radius of 500 miles of the office of mailing, and ten cents beyond that limit. The next change was to adopt a uni-

form rate of five cents, regardless of distance. This continued to be the rate until the adoption of three cent postage, which was the rate until long after the close of the Civil War.

At this period the post office at Little Rock was kept in the lower part of a high two-story and attic frame building, located on the east side of Main street, near the corner of Cherry (Second) street, about where the Bank of Commerce building now stands. The attic of the building was fitted up for a lodge room of the I. O. O. F.

On the night of February 3, 1853, the post office building and its entire contents were destroyed by fire. James Murphy, a clerk in the office—now an honored and wealthy citizen of Arkansas City, Desha County, Ark., lost all his personal effects, including a fine library of choice literature.

The post office was then re-opened in a frame building on the southeast corner of Markham and Rock streets, where the Geyer & Adams Wholesale Grocery Company now does business.

In 1855, John E. Reardon was appointed postmaster, and removed the office to the State Bank building, opposite the State House. In 1857, Thomas J. Churchill succeeded Mr. Reardon as postmaster and the office was removed to the Real Estate Bank building, a fine and commodious brick structure on the southeast corner of Markham and Commerce (First) street. The post office continued to be at this location until the evacuation of the city of Little

Rock by the Confederate forces, September 10, 1863. The United States post office authorities occupied this building for some time after the occupation of the city by the Federal army.

In 1852 Elias N. Conway was elected Governor of the State, many old Whigs voting for him in preference to the regular candidate of that party. Mr. Conway was re-elected in 1856, and was succeeded in 1860 by Hon. Henry M. Rector, known as the "War Governor."

Hon. George C. Watkins was placed upon the Supreme Bench in 1852, being elected Chief Justice to succeed Hon. Thomas Johnson.

The Hon. Solon Borland having been appointed by the President Minister Plenipotentiary to Nicaragua, resigned his seat in the Senate and Robert W. Johnson, then in the National House of Representatives, was appointed by the Governor to serve in Col. Borland's stead until an election could be had to fill the vacancy. On November 10, 1853, Mr. Johnson was elected by the Legislature as United States Senator to serve until March 4, 1855.

Hon. George C. Watkins having resigned the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Elbert H. English was elected to that position.

The elevation of Judge English to the bench left the office of Reporter of the Supreme Court vacant, which was at once filled by the appointment of Mr. Luke E. Barber, clerk of the court, to be Reporter also.

Mr. Barber continued to be the official Reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court for upwards of twelve years.

The volumes of Reports of the Decisions of the Supreme Court prepared by Judge English and Mr. Barber constitute a large and valuable part of the written law of the State.

The decline of the Whig party as a political organization, which began during Mr. Fillmore's administration, in 1850, was finally completed by the defeat of Gen. Winfield Scott for the Presidency in 1852, when the party was entirely overthrown and wiped out of existence.

A political party known as "The Order of United Americans," was then started, out of which sprang, in 1854, that remarkable political combination, the "Knownothing Party," the two cardinal principles of which were, opposition to foreign immigration, and hostility to the Roman Catholic Church from a political standpoint.

The party was organized on the secret society principle and had its paraphernalia, degrees, grips, pass-words and signs. The lodges were called councils. Albert Pike was the chief organizer in Arkansas, and Andre J. Hutt was the first President of the State Council.

Subordinate councils were established in many parts of the State. Not only Whigs became members of the party, many of whom did not, but many Democrats joined the councils. No one was solic-

ited to join, and whenever a member was approached by an outsider in reference to the matter, he professed to *know nothing*, hence the name.

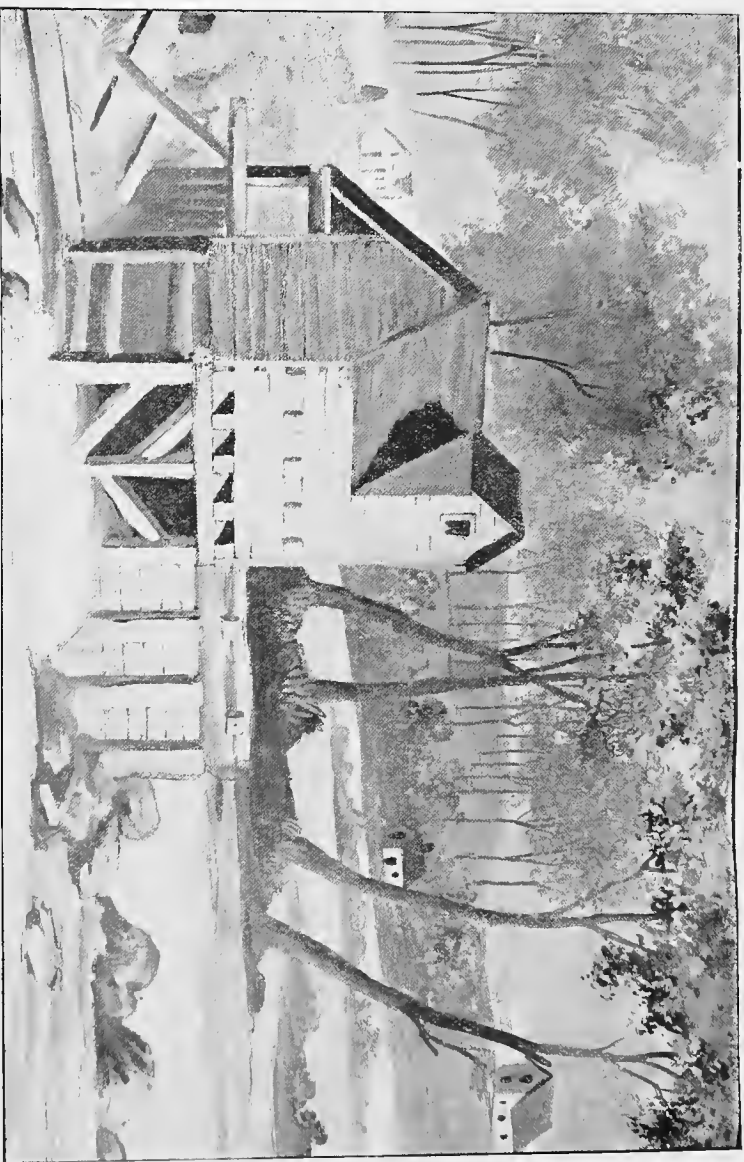
The "Knownothing" party captured the Legislature in 1854, and elected all the State officers, elective by that body, except Secretary of State, which office nobody in the party seemed to want.

The "Knownothings" nominated James Yell, of Pine Bluff, for Governor in 1856, but Elias N. Conway, the Democratic nominee, beat him by about 14,000 votes. Absalom Fowler was nominated by that party for Congress, but was defeated by Albert Rust, Democrat, in the Second District.

Rust's advent into Congress was signalized by his giving Horace Greeley a severe caning, a proceeding which caused wide-spread indignation among all parties and made Rust very unpopular for a while.

It is a fact well known to the student of political history, that no party has ever existed long which was based upon only one, or at most, two leading ideas. Such was the "Knownothing Party," which soon ceased to be a factor in either State or National politics.

Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, who had been a Whig, but was now the Democratic candidate for Governor of that State, gave Knownothingism its quietus in a speech delivered in Charleston, Western Virginia, as that part of the Old Dominion was then called. In the course of his speech, he called on



MAMMOTH SPRING, FULTON COUNTY. (From an engraving made 40 years ago.)

"Sam," (the Knownothings called themselves Uncle Sam's boys,) to stand up and be counted. Seventeen hundred answered the summons, and got such an ex-coriating for their trouble from that master of invective, that the party never recovered from the blow.

During the existence of the "Knownothing Party" in Arkansas, Rt. Rev. Andrew Byrne, first Catholic Bishop of Little Rock, wrote a series of letters, afterwards published in pamphlet form, in answer to the charges made by the party against the Catholic Church.

The Bishop's pamphlet is an able defense of the principles and practices of Roman Catholicism.

It is safe to say that not one person in a thousand of those who daily visit the post office in Little Rock nowadays ever see, or seeing, give any attention, to the little old weather-beaten one-story brick cottage with its slanting moss-covered roof and long low piazza, situated directly opposite the Government building on West Second street.

The house itself stands retired from the street, shaded by a few old scraggy and deformed mulberry trees. It seems to shrink from the public gaze, like one who has been distanced in the race of life and left alone by all his fellows.

This house once occupied spacious grounds, and was built and owned by Samuel C. Roane, a prominent citizen of the State. The building must be

nearly seventy-five years old now, as it was standing when I came to the Territory, more than sixty years ago.

On Saturday night, February 20, 1858, a handsome looking and neatly dressed man, about thirty-five years of age, appeared at the door of this cottage, then occupied by a free negro woman named Jennie Lindsay, familiarly known as "Aunt Jennie," and who carried on the business of a laundress.

The visitor carried a bundle of soiled and damp clothes, liberally bespattered with red clay and river mud. He requested that the clothing be washed and dried that night. The old woman promised to give the matter immediate attention, but, worn out with the labors of the day, she threw the bundle of clothes under her bed, and, lying down, was soon fast asleep. The clothes were never washed.

The man went to the theater, and after the performance repaired to his room at Jeffries' Hotel and went to bed.

Some little time before the occurrence just related, there came to Little Rock from Georgia a nicely appearing young man who bore the patriotic name of General George Washington Lester. His mission to Little Rock was to endeavor to have released from State Prison his uncle, who had been convicted in Monroe County, on a change of venue from Philips County, for the crime of negro stealing. There was very strong presumption of the prisoner's innocence, and Gov. Elias N. Conway

had promised young Lester to pardon his uncle if he would produce a petition for Executive clemency signed by the officers of the court and the grand and petit jurors in the case.

Soon after Lester arrived in Little Rock, he became acquainted with one Cosgrove, recently from Ohio, a gardener and ditcher by trade, but who had until a short time previously been engaged as a guard at the Arkansas Penitentiary.

The two young men became very intimate and had agreed to embark in the mercantile business together. Lester always seemed to have plenty of money, which he spent very freely in company with his new found friend.

About dark on the evening of February 20, 1858, Lester and Cosgrove called at the post office, and Lester got a letter containing a draft for \$80. The pair left the office and proceeded east on Markham street, then over to Cherry (Second) street, and out that street in the direction of a ten pin alley, located just east of where the Southern Cotton Oil Mills now stand. They met several people who recognized Cosgrove. That was the last seen of Lester alive.

The next morning, Sunday, the 21st, Harvey Lewis, who lived near the eastern terminus of Markham street, awoke very early and went out to view the river, which was rising rapidly. While crossing a deep ravine, the sides of which were of a red sticky clay, he discovered a black object hanging

from a thorn bush. On closer inspection the object proved to be one of the skirts of a black frock coat. The ground in the vicinity was trampled and torn up, as if a struggle had taken place there. He also discovered pools of blood, and a track, as of some heavy body having been dragged towards the brink of the river.

Mr. Lewis reported his discovery to Mr. James A. Henry, who lived in the neighborhood, and to several other parties, and they secured the coat skirt, in the pocket of which they found a packet of letters addressed to Lester. The matter was at once reported to the nearest peace officer.

Inquiry at the post office elicited the fact that Lester, in company with Cosgrove, had called at the office the evening before and had gotten a letter in which there was a draft.

A warrant was sworn out for Cosgrove's arrest, charging him with murder.

When the sheriff found Cosgrove he was standing in the yard of old St. Andrews Cathedral in a group of men who were waiting for services to begin.

He had in his hand at the time of his arrest a book of devotion called "The Garden of the Soul."

About the usual time for the Church bells to begin ringing, the sharp, quick clangor of the market house bell smote the quietude of the Sabbath stillness. I stepped out of my residence on Main street to inquire into the unusual occurrence and

met Dr. A. W. Webb, who informed me of the tragedy of the night before, and that a mass meeting was being held at the city hall to discuss the propriety of mobbing Cosgrove. When I arrived at the place of meeting, Mr. Burgwin, a merchant of the city, was addressing the crowd, strongly urging them to go to the jail and take the prisoner out and hang him. The most intense excitement prevailed, and the rope was gotten ready. But Mr. Charles P. Bertrand, Capt. C. C. Danley, and several others, urged that the law be allowed to take its course. Mr. Bertrand promised that if Cosgrove was acquitted he would be among the first to swing the murderer to the nearest tree.

Wise counsel finally prevailed and the mob dispersed, but the mob spirit was not yet entirely quelled, for shortly afterwards another mob went to the jail, bent on carrying out their purpose. But the determined stand taken by the sheriff, Thomas Fletcher, and the jailer, Thos. Parsel, frustrated this attempt.

No further effort was made to lynch Cosgrove, and in due time he was given a fair and impartial trial.

Three or four days after the murder, the body of the victim was found on a sand-bar, some fifteen miles below town.

The trial took place before Hon. John J. Clendennin, Judge of the Circuit Court. The State was represented by J. L. Hallowell, Prosecuting Attor-

ney, assisted by Chas. P. Bertrand, Esq., who was active in working up the case. The defendant was assigned, by the court, the very best of legal talent—Messrs. Sam W. Williams and Pleasant Jordan. Mr. Williams' plan of defense was the most ingenious piece of legal strategy in the annals of our criminal jurisprudence. His speech in defense of Cosgrove will long be remembered by all who heard it as a master effort in eloquence, logic, sarcasm and pathos. But the chain of circumstantial evidence, from the time that Cosgrove and Lester were seen together that Saturday night, to the finding of the bundle of soiled and bloody clothing at the cottage of the old negro washer-woman, and which proved to have belonged to Cosgrove, was too complete to be broken, and Cosgrove was adjudged guilty of murder and sentenced to death. The execution took place June 10, 1858.

People came from a distance of fifty miles, and camped in the vicinity of the penitentiary to witness the execution. The prisoner stoutly maintained his innocence to the last. But, after the execution, the jailer found among the murderer's underclothing the \$80 draft. In his trunk were also found a "billy" and a leaden "slung-shot."

In the whole history of Arkansas as Territory and State up to that time, this was the second murder, only, in which the purpose was robbery.

As soon as it was discovered that Lester had been murdered, Gov. Conway at once granted Cole,

the young man's uncle, a full pardon and he was immediately released from the penitentiary. Poor young Lester's mission to Arkansas was not in vain, although accomplished at such a dreadful sacrifice.

In 1855, or 1856, Perley Pratt, a Mormon apostle, had seduced the wife and stolen the children of a Mr. McLean in California. The children were rescued and Pratt was arrested and taken to Van Buren, Ark., for trial before the Federal Court at that place. On the trial, Pratt, through some technicality of the law, was acquitted. This miscarriage of justice so aroused the indignation of McLean that he rushed upon the despoiler of his home and slew him.

The killing of Pratt only intensified Mormon hate against the aliens, and fresher and more atrocious outrages were set on foot against them, which culminated in the massacre at Mountain Meadow in September, 1857.

In detailing this horrible affair, in which the victims were citizens of Arkansas, I cannot do better than quote from the "Life of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston" by his son, William Preston Johnston—Harper Bros., 1879: "A band of emigrants, about 135 in number, quietly traveling from Arkansas to Southern California, arrived in Utah. This company was made up of farmers' families, allied by blood or friendship, and far above the average in wealth, intelligence and orderly conduct. They were Methodists, and had religious services

regularly morning and evening. They expected, according to custom, to refit their teams in Utah, and buy food and forage sufficient to pass the California Desert; but, to their horror, this reasonable traffic was everywhere refused. When they stopped at the Jordan to rest, they were ordered to move on; and Brigham Young sent a courier ahead to forbid all intercourse with the weary and terror-stricken band. Pity or courteousness evaded the decree so far as to permit the purchase of thirty bushels of corn at Fillmore, and fifty bushels of flour at Cedar City. But so exhausted did the emigrants become, that they made but thirty-five miles in their last four days of travel."

"As they were thus crawling along, the decree was passed, devoting said company to destruction; and the militia was regularly called out under orders from a military council at Parowan. The authorities were Col. W. H. Dunn, Lieutenant-Colonel; Isaac C. Haight, President and High Priest of Southern Utah, and Major John D. Lee, a Bishop of the Church. Their orders were to kill the entire company, except the little children.' The Mormon regiment, with some Indian auxiliaries, attacked the emigrants soon after they broke up camp, on September 12th."

"The travelers quickly rallied, corralled their wagons, and kept up such a fire that the assailants were afraid to come to close quarters. Reinforcements were sent for, and arrived, but still the Mor-

mons did not venture to assault the desperate men, who were fighting for their wives and little ones."

"At last, on the 13th, the fourth day of the siege, Lee sent in a flag of truce, offering, 'if the emigrants would lay down their arms, to protect them.' They complied, laid down their arms, and half an hour afterwards the massacre began. All were killed except seventeen little children. Every atrocity accompanied the slaughter, and the corpses were mutilated and left naked on the ground. Three men got out of the valley, two of whom were soon overtaken and killed; the other reached Muddy Creek, fifty miles off, and was overtaken and killed by several white men and one Indian."

"Eighteen months afterwards the surviving children were rescued and restored to their friends in Arkansas, by Jacob Forney, Superintendent of Indian Affairs."

The infamous and bloodthirsty John D. Lee, after twenty years of impunity, was at last brought to justice, and tried and executed for his crimes, in 1877.

The survivors of the massacre were delivered to Hon. William D. Mitchell, United States Government Agent at Fort Leavenworth, who brought the party back to Arkansas. Mr. Mitchell was the father of Prof. James Mitchell, the present postmaster at Little Rock.

I will here state that the unfortunate expedition was commanded by Captain Fancher, an uncle

of Hon. Polk Fancher, of Carroll County, Arkansas. One of the survivors of the Mountain Meadow Massacre is now a resident of Little Rock, Miss Sarah Dunlap, a teacher in the Arkansas School for the Blind.

It was the author's intention, at the outset, to bring these recollections up to and including the year 1861. But the weariness of the body incident to an extreme old age warns me to cease from my labors. Besides, the time lying between the years 1856 and 1862 is so near the present that the happenings of that period are known, generally, to all men.

I can not, however, find it to my inclination to bring these memoirs to a close without reference to some of the leading men of former times.

In addition to those prominent persons already mentioned in former portions of this work, I am reminded of the names of some of the members of the legal and medical professions who were prominent in the State at a later period, some of whom are still with us.

The bare mention of their names in this connection is but a poor tribute to pay to their worth and abilities. I would that strength of body and the power of intellect to properly and fully record their deeds and virtues permitted a more extended treatment of the subject.

Those eminent in the legal profession whose names now rise up before my mental vision are:

Elbert H. English, Sam W. Williams, Joseph W. Stilwell, George A. Gallagher, Charles C. Farrelly, Henry M. Rector, John T. Trigg, Wm. M. Randolph, Pleasant Jordan, A. H. Garland, Z. P. H. Farr, John E. Knight, of Little Rock. Of the younger men of the Little Rock Bar, there were Robert C. Newton, Wm. Lawson, Davis Williams, the brilliant younger brother of Judge Sam W. Williams, whose career was cut short by an untimely death; James W. Finley, who died early in life, while serving as a member of Woodruff's Artillery in the Confederate Army.

Of prominent lawyers in other portions of the State, I now recall the names of Freeman W. Compton, of Dallas County (later of Little Rock, where he died); U. M. Rose, of Batesville, now a distinguished resident of Little Rock; William Porter Grace, M. L. Bell and Willoughby Williams, of Pine Bluff; Oliver H. Oates, John J. Horner and James C. Tappan, of Helena; J. H. Patterson, of Augusta; Ben T. DuVal and Sol F. Clark (since removed to Little Rock), of Fort Smith; W. W. Mansfield, of Franklin County; Hugh F. Thomasson, of Van Buren; T. F. Sorrels, of Monticello; John R. Eakin, James Ervin, B. F. Hempstead, Rufus K. Garland and A. B. Williams, of Hempstead County; George P. Smoote, of Columbia; E. A. Warren (afterwards of Prescott and Texarkana), of Ouachita County; the Pindalls, of Desha County. There were others through the State whom

it would be a pleasure to place in this category, but their names have escaped from my memory.

Of eminent physicians, there were Doctors C. Peyton, P. P. Burton, A. W. Webb, J. J. McAlmont, P. O. Hooper, Corydon McAlmont, W. W. Adams, W. A. Cantrell, and Drs. Peter Brugman and H. N. Case, dentists, of Little Rock; Drs. James A. Dibrell and Richard Thruston, of Van Buren; Drs. William A. Hammond and George W. Lawrence, of Hot Springs; Dr. William Lawrence, of Batesville; Dr. E. R. DuVal, of Fort Smith; Drs. Benjamin Jett, W. P. Hart and —— Foster, of Washington; Dr. Candler, of Hempstead County; Dr. Linthicum, of Helena; Drs. Rozelle and George C. Tulley, of Pine Bluff.

Nor would I forget the business men, the founders and promoters of our commercial prosperity. Of these, of early and later years, I remember Emzy Wilson & Son, John McLane, Noah Badgett, William B. Wait, S. H. Tucker, Dunn & Sutton, Walter Mitchell, W. P. Officer, John M. Boyle, L. and William R. Gibson, Dudley Martin, Foster & Finley, James DeBaun, James Pitcher, Ebenezer Walters, James V. Keatts, Felix J. Thibault, D. C. Fulton, Lambert J. and John E. Reardon, James A. Henry, Jacob Reider, Andre J. Hutt, William B. and J. B. Badgett, Jacob Hawkins, James, John and William Vance, S. M. Weaver, T. D. Merrick, George S. Morrison, George A. Worthen, Albert Cohen, John P. Karns, M. Navra, Marcus Dotter,

A. Bott, D. McGowan, Isaac Levy, W. P. Rapley, Peter Hanger, Reese Pritchard, Joseph Fenno, Gabriel McGowan, Hues Scull, Ritchie & Van Pradell, Wood Tucker & Son, Dr. Hummell, Dr. Habberman, R. L. Dodge, J. J. McAlmont, of Little Rock.

Scott, Pennywit & Co., J. Henry Williams & Co., Morrell & Mareen, Wallace & Ward, and Hanley & Co., Van Buren.

R. M. Johnson, Bennett, Walton & Co., and Charles Johnson, Fort Smith.

Joseph Merrell and Drew White, Pine Bluff.

Newland & McGuire, and Enzer & Co., Batesville.

Ludovicus Belding, A. H. Whittington, Charles Miller and William V. Hull, A. Kempner, Hot Springs.

Dickson & Thurman, Fayetteville.

E. Hill & Co., Tyre & Co., Camden.

B. L. Britton, Abraham Bloch & Co., Benjamin P. Jett & Co., Dr. Foster, W. H. Etter & Co., Burt & Co., Andrews & Co., McNair & Co., Hannah & Fall, and William and Martin Moss, Washington.

APPENDIX.

“EVERY YEAR.”

BY GEN. ALBERT PIKE.

(Revised in 1885 by the author).

Life is a count of losses,
Every year ;
For the weak are heavier crosses,
Every year ;
Lost Springs with sobs replying
Unto weary Autumns' sighing,
While those we love are dying,
Every year.

The days have less of gladness,
Every year ;
The nights more weight of sadness,
Every year ;
Fair Springs no longer charm us,
The winds and weather harm us,
The threats of death alarm us,
Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows,
Every year ;
Dark days and darker morrows,
Every year ;
The ghosts of dead loves haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us,
Every year.

To the Past go more dead faces,
Every year ;
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year ;

Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
Every year;
"You are more alone," they tell us,
Every year;
"You can win no new affection,
"You have only recollection,
"Deeper sorrow and dejection,
"Every year."

Too true! Life's shores are shifting,
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting,
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to forget us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,
Every year;
And its morning-star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burthen lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
Every year.

—From *La Chaine d'Union*, Paris, France, 1885.

The first and last stanzas of the original version of "Every Year," were as follows:

The Spring has less of brightness,
Every year;
The snows a ghastlier whiteness,
Every year;

Nor do Summer's flowers quicken,
Nor Autumn's fruitage thicken,
As they once did, for we sicken,
Every year.

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Thank God! no clouds are shifting,
Every year;
O'er the land to which we're drifting,
Every year;
No losses there will grieve us,
Nor loving faces leave us,
Nor death of friends bereave us,
Every year.



THE DEAD CHILD.

(Said to be the last poem written by General Pike.)

The young leaf lives in Spring its little hour,
And falleth from the limb—who knoweth why?
The fair young bud blooms not into a flower,
But sickening droops and hasteneth to die.

Who knoweth why?

Our Father knows, from whom the bud and leaf
Received their life, so beautiful and brief.

Those loved by us,—the young, fair, innocent,—
When like your dear ones they have grown more dear,
For but a little season to us lent,

He calleth home, letting us live on here—

Who knoweth why?

They in the early morning of Life's day
Do fade and fade, while we grow old and gray.

Our Father knows. He knew they did not need
Life's discipline and sorrow's chastening pain
To make them fit for Heaven, and early freed
These pure white souls to Him returned again,

For us to intercede.

Thus we, amid Life's sorrows, toils and cares,
Have entertained his angels unawares.

—*Albert Pike.*

Washington, March 28, 1884.

THE ARKANSAW TRAVELER.

[The story of the "Arkansaw Traveler" is not published in this work as a sample literary gem, or as an advertisement for the State, but, because the famous colloquy is associated with those early days of which the book treats, and, also, for the benefit of those readers of the present day who have not read it and smiled over its ridiculousness.]

"An Arkansaw Traveler, who has become lost, approaching the cabin of a Squatter, about fifty years ago, discovered the proprietor seated on an old whisky barrel near the door, partly sheltered by the eaves, playing a FIDDLE, when the following dialogue ensued, the Squatter still continuing to play the same part over and over:

TRAVELER.—Helloo, stranger.

SQUATTER.—Hello yourself.

T.—Can I get to stay all night with you?

S.—You can git to go to h—l.

T.—Have you any spirits here?

S.—Lots of 'em, Sall saw one last night by that thar ole holler gum, and it nearly skeered her to death.

T.—You mistake my meaning, have you any liquor?

S.—Had some yesterday, but Ole Bose he got in and lapped all uv it out'n the pot.

T.—You don't understand me, I don't mean pot liquor. I'm wet and cold, and want some whisky. Have you got any?

S.—Oh, yes—I drank the last this morning.

T.—I'm hungry, haven't had a thing since morning, can't you give me something to eat?

S.—Hain't a d——d thing in the house. Not a mouthful of meat, or a dust of meal here.

T.—Well, can't you give my horse something?

S.—Got nothin' to feed him on.

T.—How far is it to the next house?

S.—Stranger! I don't know, I've never been thar.

T.—Well, do you know who lives here?

S.—I do.

T.—As I'm so bold, then, what might your name be?

S.—It might be Dick, and it might be Tom; but it lacks a d——d sight of it.

T.—Sir! will you tell me where this road goes to?

S.—It's never been any whar since I've lived here, its always thar when I git up in the mornin'.

T.—Well, how far is it to where it forks?

S.—It don't fork at all, but it splits up like the devil.

T.—As I'm not likely to get to any other house to-night, can't you let me sleep in yours, and I'll tie my horse to a tree, and do without anything to eat or drink.

S.—My house leaks. Thar's only one dry spot in it, and me and Sall sleeps on it. And that thar tree is the olé woman's persimon, you can't tie to it, 'case she don't want 'em shuk off. She 'lows to make beer out'n um.

T.—Why don't you finish covering your house, and stop the leaks.

S.—It's been raining all day.

T.—Well, why don't you do it in dry weather?

S.—It don't leak then.

T.—As there seems to be nothing alive about your place but children, how do you do here any how?

S.—Putty well, I thank you, how do you do yourself?

T.—I mean what do you do for a living here?

S.—Keep tavern and sell whisky.

T.—Well, I told you I wanted some whisky.

S.—Stranger! I bought a bar'l mor'n a week ago. You see me and Sall went shares. Arter we got it here, we only had a bit tweenst us, and Sall, she didn't want to use hern fust, nor me mine. You see I had a spiggin' in one eend, and she in tother. So she takes a drink out'n my eend, and pays me the bit for it; and then I'd take un out'n hern, and give her the bit. Well, we's getting long fust-rate, till Dick, d——d skulking skunk, he bourn a hole on the bottom to suck at and the next time I went to buy a drink, they wurnt none thar.

T.—I'm sorry your whisky's all gone; but, my friend, why don't you play the balance of that tune?

S.—It's got no balance to it.

T.—I mean you don't play the whole of it.

S.—Stranger, can you play the *fiddul*?

T.—Yes, a little sometimes.

S.—You don't look like a fiddlur, but ef you think you can play any more onto that thar thune, you kin just git down and try.

(The Traveler gets down and plays the whole of it.)

S.—Stranger, take a half a dozen cheers and sot down. Sall, stir yourself round like a six horse team in a mud hole. Go round in the holler, whar I killed that buck this mornin', cut off some of the best pieces, and fotch it and cook it for me and this gentleman, directly. Raise up the board under the head of the bed, and git the old black jug I hid from Dick, and give us some whisky; I know thar's some left yit. Till, drive old Bose out'n the bread tray, then clime up in the loft, and git the rag that's got the sugar tied in it. Dick, carry the gentleman's hoss round under the shed, give him some fodder and corn, as much as he kin eat.

Til.—Dad, thar ain't knives enouff for to sot the table.

S.—Whar's big butch, little butch, ole case, cob-handle, granny's knife, and the one I handled yesterday? That's 'nuff to sot any gentleman's table, without youv'e lost um. D—n me, stranger,

ef you can't stay as long as you please, and I'll give you plenty to eat and drink. Will you have coffee for supper?

T.—Yes, sir.

S.—I'll be hanged ef you do tho', we don't have nothin' that way here, but Grub Hyson, and I reckon it's mighty good with sweetnin'. Play away, stranger, you kin sleep on the dry spot to-night.

T.—(After about two hours fiddling). My friend, can't you tell me about the road I'm to travel to-morrow?

S.—To-morrow! Stranger, you won't git out'n these diggins for six weeks. But when it gits so you kin start, you see that big sloo over thar? Well, you have to git crost that, then you take the road up the bank, and in about a mile you'll come to a two acre and a half corn-patch, the corn's mitely in the weeds, but you needn't mind that, jist ride on. About a mile and a half, or two miles, from that you'll come to the d—dest swamp you ever struck in all your travels; it's boggy enuff to mire a saddle blanket. Thar's a fust-rate road about six feet under thar.

T.—How am I to get at it?

S.—You can't git at it nary time, till the weather stiffens down sum. Well, about a mile beyant, you come to a place whar thur's two roads. You kin take the right hand ef you want to, you'll foller it a mile or so, and you'll find it's run out;

you'll then have to come back and try the left, when you git about two miles on that, you may know you are wrong, fur they ain't any road thar. You'll then think you are mighty lucky ef you kin find the way back to my house, whar you can come and play that thune as long as you please."

THE END.

